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Vol. X. No. 58. JANUARY, 1904.

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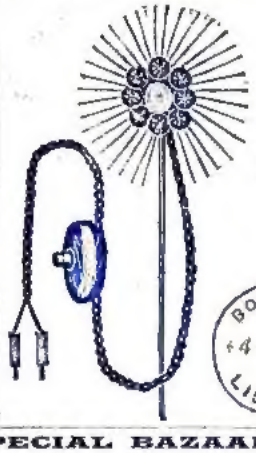

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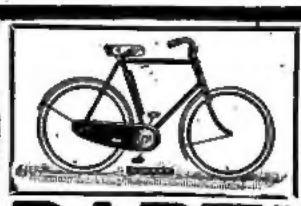

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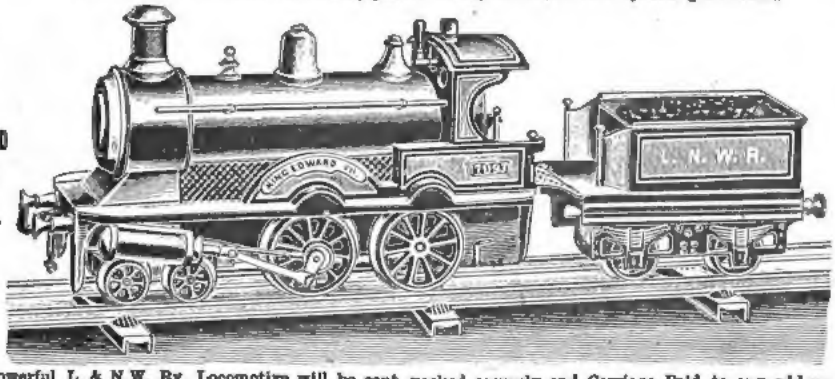

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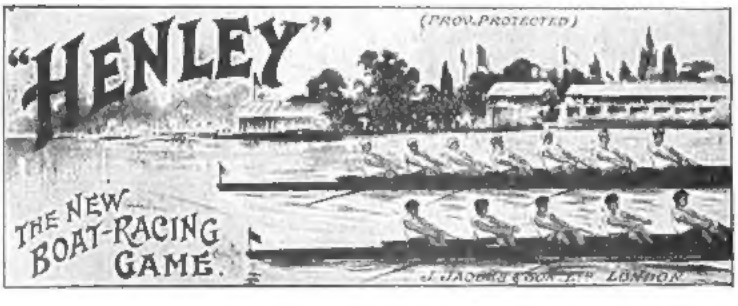

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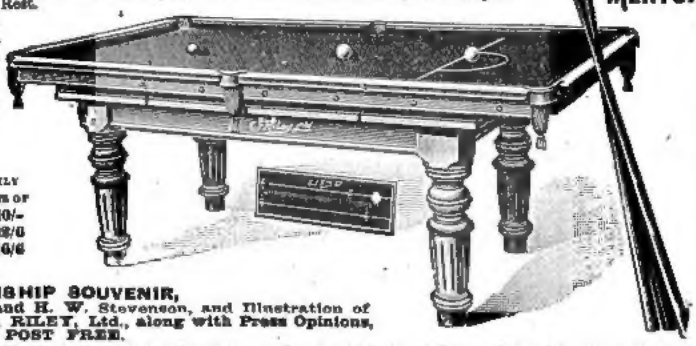

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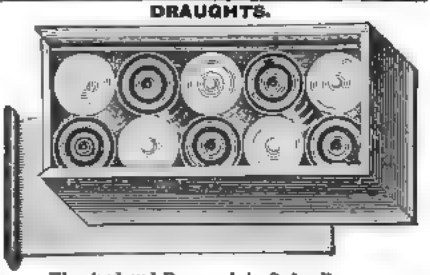

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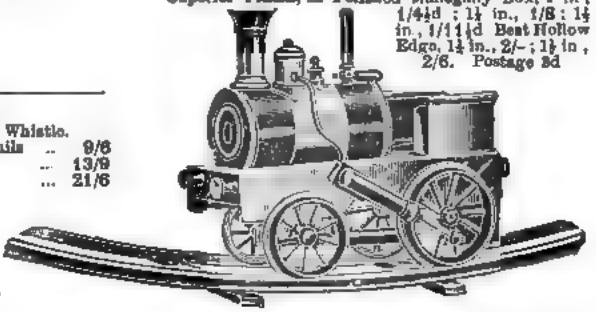

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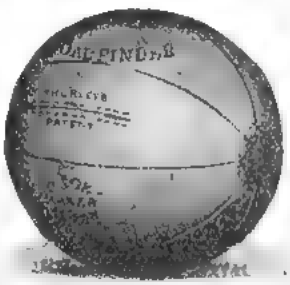

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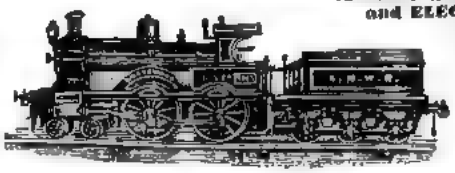

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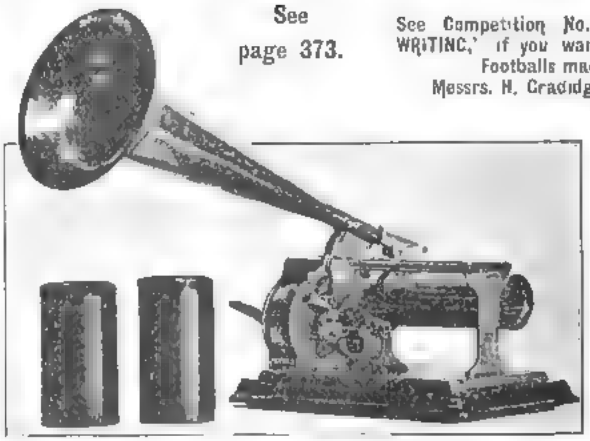

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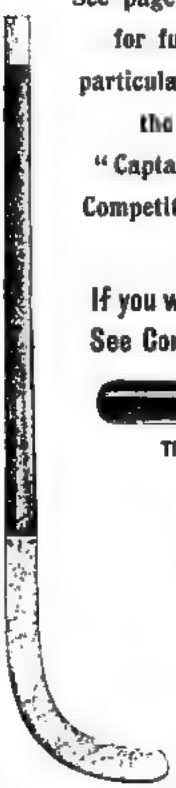

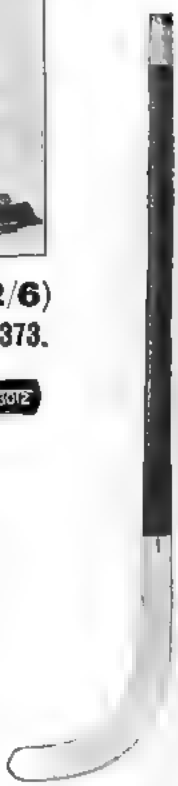

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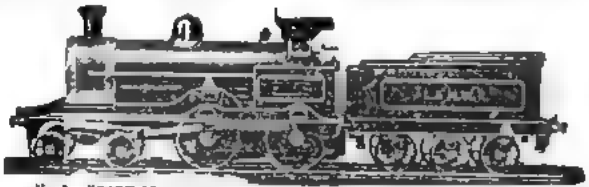

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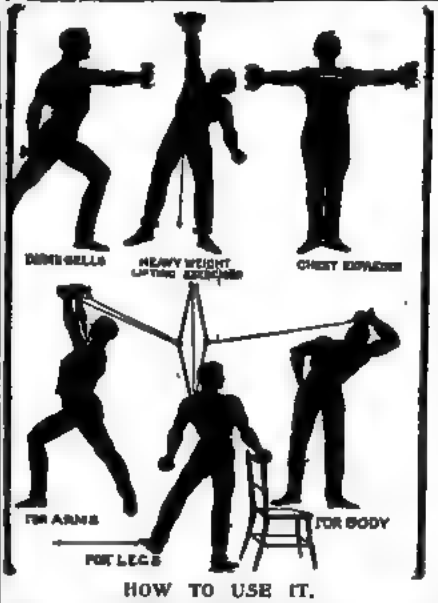

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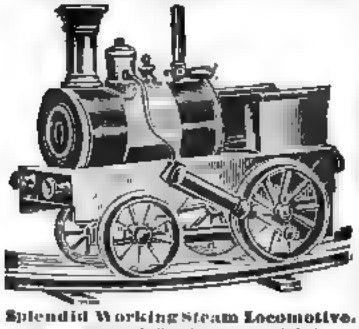

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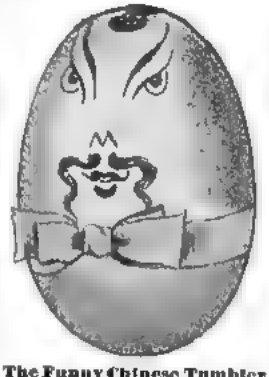

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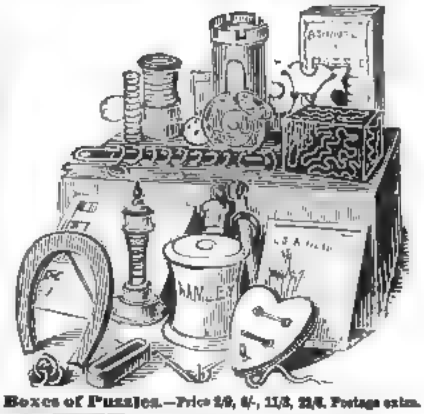

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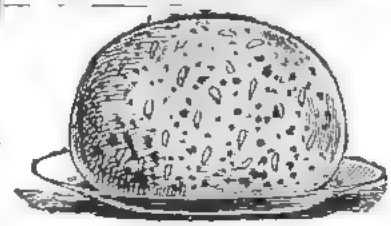

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Now, in regard to the future!

The Principal of Clark's College addresses the readers of the "Captain."

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL?

This is a subject which necessitates the most careful attention on the part of everyone who desires to enjoy a happy and successful career. It is a momentous question, mind that, and a false step may mean early disaster. Two careers, which stand far and away in advance of all others, are open to you—I refer to the **Civil Service and Commercial Life.** It will be acknowledged that the tuition provided in the average school is sorely lacking in a number of essentials, the knowledge of which is so necessary for an intelligent understanding of professional or commercial duties. It is not entirely the fault of the schools that this is so—they have to teach such a number of things nowadays, that they find their hours all too short, and, as a consequence, some very important lessons have to be entirely omitted. This is a regrettable fact, but it is so, and the young man who is anxious to lose as little time as possible before entering into business, must needs look about him to find assistance. My College is, without doubt, the Mecca for this young man. Perhaps *you* are in similar circumstances. If so, I earnestly ask you to write to me before definitely deciding as to what you intend doing. **I KNOW I can help you**—the list of our successes is sufficient testimony of this, and also that the Teachers in my College are experts in their own particular branches. Write to me *now* in your own interests. We commence new Terms in all Sections of the College from 28th Dec. to 18th January Your enquiry would have my personal attention, and I should be pleased to send you further particulars, booklet, and prospectus, per return. Please address all letters to me:—

The Principal, CLARK'S COLLEGE, 1, 2, & 3 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.

To face back of front.

NOT INTRODUCED.

FOOTPAD: "Sir Bernard Bullion, I believe?"
SIR B. B.: "You have the advantage of me, sir."
Drawn by John Hassall.

THE TIGER, WITH AN APPALLING ROAR SPRANG AT THE ELEPHANT'S HEAD

Drawn by J. Macfarlane

(See page 296.)

Google

MY FIRST TIGER.

A QUAINT INDIAN TALE.

By C. E. GOULDSBURY. **Illustrated by J. MACFARLANE.**

FATE, or rather necessity, led me, like many another impecunious youth, to adopt a Colonial career, and thirty-five years ago I left the Southampton Dock for India, where I had secured an appointment in one of the Police Forces.

India, for me, was not altogether the "terra incognita" it is to many going out for the first time, as I was born there, and remembered enough about it to conjure up many a delightful vision of the joys of life in that country, especially from a sportsman's point of view.

Recalling to my mind the wondrous tales I had been told of tigers, leopards, wild pig, etc., running about like rabbits, and being already the proud possessor of a gun, and the prospective owner of a horse—what more, thought I, could a boy desire?

To snakes, mosquitoes, fever, cholera and such-like unpleasantnesses, I gave no thought, or possibly had forgotten their existence. It was sufficient for me that shooting and riding were to form the main features of my future life, and that I was, or shortly would be, provided with the means of enjoying both.

To describe the voyage out and the life on board the P. & O. steamer would be tedious alike to my readers and myself. Suffice it to say then that I reached Calcutta without experiencing any adventures worthy of note.

Ten days in this steamy and malodorous town was quite sufficient for me to make all necessary purchases, including uniform and the all-important horse, the selection of which occupied most of this time, and having seen him safely off on his march of 300 miles to the district to which I was posted, I followed myself three days later.

I arrived in due course, and, reporting myself to my official superior, was duly installed in office, much impressed with my position as a "fly on the wheel" of the general administration of the district.

It did not take me long to discover that the India of my childhood's recollections, and later imagination, was a vastly different place to what I now found it to be, and the joyful visions my youthful mind had created were singularly conspicuous by their absence! In their place were the sterner realities of my official life, to wit:—morning parade at 5 o'clock, and a seat in a hot, stuffy office from 11 to 6, to say nothing of the daily hour of uncongenial companionship with an obsequious preceptor, striving in vain to master the mysteries of his abominable alphabet.

Of shooting and riding there was little, *i.e.*, of the kind my fancy had pictured.

Leopards did not, I found, pervade the roads, and of wild pigs and tigers there was none within two hundred miles! On the other hand, snakes were plentiful, and all appeared to be deadly, while mosquitoes swarmed and made the nights hideous with their music when not more pleasantly engaged in devouring my face and hands.

I will now, with the reader's permission, advance him some eighteen years or so, during which period I had served in many districts but so far had never yet heard a tiger and much less seen one.

At last, much to my delight, I was appointed to what was considered a really good sporting district, and was soon to realise the truth of this appellation.

One morning, shortly after I had joined, I was hearing the usual daily reports from all the Police Stations. Amongst them was one from the officer in charge of a frontier post, urgently requesting to be supplied with some more rounds of ball cartridge!

This being a somewhat unusual demand, and one I considered dangerous to comply with without further enquiry, I despatched a mounted constable at once to the post, some seventy miles distant, to demand further details.

In the course of four or five days I received a reply stating that a tiger had for some weeks past taken up his position in a jungle close to the outpost, and not only carried off several head of cattle belonging to the villagers, but had become also so bold and reckless that it was feared he might take to attacking human beings—hence the request for more ball cartridges.

On receiving this news, I sent orders immediately to the sporting official to collect as many elephants as he could lay his hands on, and have them assembled at his outpost

within four days, adding that as I would be there myself as soon as possible he was on no account to take any action calculated to frighten the tiger away before my arrival.

My gun and cartridges, together with the few articles of food and clothing necessary for a couple of days, I despatched in charge of my factotum on an "ekka"—a light two-wheeled conveyance of the country; I also sent three ponies for myself to different stages.

Giving time for my impedimenta to arrive, I started myself, overjoyed at the prospect of seeing a tiger at last, and perhaps shooting it!

On my arrival at the outpost I found a large and excited crowd assembled, and learnt that a night or two since the tiger had actually come into the centre of the village, and, jumping a bamboo fence, had carried off a fair-sized cow from the enclosure, returning as he came!

This news was highly satisfactory from my point of view, showing as it did, firstly—that what I had come in quest of was really a tiger and not a leopard, as I had feared, and secondly—that there was every probability of his being found lying up with his kill.

I saw that my instructions as to elephants had been carried out, as six were drawn up awaiting my inspection, and a motley crew they were.

In shape, size, or build no one animal resembled another, though all had the half-starved and draggled appearance suggestive of improper food and utter neglect. The tallest, which carried an apology for a howdah, was perhaps eight feet, the rest anything from seven to four, their drivers being as strange and weird of appearance as the animals they bestrode.

The howdah, too, was well in keeping with the rest of the entourage, for never was such a marvellous structure seen before, except, perhaps, in some museum of antiquities. Two hundred years since it had possibly graced the triumphal procession of some royal potentate, but its splendour had now departed from it and the relics merely served to accentuate the contrast with its past. There was little of the original left, what there was being held together with recent bindings of red tape, a fit emblem of its prospective occupant!

However, a howdah, even though an antiquated one, is not to be despised when one is in pursuit of such dangerous game as tigers, especially so active an animal as this one had proved itself to be. So, thankful for small mercies, I clambered into it as gingerly as I could.

The cover was about half a mile distant, and we were just about starting for it when, much to my surprise, the inspector of the division, an enormously fat and most unsportsmanlike individual, came puffing and panting up, mounted on a diminutive pony, and having made his obeisance requested permission to accompany me on the plea that he had never seen a tiger and was most anxious to do so.

Permission was readily accorded, though I confess I was at a loss to imagine how my valiant but extremely obese subordinate proposed elevating his huge, unwieldy person on to the back of an elephant.

However, he had evidently grasped the situation, for, selecting one of the smallest animals, he first sent up a stalwart constable; then, ordering two others to push from below, he was gradually, but painfully, hauled on to his perch, maintaining his position by sitting astride the narrow pad instead of sideways, as is usual.

We now started and soon reached the jungle—a comparatively small one, though connected by a narrow strip of grass with a much larger patch about two hundred yards off.

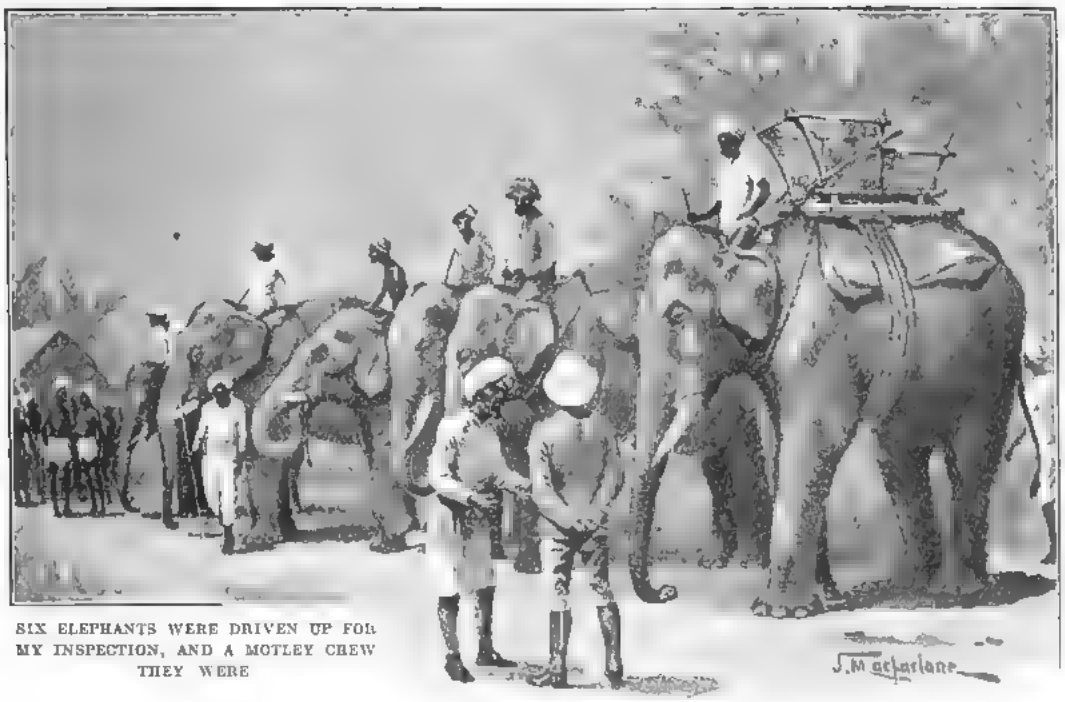
Taking up my position in the centre of this grass, I directed the inspector, who, in virtue of his rank, I appointed second in command, to take himself and his forces to the far side of the cover, and to beat it up towards me.

He marched off, full of importance, and having marshalled his five elephants into something approaching a line, proceeded to carry out my instructions.

From where I was posted I could see the taller elephants of the line, as it advanced in my direction, and I was expecting every moment to hear the tiger break.

Suddenly there was a loud squeal from one of the elephants, followed by a general commotion all along the line, caused, I guessed, by the tiger having been either viewed or scented, so I made signs as well as I could for the line to be pushed on. The drivers did their best to obey, but in spite of all their efforts not an animal would advance, and small wonder, for there, barely ten yards in front of them, was the tiger, growling savagely!

At last one elephant, less timid than the rest, was induced to move a step or two



SIX ELEPHANTS WERE DRIVEN UP FOR MY INSPECTION, AND A MOTLEY CREW THEY WERE

forward. The next instant there was a savage roar, and every elephant, big and small, rushed helter-skelter back through the jungle, and soon the whole line could be seen careering madly across the open on its way back to the village, the inspector's charger, more nimble than the rest, leading the van!

I have seen some comical sights in my life, but never in all my experience one more utterly ludicrous than what was now before me, *i.e.*, the huge jelly-bag figure of the unfortunate official, encased in tight uniform, poised on the highest point of the little animal he bestrode, clutching frantically at anything he could find in his efforts to maintain his seat, and shouting at the driver to stop, yet betraying his anxiety to get on as quickly as possible by digging his heels into what he probably imagined to be the ribs of his pony, forgetful for the moment that he was now mounted on an elephant! The latter, with his tail in the air and his trunk up-raised, bustled along as fast as his sturdy little legs could carry him, squealing with terror. Indeed, elephants and men lent themselves to making up as droll a scene as it is possible to conceive.

However, I had little time to enjoy this impromptu burlesque, and soon had graver matters to attend to, for, while still laughing, a loud coughing snort was heard in front, and before I could raise my gun to my shoulder, with a quick rush through the grass the tiger had passed behind me. I turned and fired both barrels into the moving grass, but apparently without result, and ere I could reload he was out of range.

I now looked again for the elephants, only to find that I could hope for no assistance from *them*. They were still going, and likely to continue doing so.

In despair I consulted my driver, and, acting on his advice, having no experience of my own to draw on, decided to go in pursuit of the tiger, in the faint hope that one of my shots might have taken sufficient effect to prevent his journeying far.

But to pursue an angry tiger on a timid and untrained elephant was not so easy a matter, for to do so it was obviously necessary, in the first place, to make a start, and this the terrified animal absolutely refused to do. In fact, it was only with the greatest difficulty that we succeeded in making him even face in the proper direction. At length, thoroughly exasperated, I allowed the driver to use his "Kujbag," or goad, a terrible weapon resembling a monster fish-hook, the shank projecting beyond the curve, and terminating in a sharp spike. But this

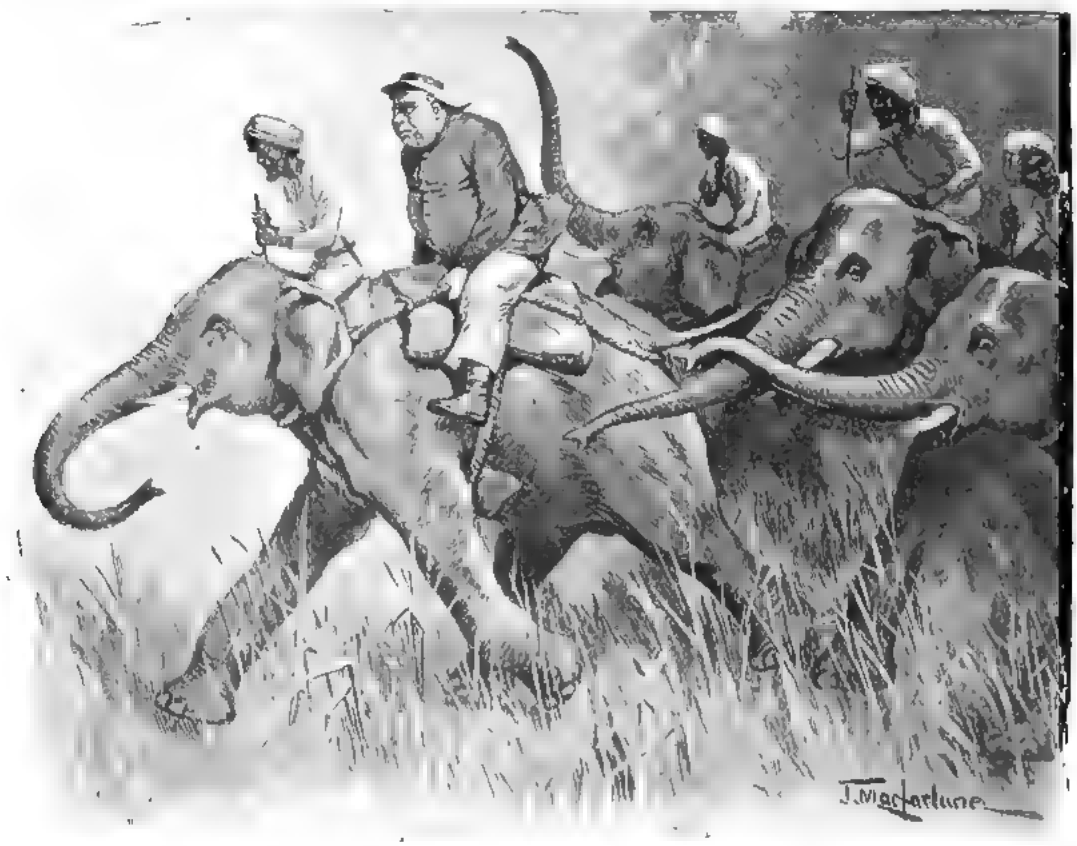
only made matters worse, for, instead of moving forward, the animal now commenced to back, and then to "shake," a term applied to elephants and denoting one of their most dangerous vices. In effect it is much the same as buck-jumping in a horse, but the motion, instead of being longitudinal, is from side to side, and so violent that a really proficient "shaker" will often rid himself of his riders, literally "in a brace of shakes." This is what would have probably happened in our case. Providentially a peacock, rustling through the grass behind us, created a diversion, for the elephant, thinking the tiger was now behind him, started forward, and away we went, a great deal faster than we wanted, but in the right direction!

We had flashed through the grass and reached the larger cover before we could pull up our runaway mount, and having soothed him into a more suitable frame of mind to negotiate the dangerous tree jungle now before us, entered it, proceeding cautiously, as we might come upon the tiger at any moment.

We had proceeded in this manner about two hundred yards when we came to a small clearing some thirty yards wide. Traversing this, we were about to re-enter the jungle when, without the smallest warning, the tiger, with a roar appalling in its volume and ferocity, sprang at the elephant's head.

Rendered wary by the extreme suddenness of his previous appearance, I was fortunately prepared, and, as he sprang, fired both barrels almost simultaneously, the next moment tumbling backwards into the howdah, as the elephant, turning sharp round, made off for all he was worth in the direction from which we had come.

Now came the most unpleasant half-hour I have ever gone through. The jungle, as already stated, was what is known as tree jungle, and therefore one to be traversed with extreme care and caution, and of necessity very slowly, when in a howdah.



THE NEXT INSTANT EVERY ELEPHANT, BIG AND SMALL, RUSHED HELTER-SKELTER BACK THROUGH THE JUNGLE.

The reader may, therefore, imagine my feelings when, on recrossing the small clearing, we dashed into the cover at railway speed, regardless alike of branches, thorns and creepers, and tore through them at a rate which, though necessarily reduced, was yet sufficient to sweep off howdah, guns and riders, landing the latter, perhaps, into the very mouth of the tiger, who, for all we knew, might be pursuing us!

How we escaped being brained, or at least swept off, I have no conception, for, as in most situations of the kind, it all seemed to happen so quickly that we never quite knew what actually did happen.

One very vivid recollection, however, and which a bump, the size of an egg, on my forehead helped me to recall for some days after, was a violent collision with a large branch. The bump aforesaid was not the only evidence of this rencontre, for on looking for my pith hat afterwards all I could find of it was the rim, the crown being found later in the branches of a tree! We had also apparently collided with one or two other hard substances, for my coat was badly torn about the shoulders, both of which felt extremely sore.

The mahout, being seated much lower, had come off comparatively scathless, except for some scratches on the face and hands, and a deep one on the side of the foot, evidently, as he said, from the tiger's claw.

Our elephant, even after reaching the open, had continued its headlong flight; in fact, he did not pull up till he met the others, now returning from their little excursion to the village.

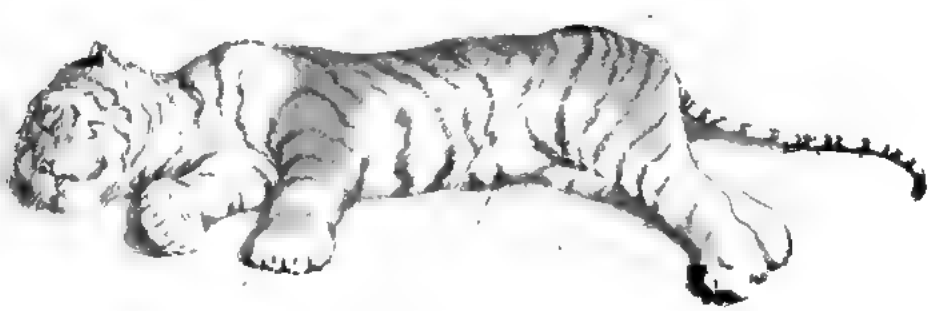
Giving the elephants, including my own, time to recover from their fright and to pull themselves together, I returned with them to the scene of my late encounter with a view to renewing hostilities.

Reaching the place, the first object that met our gaze was the tiger, or, rather, *tigress* (for so she proved to be), stretched out, stone dead, on the very spot where my elephant had been when she charged.

Quickly dismounting, I examined the body and found one bullet hole just below the throat, and another in the fleshy part of the thigh, the first obviously the shot that had killed her, and the second one of the two fired as she had dashed past behind me on her first appearance.

Both these shots could only be regarded as unusually lucky flukes, especially the first, which had probably saved us an extremely unpleasant, not to say perilous, quarter of an hour. As it was, the tigress must have completed her spring, judging from the mahout's statement, as corroborated by the claw wound.

We now measured our prize and found her to be nine feet four inches from tip of nose to tip of tail, a rare length for a tigress. Being in the prime of life and condition, her skin was an exceptionally fine one, and, when cured and hung up in my bungalow, served to recall, for many a year after, the pleasant and exciting incidents connected with the slaying of "My First Tiger."



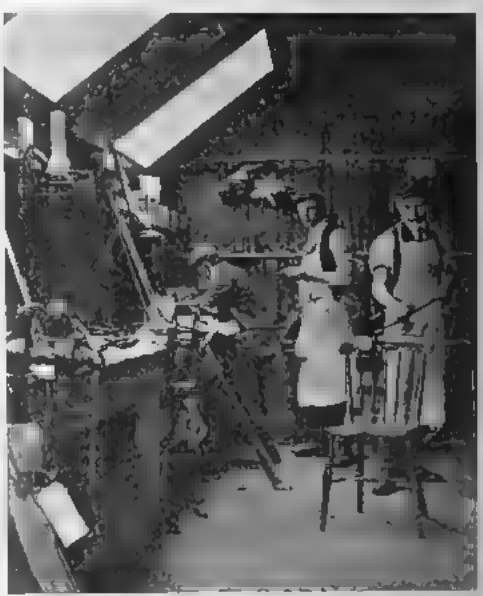
"The Captain" Photographic Gallery.

Being a Selection of photographs entered for our Competitions

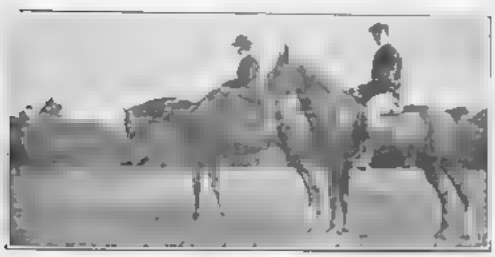
"POLLY"
By Marjorie Hervey

MY OWN CANOE
F. Futcher, Salisbury.

THE YOUNG MUSICIAN
By Isabel Jeanne Lindup, Brampton



IN A GOLF CLUB FACTORY
By H. B. Lury, Wellington College.

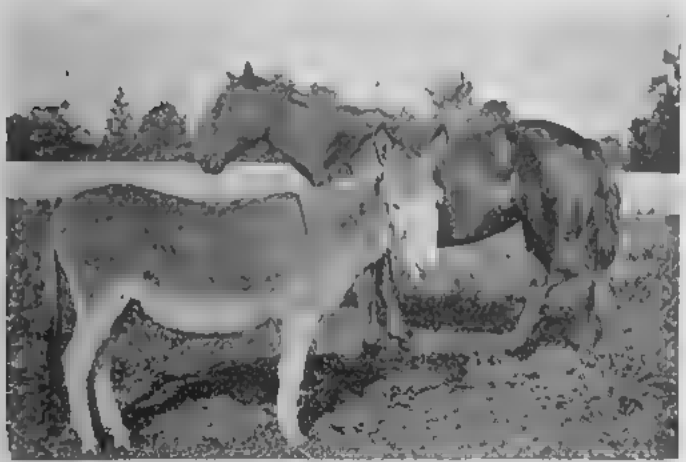


AT THE MEET
By C. C. Harland, Winchester

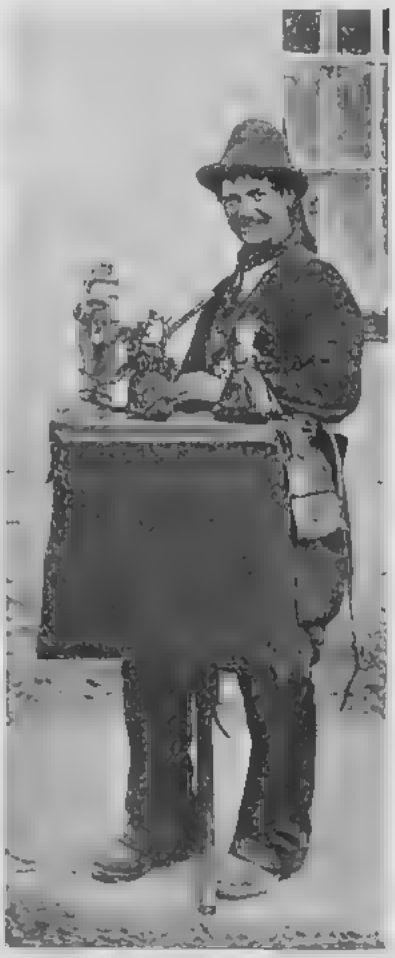
THE SHEPHERD
By A. T. S. Weatherhead, Ealing

PHOTOGRAPHIC PERSPECTIVE
By H. W. Bassett, Sevenoaks

BLANKET TOSSING AT WESTDOWN CAMP, SALISBURY PLAIN
By H. V. Pascoe, Llanelly



IN CLOVER
By Harold V. Love, Southsea



A SON OF THE SOUTH
By M. C. Rhodes, Scarborough

CHUMS
William J. Watt, Aberdeen, N.B.

THE GOLD BAT

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY

BY

P. G. WODEHOUSE

OR OF

"THE POTHUNTERS"

"THE MANŒUVRES OF CHARTERIS" ETC.

THE "gold bat" from which this story takes its title is a small ornament worn by Trevor, captain of the Wrykyn School XV., on his watch-chain. This bat Trevor has lent to O'Hara, an unruly Irishman, who, whilst employed on a midnight expedition whereof the object is tarring and feathering the Mayor of Wrykyn's statue, loses the little bat, and thereby fills Trevor with consternation, for, should the bat be found near the scene of the outrage, Trevor sees that he will be placed in an exceedingly awkward position. About this time Trevor is experiencing some difficulty in filling the fifteenth place in his team. Rand-Brown, a big three-quarter in the Second XV., would seem to be the most likely selection, but he is observed to funk badly in a trial match, and so Trevor displaces him in favour of Barry, a smaller but far more reliable three-quarter, who has hitherto played for the Third XV. Soon after this, the school learns that a mysterious League has been formed by a number of fellows unknown who intend to enforce their views and wishes by acts of violence. The League first wrecks the study of Mill, a prefect, and then proceeds to warn Trevor in an anonymous letter that its members do not desire Barry to continue to play for the First XV. Trevor disregards the letter and the League retaliates by mutilating his books, smashing his pictures, and turning his study upside down. Suspicion falls on Rand Brown, but it is pointed out that he could not have wrecked the captain's room, at least, since he was in the field at the time the latter outrage was perpetrated. Late one night a boy named Leather-Twigg (otherwise "Shoeblossom"), is passing the study of Milton, a prefect, when he is startled to see a white figure glide out of the room in question, and disappear into a certain dormitory. On the following morning Trevor receives another epistle from the League which fills him with no little concern.

CHAPTER XIII.

VICTIM NUMBER THREE.

"WITH reference to our last communication," ran the letter—the writer evidently believed in the commercial style—"it may interest you to know that the bat you lost by the statue on the night of the 26th of January has come into our possession. *We observe that Barry is still playing for the first fifteen.*"

"And will jolly well continue to," muttered Trevor, crumpling the paper viciously into a ball.

He went on writing the names for the Ripton match. The last name on the list was Barry's.

Then he sat back in his chair, and began to wrestle with this new development. Barry must play. That was certain. All the bluff in the world was not going to keep him from playing the best man at his disposal in the Ripton match. He himself did not count. It was the school he had to think of. This being so, what was likely to happen? Though nothing was said on the point, he felt certain that if he persisted in ignoring the League, that bat would find its way somehow—by devious routes, possibly—to the headmaster or some one else in authority. And then there would be questions—awkward questions—and things would begin to come out. Then a fresh point struck him, which was, that whatever might happen would affect, not himself, but O'Hara. This made it rather more of a problem how to act. Personally, he was one of those dogged characters who can put up with almost anything themselves. If this had been his affair, he would have gone on his way without hesitating. Evidently the writer of the letter was under the impression that he had been the hero (or villain) of the statue escapade.

If everything came out it did not require any great effort of prophecy to predict what the result would be. O'Hara would go. Promptly. He would receive his marching orders within ten minutes of the discovery of what he had done. He would be expelled twice over, so to speak, once for breaking out at night—one of the most heinous offences in the school code—

and once for tarring the statue. Anything that gave the school a bad name in the town was a crime in the eyes of the powers, and this was such a particularly flagrant case. Yes, there was no doubt of that. O'Hara would take the first train home without waiting to pack up. Trevor knew his people well, and he could imagine their feelings when the prodigal strolled into their midst—an old Wrykynian *malgré lui*. As the philosopher said of falling off a ladder, it is not the falling that matters: it is the sudden stopping at the other end. It is not the being expelled that is so peculiarly objectionable: it is the sudden homecoming. With this gloomy vision before him, Trevor almost wavered. But the thought that the selection of the team had nothing whatever to do with his personal feelings strengthened him. He was simply a machine, devised to select the fifteen best men in the school to meet Ripton. In his official capacity of football captain he was not supposed to have any feelings. However, he yielded in so far that he went to Clowes to ask his opinion.

Clowes, having heard everything and seen the letter, unhesitatingly voted for the right course If fifty mad Irishmen were to be expelled, Barry must play against Ripton. He was the best man, and in he must go.

"That's what I thought," said Trevor. "It's bad for O'Hara, though."

Clowes remarked somewhat tritely that business was business.

"Besides," he went on, "you're assuming that the thing this letter hints at will really come off. I don't think it will. A man would have to be such an awful blackguard to go as low as that. The least grain of decency in him would stop him. I can imagine a man threatening to do it as a piece of bluff—by the way, the letter doesn't actually say anything of the sort, though I suppose it hints at it—but I can't imagine anybody out of a melodrama doing it."

"You can never tell," said Trevor. He felt that this was but an outside chance. The forbearance of one's antagonist is but a poor thing to trust to at the best of times.

"Are you going to tell O'Hara?" asked Clowes.

"I don't see the good. Would you?"

"No. He can't do anything, and it would only give him a bad time. There are pleasanter things, I should think, than going on from day to day not knowing whether you're going to be sacked or not within the next twelve hours. Don't tell him."

"I won't. And Barry plays against Ripton."

"Certainly. He's the best man."

"I'm going over to Seymour's now," said Trevor, after a pause, "to see Milton. We've drawn Seymour's in the next round of the house-matches. I suppose you knew. I want to get it over before the Ripton match for several reasons. About half the fifteen are playing on one side or the other, and it'll give them a good chance of getting fit. Running and passing is all right, but a good, hard game's the thing for putting you into form. And then I was thinking that, as the side that loses, whichever it is——"

"Seymour's, of course."

"Hope so. Well, they're bound to be a bit sick at losing, so they'll play up all the harder on Saturday to console themselves for losing the cup."

"My word, what strategy!" said Clowes. "You think of everything. When do you think of playing it, then?"

"Wednesday struck me as a good day. Don't you think so?"

"It would do splendidly. It'll be a good match. For all practical purposes, of course, it's the final. If we beat Seymour's, I don't think the others will trouble us much."

There was just time to see Milton before lock-up. Trevor ran across to Seymour's, and went up to his study.

"Come in," said Milton, in answer to his knock.

Trevor went in, and stood surprised at the difference in the look of the place since the last time he had visited it. The walls, once covered with photographs, were bare. Milton, seated before the fire, was ruefully contemplating what looked like a heap of waste cardboard.

Trevor recognised the symptoms. He had had experience.

"You don't mean to say they've been at you, too!" he cried.

Milton's normally cheerful face was thunderous and gloomy.

"Yes. I was thinking what I'd like to do to the man who ragged it."

"It's the League again, I suppose?"

Milton looked surprised.

"*Again?*" he said, "where did *you* hear of the League? This is the first time I've heard of its existence, whatever it is. What *is* the confounded thing, and why on earth have they played the fool here? What's the meaning of this bally rot?"

He exhibited one of the variety of cards of which Trevor had already seen two specimens. Trevor explained briefly the style and nature of the League, and mentioned that his study also had been wrecked.

"Your study? Why, what have they got against you?"

"I don't know," said Trevor. Nothing was to be gained by speaking of the letters he had received.

"Did they cut up your photographs?"

"Every one."

"I tell you what it is, Trevor, old chap," said Milton, with great solemnity, "there's a lunatic in the school. That's what I make of it. A lunatic whose form of madness is wrecking studies."

"But the same chap couldn't have done yours and mine. It must have been a Donaldson's fellow who did mine, and one of your chaps who did yours and Mill's."

"Mill's? By Jove, of course. I never thought of that. That was the League, too, I suppose?"

"Yes. One of those cards was tied to a chair, but Clowes took it away before anybody saw it."

Milton returned to the details of the disaster.

"Was there any ink spilt in your room?"

"Pints," said Trevor, shortly. The subject was painful.

"So there was here," said Milton, mournfully. "Gallons."

There was silence for a while, each pondering over his wrongs.

"Gallons," said Milton again. "I was ass enough to keep a large pot full of it here, and they used it all, every drop. You never saw such a sight."

Trevor said he had seen one similar spectacle.

"And my photographs! You remember those photographs I showed you? All ruined. Slit across with a knife. Some torn in half. I wish I knew who did that."

Trevor said he wished so, too.

"There was one of Mrs. Patrick Campbell," Milton continued in heartrending tones, "which was torn into sixteen pieces. I counted them. There they are on the mantelpiece. And there was one of Little Tich" (here he almost broke down), "which was so covered with ink that for half an hour I couldn't recognise it. Fact."

Trevor nodded sympathetically.

"Yes," said Milton. "Soaked"

There was another silence. Trevor felt it would be almost an outrage to discuss so prosaic a topic as the date of a house-match with one so broken up. Yet time was flying, and lock-up was drawing near.

"Are you willing to play——" he began.

"I feel as if I could never play again," interrupted Milton. "You'd hardly believe the amount of blotting-paper I've used to-day. It must have been a lunatic, Dick, old man."

When Milton called Trevor "Dick," it was a sign that he was moved. When he called him "Dick, old man," it gave evidence of an internal upheaval without parallel.

"Why, who else but a lunatic would get up in the night to wreck another chap's study? All this was done between eleven last night and seven this morning. I turned in at eleven, and when I came down here again at seven the place was a wreck. It must have been a lunatic."

"How do you account for the printed card from the League?"

Milton murmured something about madmen's cunning and diverting suspicion, and relapsed into silence. Trevor seized the opportunity to make the proposal he had come to make, that Donaldson's v. Seymour's should be played on the following Wednesday.

Milton agreed listlessly.

"Just where you're standing," he said, "I found a photograph of Sir Henry Irving so slashed about that I thought at first it was Huntley Wright in *San Toy*."

"Start at two-thirty sharp," said Trevor.

"I had seventeen of Edna May," continued the stricken Seymourite, monotonously. "In various attitudes. All destroyed."

"On the first fifteen ground, of course," said Trevor. "I'll get Aldridge to referee. That'll suit you, I suppose?"

"All right. Anything you like. Just by the fireplace I found the remains of Arthur Roberts in *H.M.S. Irresponsible*. And part of Seymour Hicks. Under the table——"

Trevor departed.

CHAPTER XIV.

The White Figure.

"SUPPOSE," said Shoeblossom to Barry, as they were walking over to school on the morning following the day on which Milton's study had passed through the hands of the League, "suppose you thought somebody had done something, but you weren't quite certain who, but you knew it was some one, what would you do?"

"What on *earth* do you mean?" inquired Barry.

"I was trying to make an A.B. case of it," explained Shoeblossom.

"What's an A B. case?"

"I don't know," admitted Shoeblossom, frankly. "But it comes in a book of Steven-

son's. I think it must mean a sort of case where you call everyone A. and B. and don't tell their names."

"Well, go ahead."

"It's about Milton's study."

"What! what about it?"

"Well, you see, the night it was ragged I was sitting in my study with a dark lantern——"

"Well?"

Shoeblossom proceeded to relate the moving narrative of his night-walking adventure. He dwelt movingly on his state of mind when standing behind the door, waiting for Mr. Seymour to come in and find him. He related with appropriate force the hair-raising episode of the weird white figure. And then he came to the conclusions he had since drawn (in calmer moments) from that apparition's movements.

"You see," he said, "I saw it coming out of Milton's study, and that must have been about the time the study was ragged. And it went into Rigby's dorm. So it must have been a chap in that dorm. who did it."

Shoeblossom was quite clever at rare intervals. Even Barry, whose belief in his sanity was of the smallest, was compelled to admit that here, at any rate, he was talking sense.

"What would you do?" asked Shoeblossom.

"Tell Milton, of course," said Barry.

"But he'd give me beans for being out of the dorm. after lights-out."

This was a distinct point to be considered. The attitude of Barry towards Milton was different from that of Shoeblossom. Barry regarded him—through having played with him in important matches—as a good sort of fellow who had always behaved decently to him. Leather-Twigg, on the other hand, looked on him, with undisguised apprehension, as one in authority who would give him lines the first time he came into contact with him, and cane him if he ever did it again. He had a decided disinclination to see Milton on any pretext whatever.

"Suppose I tell him?" suggested Barry.

"You'll keep my name dark?" said Shoeblossom, alarmed.

Barry said he would make an A.B. case of it.

After school he went to Milton's study, and found him still brooding over its departed glories.

"I say, Milton, can I speak to you for a second?"

"Hullo, Barry. Come in."

Barry came in.

"I had forty-three photographs," began Milton, without preamble. "All destroyed. And I've no money to buy any more. I had seventeen of Edna May."

Barry, feeling that he was expected to say something, said, "By Jove! Really?"

"In various positions," continued Milton. "All ruined."

"Not really?" said Barry.

"There was one of Little Tich——"

But Barry felt unequal to playing the part of chorus any longer. It was all very thrilling, but, if Milton was going to run through the entire list of his destroyed photographs, life would be too short for conversation on any other topic

"I say, Milton," he said, "it was about that that I came. I'm sorry——"

Milton sat up.

"It wasn't you who did this, was it?"

"No, no," said Barry, hastily.

"Oh, I thought from your saying you were sorry——"

"I was going to say I thought I could put you on the track of the chap who did do it——"

For the second time since the interview began Milton sat up.

"Go on," he said.

"——But I'm sorry I can't give you the name of the fellow who told me about it."

"That doesn't matter," said Milton. "Tell me the name of the fellow who did it. That'll satisfy me."

"I'm afraid I can't do that, either."

"Have you any idea what you *can* do?" asked Milton, satirically.

"I can tell you something which may put you on the right track."

"That'll do for a start. Well?"

"Well, the chap who told me—I'll call him A.; I'm going to make an A.B. case of it—was coming out of his study at about one o'clock in the morning——"

"What the deuce was he doing that for?"

"Because he wanted to go back to bed," said Barry.

"About time, too. Well?"

"As he was going past your study, a white figure emerged——"

"I should strongly advise you, young Barry," said Milton, gravely, "not to try and rot me in any way. You're a jolly good wing three-quarters, but you shouldn't presume on it. I'd slay the old man himself if he rotted me about this business."

Barry was quite pained at this sceptical attitude in one whom he was going out of his way to assist.

"I'm not rotting," he protested. "This is all quite true."

"Well, go on. You were saying something about white figures emerging."

"Not white figures. A white figure," corrected Barry. "It came out of your study——"

"—And vanished through the wall?"

"It went into Rigby's dorm.," said Barry, sulkily. It was maddening to have an exclusive bit of news treated in this way.

"Did it, by Jove!" said Milton, interested at last. "Are you sure the chap who told you wasn't pulling your leg? Who was it told you?"

"I promised him not to say."

"Out with it, young Barry."

"I won't," said Barry.

"You aren't going to tell me?"

"No."

Milton gave up the point with much cheerfulness. He liked Barry, and he realised that he had no right to try and make him break his promise.

"That's all right," he said. "Thanks very much, Barry. This may be useful."

"I'd tell you his name if I hadn't promised, you know, Milton"

"It doesn't matter," said Milton. "It's not important."

"Oh, there was one thing I forgot. It was a biggish chap the fellow saw."

"How big! My size?"

"Not quite so tall, I should think. He said he was about Seymour's size."

"Thanks. That's worth knowing. Thanks very much, Barry"

When his visitor had gone Milton proceeded to unearth one of the printed lists of the house which were used for purposes of roll-call. He meant to find out who were in Rigby's dormitory. He put a tick against the names. There were eighteen of them. The next thing was to find out which of them was about the same height as Mr. Seymour. It was a somewhat vague description, for the house-master stood about five feet nine or eight, and a good many of the dormitory were that height, or near it. At last, after much brain-work, he reduced the number of "possibles" to seven. These seven were Rigby himself, Linton, Rand-Brown, Griffith, Hunt, Kershaw, and Chapple. Rigby might be scratched off the list at once. He was one of Milton's greatest friends. Exeunt also Griffith, Hunt, and Kershaw. They were mild youths, quite incapable of any deed of deviltry. There remained, therefore, Chapple, Linton, and Rand-Brown. Chapple was a boy who was invariably late for breakfast. The inference was that he was not likely to forego his sleep for the purpose of wrecking studies. Chapple might disappear from the list. Now there were only Linton and Rand-Brown to be considered. His suspicions fell on Rand-Brown. Linton was the last person, he thought, to do such a low thing. He was a cheerful, rollicking individual, who was popular with everyone and seemed to like everyone. He was not an orderly member of the house, certainly, and on several occasions Milton had found it necessary to drop on him heavily for creating disturbances. But he was not the sort that bears malice. He took it all in the way of business, and came up smiling after it was over. No. Everything pointed to Rand-Brown. He and Milton had never got on well together, and quite recently they had quarrelled openly over the former's play in the Day's match. Rand-Brown must be the man. But Milton was sensible enough to feel that so far he had no real evidence whatever. He must wait.

On the following afternoon Seymour's turned out to play Donaldson's.

The game, like most house matches, was played with the utmost keenness. Both teams had good three-quarters, and they attacked in turn. Seymour's had the best of it forward, where Milton was playing a great game, but Trevor in the centre was the best outside on the field, and pulled up rush after rush. By half-time neither side had scored.

After half-time Seymour's, playing down-hill, came away with a rush to the Donaldsonites' half, and Rand-Brown, with one of the few decent runs he had made in good class football that term, ran in on the left. Milton took the kick, but failed, and Seymour's led by three points. For the next twenty minutes nothing more was scored. Then, when five minutes more of play remained, Trevor gave Clowes an easy opening, and Clowes sprinted between the posts. The kick was an easy one, and what sporting reporters term "the major points" were easily added.

When there are five more minutes to play in an important house match, and one side has scored a goal and the other a try, play is apt to become spirited. Both teams were doing all they knew. The ball came out to Barry on the right. Barry's abilities as a three-quarter rested chiefly on the fact that he could dodge well. This cat-like attribute compensated for a certain lack of pace. He was past the Donaldson's three-quarters in an instant, and running for the line, with only the back to pass, and with Clowes in hot pursuit. Another wriggle took him past the back, but it also gave Clowes time to catch him up. Clowes was a far faster runner, and he got to him just as he reached

the twenty-five line. They came down together with a crash, Clowes on top, and as they fell the whistle blew.

"No side," said Mr. Aldridge, the master who was refereeing.

Clowes got up.

"All over," he said. "Jolly good game. Hullo, what's up?"

CHAPTER XV.

A Sprain and a Vacant Place.

"I SAY," said Clowes, helping him up, "I'm awfully sorry. Did I do it? How did it happen?"

Barry was engaged in making various attempts at standing on the injured leg. The process seemed to be painful.

THEY CAME DOWN TOGETHER WITH A CRASH

For Barry seemed to be in trouble.

"You might give us a hand up," said the latter. "I believe I've twisted my beastly ankle or something."

"Shall I get a stretcher or anything? Can you walk?"

"If you'd help me over to the house, I could manage all right. What a beastly nuisance! It wasn't your fault a bit. Only you tackled me when I was just trying to swerve, and my ankle was all twisted."

Drummond came up, carrying Barry's blazer and sweater.

"Hullo, Barry," he said, "what's up? You aren't crocked?"

"Something gone wrong with my ankle. That my blazer? Thanks. Coming over to the house? Clowes was just going to help me over."

Clowes asked a Donaldson's junior, who was lurking near at hand, to fetch his blazer and carry it over to the house, and then made his way with Drummond and the disabled Barry to Seymour's. Having arrived at the senior day-room, they deposited the injured three-quarter in a chair, and sent McTodd, who came in at the moment, to fetch the doctor.

Dr. Oakes was a big man with a breezy manner, the sort of doctor who hits you with the force of a sledgehammer in the small ribs, and asks you if you felt anything *then*. It was on this principle that he acted with regard to Barry's ankle. He seized it in both hands and gave it a wrench.

"Did that hurt?" he inquired anxiously.

Barry turned white, and replied that it did.

Dr. Oakes nodded wisely.

"Ah! H'm! Just so. 'Myes. Ah."

"Is it bad?" asked Drummond, awed by these mystic utterances.

"My dear boy," replied the doctor, breezily, "it is always bad when one twists one's ankle."

"How long will it do me out of footer?" asked Barry.

"How long? How long? How long? Why, fortnight. Fortnight," said the doctor.

"Then I sha'n't be able to play next Saturday?"

"Next Saturday? Next Saturday? My dear boy, if you can put your foot to the ground by next Saturday, you may take it as evidence that the age of miracles is not past. Next Saturday, indeed! Ha, ha."

It was not altogether his fault that he treated the matter with such brutal levity. It was a long time since he had been at school, and he could not quite realise what it meant to Barry not to be able to play against Ripton. As for Barry, he felt that he had never loathed and detested any one so thoroughly as he loathed and detested Dr. Oakes at that moment.

"I don't see where the joke comes in," said Clowes, when he had gone. "I bar that man."

"He's a beast," said Drummond. "I can't understand why they let a tout like that be the school doctor."

Barry said nothing. He was too sore for words.

What Dr. Oakes said to his wife that evening was: "Over at the school, my dear, this afternoon. This afternoon. Boy with a twisted ankle. Nice young fellow. Very much put out when I told him he could not play football for a fortnight. But I chaffed him, and cheered him up in no time. I cheered him up in no time, my dear."

"I'm sure you did, dear," said Mrs. Oakes Which shows how differently the same thing may strike different people. Barry certainly did not look as if he had been cheered up when Clowes left the study and went over to tell Trevor that he would have to find a substitute for his right wing three-quarter against Ripton.

Trevor had left the field without noticing Barry's accident, and he was tremendously pleased at the result of the game.

"Good man," he said, when Clowes came in, "you saved the match."

"And lost the Ripton match probably," said Clowes, gloomily.

"What do you mean?"

"That last time I brought down Barry I crocked him. He's in his study now with a sprained ankle. I've just come from there. Oakes has seen him and says he mustn't play for a fortnight."

"Great Scott!" said Trevor, blankly. "What on earth shall we do?"

"Why not move Strachan up to the wing, and put somebody else back instead of him? Strachan is a good wing."

Trevor shook his head.

"No. There's nobody good enough to play back for the first. We mustn't risk it."

"Then I suppose it must be Rand-Brown?"

"I suppose so."

"He may do better than we think. He played quite a decent game to-day. That try he got wasn't half a bad one."

"He'd be all right, if he didn't funk. But perhaps he wouldn't funk against Ripton. In a match like that anybody would play up. I'll ask Milton and Allardyce about it."

"I shouldn't go to Milton to-day," said Clowes. "I fancy he'll want a night's rest before he's fit to talk to. He must be a bit sick about this match. I know he expected Seymour's to win."

He went out, but came back almost immediately.

"I say," he said, "there's one thing that's just occurred to me. This'll please the League. I mean, this ankle business of Barry's."

The same idea had struck Trevor. It was certainly a respite. But he regretted it for all that. What he wanted was to beat Ripton, and Barry's absence would weaken the team. However, it was good in its way, and cleared the atmosphere for the time. The League would hardly do anything with regard to the carrying out of their threat while Barry was on the sick-list.

Next day, having given him time to get over the bitterness of defeat in accordance with Clowes' thoughtful suggestion, Trevor called on Milton, and asked him what his opinion was on

the subject of the inclusion of Rand-Brown in the first fifteen in place of Barry.

"He's the next best man," he added, in defence of the proposal.

"I suppose so," said Milton. "He'd better play, I suppose. There's no one else."

"Clowes thought it wouldn't be a bad idea to shove Strachan on the wing, and put somebody else back."

"Who is there to put?"

"Jervis?"

"Not good enough. No, it's better to be weakish on the wing than at back. Besides, Rand-Brown may do all right. He played well against you."

"Yes," said Trevor. "Study looks a bit better now," he added, as he was going, having looked round the room. "Still a bit bare, though."

Milton sighed.

"It will never be what it was."

"Forty-three theatrical photographs want some replacing, of course," said Trevor. "But it isn't bad, considering."

"How's yours?"

"Oh, mine's all right, except for the absence of photographs."

"I say, Trevor."

"Yes?" said Trevor, stopping at the door. Milton's voice had taken on the tone of one who is about to disclose dreadful secrets.

"Would you like to know what I think?"

"What?"

"Why, I'm pretty nearly sure who it was that ragged my study?"

"By Jove! What have you done to him?"

"Nothing as yet. I'm not quite sure of my man."

"Who is the man?"

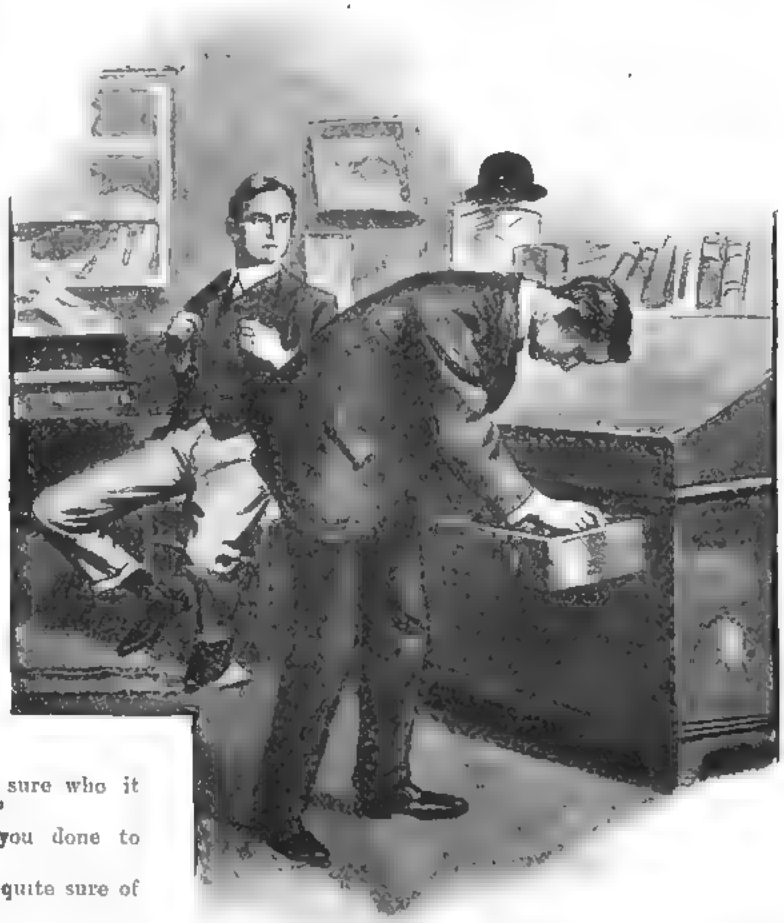
"Rand-Brown."

"By Jove! Clowes once said he thought Rand-Brown must be the president of the League. But then, I don't see how you can account for *my* study being wrecked. He was out on the field when it was done."

"Why, the League, of course. You don't suppose he's the only man in it? There must be a lot of them."

"But what makes you think it was Rand-Brown?"

Milton told him the story of Shoeblossom, as Barry had told it to him. The only difference was that Trevor listened without any of the scepticism which Milton had displayed on hearing it. He was getting excited. It all fitted in so neatly. If ever there was circumstantial evidence against a man, here it was against Rand-Brown. Take the two cases. Milton had quarrelled with him. Milton's study was wrecked



THE BAT WAS IN NONE OF THESE PLACES.

"with the compliments of the League." Trevor had turned him out of the first fifteen. Trevor's study was wrecked "with the compliments of the League." As Clowes had pointed out, the man with the most obvious motive for not wish-

ing Barry to play for the school was Rand-Brown. It seemed a true bill.

"I shouldn't wonder if you're right," he said, "but of course one can't do anything yet. You want a lot more evidence. Anyhow, we must play him against Ripton, I suppose. Which is his study? I'll go and tell him now."

"Ten."

Trevor knocked at the door of study Ten. Rand-Brown was sitting over the fire, reading. He jumped up when he saw that it was Trevor who had come in, and to his visitor it seemed that his face wore a guilty look.

"What do you want?" said Rand-Brown.

It was not the politest way of welcoming a visitor. It increased Trevor's suspicions. The man was afraid. A great idea darted into his mind. Why not go straight to the point, and have it out with him here and now? He had the League's letter about the bat in his pocket. He would confront him with it and insist on searching the study there and then. If Rand-Brown were really, as he suspected, the writer of the letter, the bat must be in this room somewhere. Search it now, and he would have no time to hide it. He pulled out the letter.

"I believe you wrote that," he said.

Trevor was always direct.

Rand-Brown seemed to turn a little pale, but his voice when he replied was quite steady.

"That's a lie," he said.

"Then, perhaps," said Trevor, "you wouldn't object to proving it."

"How?"

"By letting me search your study?"

"You don't believe my word?"

"Why should I? You don't believe mine."

Rand-Brown made no comment on this remark.

"Was that what you came here for?" he asked.

"No," said Trevor; "as a matter of fact I came to tell you to turn out for running and passing with the first to-morrow afternoon. You're playing against Ripton on Saturday."

Rand-Brown's attitude underwent a complete transformation at the news. He became friendliness itself.

"All right," he said. "I say, I'm sorry I said what I did about lying. I was rather sick that you should think I wrote that rot you showed me. I hope you don't mind."

"Not a bit. Do you mind my searching your study?"

For a moment Rand-Brown looked vicious. Then he sat down with a laugh.

"Go on," he said; "I see you don't believe me. Here are the keys, if you want them."

Trevor thanked him, and took the keys. He opened every drawer and examined the writing-desk. The bat was in none of these places. He looked in the cupboards. No bat there.

"Like to take up the carpet?" inquired Rand-Brown.

"No, thanks."

"Search me if you like. Shall I turn out my pockets?"

"Yes, please," said Trevor, to his surprise. He had not expected to be taken literally.

Rand-Brown emptied them, but the bat was not there. Trevor turned to go.

"You've not looked inside the legs of the chairs yet," said Rand-Brown. "They may be hollow. There's no knowing."

"It doesn't matter, thanks," said Trevor. "Sorry for troubling you. Don't forget to-morrow afternoon."

And he went, with the very unpleasant feeling that he had been badly scored off.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Ripton Match.

IT was a curious thing in connection with the matches between Ripton and Wrykyn that Ripton always seemed to be the bigger team. They always had a gigantic pack of forwards, who looked capable of shoving a hole through one of the pyramids. Possibly they looked bigger to the Wrykynians than they really were. Strangers always look big on the football field. When you have grown accustomed to a person's appearance, he does not look nearly so large. Milton, for instance, never struck anybody at Wrykyn as being particularly big for a school forward, and yet to-day he was the heaviest man on the field by a quarter of a stone. But, taken in the mass, the Ripton pack were far heavier than their rivals. There was a legend current among the lower forms at Wrykyn that fellows were allowed to stop on at Ripton till they were twenty-five, simply to play football. This is scarcely likely to have been based on fact. Few lower form legends are.

Jevons, the Ripton captain, through having played opposite Trevor for three seasons—he was the Ripton left centre-three-quarter—had come to be quite an intimate of his. Trevor had gone down with Milton and Allardyce to meet the team at the station, and conduct them up to the school.

"How have you been getting on since Christmas?" asked Jevons.

"Pretty well. We've lost Paget, I suppose you know?"

"That was that fast man on the wing, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, we've lost a man, too."

"Oh, yes, that red-haired forward. I remember him."

"It ought to make us pretty even. What's the ground like?"

"Bit greasy, I should think. We had some rain late last night."

The ground *was* a bit greasy. So was the ball. When Milton kicked off up the hill with what wind there was in his favour, the outsiders

BY THE TIME HE HAD BROUGHT HIM DOWN, TREVOR HAD GOT IT.

of both teams found it difficult to hold the ball. Jevons caught it on his twenty-five line, and promptly handed it forward. The first scrum was formed in the heart of the enemy's country.

A deep, swelling roar from either touchline greeted the school's advantage. A feature of a big match was always the shouting. It rarely ceased throughout the whole course of the game, the monotonous but impressive sound of five hundred voices all shouting the same word. It was worth hearing. Sometimes the evenness of the noise would change to an excited *crescendo* as a school three-quarter got off, or the school back pulled up the attack with a fine piece of defence. Sometimes the shouting would give place to clapping when the school was being pressed and somebody had found touch with a long kick. But mostly the man on the ropes roared steadily and without cessation, and with the full force of his lungs, the word "*Wrykyn!*"

The scrum was a long one. For two minutes the forwards heaved and strained, now one side, now the other, gaining a few inches. The Wrykyn pack were doing all they knew to heel, but their opponents' superior weight was telling. Ripton had got the ball, and were keeping it. Their game was to break through with it and rush. Then suddenly one of their forwards kicked it on, and just at that moment the opposition of the Wrykyn pack gave way, and the scrum broke up. The ball came out on the Wrykyn side, and Allardyce whipped it out to Deacon, who was playing half with him.

"Ball's out," cried the Ripton half who was taking the scrum. "Break up. It's out."

And his colleague on the left darted across to stop Trevor, who had taken Deacon's pass, and was running through on the right.

Trevor ran splendidly. He was a three-quarter

who took a lot of stopping when he once got away. Jevons and the Ripton half met him almost simultaneously, and each slackened his pace for the fraction of a second, to allow the other to tackle. As they hesitated Trevor passed them. He had long ago learned that to go hard when you have once started is the thing that pays.

He could see that Rand-Brown was racing up for the pass, and as he reached the back he sent the ball to him, waist-high. Then the back got to him, and he came down with a thud, with a vision, seen from the corner of his eye, of the ball bounding forward out of the wing three-quarter's hands into touch. Rand-Brown had bungled the pass in the old familiar way, and lost a certain try.

The touch-judge ran up with his flag waving in the air, but the referee had other views.

"Knocked on inside," he said; "scrum here."

"Here" was, Trevor saw with unspeakable disgust, some three yards from the goal-line. Rand-Brown had only had to take the pass, and he must have scored.

The Ripton forwards were beginning to find their feet better now, and they carried the scrum. A truculent-looking warrior in one of those ear-guards which are tied on by strings underneath the chin, and which add fifty per cent. to the ferocity of a forward's appearance, broke away with the ball at his feet, and swept down the field with the rest of the pack at his heels. Trevor arrived too late to pull up the rush, which had gone straight down the right touchline, and it was not till Strachan fell on the ball on the Wrykyn twenty-five line that the danger ceased to threaten.

Even now the school were in a bad way. The enemy were pressing keenly, and a real piece of combination among their three-quarters would only too probably end in a try. Fortunately for them, Allardyce and Deacon were a better pair of halves than the couple they were marking. Also, the Ripton forwards heeled slowly, and Allardyce had generally got his man safely buried in the mud before he could pass.

He was just getting round for the tenth time to bottle his opponent as before, when he slipped. When the ball came out he was on all fours, and the Ripton exponent, finding to his great satisfaction that he had not been tackled, whipped the ball out on the left, where a wing three-quarter hovered.

This was the man Rand-Brown was supposed to be marking, and once again did Barry's substitute prove of what stuff his tackling powers were made. After his customary moment of hesitation, he had at the Riptonian's neck. The Riptonian handed him off in a manner that recalled the palmy days of the old Prize Ring—handing off was always slightly vigorous in the Ripton *v.* Wrykyn match—and dashed over the line in the extreme corner.

There was anguish on the two touchlines. Trevor looked savage, but made no comment. The team lined up in silence.

It takes a phenomenal kick to convert a try from the touchline. Jevons' kick was a good one, but it fell short. Ripton led by a try to nothing.

A few more scrums near the halfway line, and a fine attempt at a dropped goal by the Ripton back, and it was half time, with the score unaltered.

During the interval there were lemons. An excellent thing is your lemon at half-time. It cools the mouth, quenches the thirst, stimulates the desire to beat them again, and improves the play.

Possibly the Wrykyn team had been happier in their choice of lemons on this occasion, for no sooner had the game been restarted than Clowes ran the whole length of the field, dodged through the three-quarters, punted over the back's head, and scored a really brilliant try of the sort that Paget had been fond of scoring in the previous term. The man on the touchline brightened up wonderfully, and began to try and calculate the probable score by the end of the game, on the assumption that, as a try had been scored in the first two minutes, ten would be scored in the first twenty, and so on.

But the calculations were based on false premises. After Strachan had failed to convert, and the game had been resumed with the score at one try all, play settled down in the centre and neither side could pierce the other's defence. Once Jevons got off for Ripton, but Trevor brought him down safely, and once Rand-Brown let his man through, as before, but Strachan was there to meet him, and the effort came to nothing. For Wrykyn, none did much except tackle. The forwards were beaten by the heavier pack and seldom let the ball out. Allardyce intercepted a pass when about ten minutes of play remained, and ran through to the back. But the back, who was a capable man and in his third season in the team, laid him low scientifically before he could reach the line.

Altogether it looked as if the match were going to end in a draw. The Wrykyn defence, with the exception of Rand-Brown, was too good to be penetrated, while the Ripton forwards, by always getting the ball in the scrums, kept them from attacking. It was about five minutes from the end of the game when the Ripton right

centre-three-quarter, in trying to punt across to the wing, miskicked and sent the ball straight into the hands of Trevor's colleague in the centre. Before his man could get round to him he had slipped through, with Trevor backing him up. The back, as a good back should, seeing two men coming at him, went for the man with the ball. But by the time he had brought him down, the ball was no longer where it had originally been. Trevor had got it, and was running in between the posts.

This time Strachan put on the extra two points without difficulty.

Ripton played their hardest for the remaining minutes, but without result. The game ended with Wrykyn a goal ahead—a goal and a try to a try. For the second time in one season the Ripton match had ended in a victory—a thing it was very rarely in the habit of doing.

The senior day-room at Seymour's rejoiced considerably that night. The air was dark with flying cushions, and darker still, occasionally, when the usual humorist turned the gas out. Milton was out, for he had gone to the dinner which followed the Ripton match, and the man in command of the house in his absence was Mill. And the senior day-room had no respect whatever for Mill.

Barry joined in the revels as well as his ankle would let him, but he was not feeling happy. The disappointment of being out of the first still weighed on him.

At about eight, when things were beginning to grow really lively, and the noise seemed likely to crack the window at any moment, the door was flung open and Milton stalked in.

"What's all this row?" he inquired. "Stop it at once."

As a matter of fact the row *had* stopped—directly he came in.

"Is Barry here?" he asked.

"Yes," said that youth.

"Congratulate you on your first, Barry. We've just had a meeting and given you your colours. Trevor told me to tell you."

(To be continued.)

ELAINE.

(A Love Song.)

Some great change is stealing o'er me—
  Or for better, or for worse,
I can't say—but things now bore me
  That did, erstwhile, the reverse!
What can make the keenest sportsman
  Find his favourite sport quite tame?
Hope that stirs, and Fate that thwarts man
  In his life's one burning aim!

Once, at Lord's, I braved the baking
  Sunshine—Ranji was in form—
Laying on the wood and making
  Things exceptionally warm.
All the ring sat up and snorted
  (Pardon these expressions), but
I alone sat untransported
  By the glory of his cut!

Tennis can't assuage my troubles
  Though it always used to—for
I persist in serving "doubles"
  And forget to keep the score.

And this evening, after one set
  I abandoned it, to lie
Gazing at a glorious sunset
  With a dull, lethargic eye.

I have caught myself perusing
  Vapid paragraphs that dwell
On the good effects of using
  Something some one wants to sell.
I have gazed (with rapt attention,
  Seemingly) at "Sunny Jim—"
Though I do not, I may mention,
  Take much interest in him.

Many friends whom I could summon
  Would unanimously state
That I've always been a rum 'un,
  But much rummer still of late;
And I'll swear I never used to
  Do such hopelessly insane
Things, till I was introduced to
  Thee, my own, adored *Elaine*!

Arthur Stanley.

[*This poem should have appeared in June. I trust he is feeling better now.*—O. F.]

THE PRODIGAL'S CHRISTMAS.

AN AMERICAN VILLAGE STORY.

By WILL N. HARBEN. ILLUSTRATED BY W. R. LEIGH.

YOUNG man walked wearily along the village street until he came to the Walton cottage. There he paused, and leaned on the ramshackle paling-fence. Old man Walton, seated in the doorway, peered out at him drowsily, and then with dawning recognition he raised his rugged gray brows in surprise.

"Well, ef it hain't Alex!" he exclaimed. "By Jinks, we wasn't lookin' fer you to turn up! Home fer Christmas, I reckon."

"Yes, I sorter 'lowed I'd like to spend it heer, ef you-all don't keer," and the young man moved along to the sagging gate, passed through, and extended his hand to his uncle. "How's the folks?"

"Oh, 'bout as common," drawled the old man, with a grin. "When things is common with common folks I reckon they are common enough. Yore brother Bill's crop missed in the fall, an' he's been as ill as snake ever sence. He was hardly fit to live with as it was. You know that."

Alex Walton sat down on the door-step and crossed his thin hands between his legs. His coat was threadbare, his trousers frayed at the ankles; he looked as if he were very tired. He was clean-shaved, and had a handsome face and a clear, jovial eye.

"Bill an' Mary hain't got married yit?" he said, tentatively. "Seems to me I heerd they hadn't."

"No, not edzactly," replied the old man, drawing on his long, yellowish-gray beard. "But that hain't Bill's fault. He certainly has tried hard enough to fetch it to a head. I reckon he wants to take charge o' Mary's farm an' do a husband's duty in collectin' the rents an' puttin' 'em whar they'll be safe. Lawsy me! young man, thar's whar you drapped your 'lasses-candy, as the feller said. Thar was a time she'd 'a' tuck you at the drap o' a hat, but you kept gittin' triflin'er and triflin'er, tell the gal jest had to listen to the advice o' friends. I reckon you're as fond o' liquor as ever."

"HOW ARE YOU, BILL?" HE SAID, GENTLY.

The young man lowered his head until it rested on his quivering hands. He flushed red.

"I reckon I am, Uncle Joe," he said, softly. "I—I—I started to say I'd swore

off, but I remember I did that so many times without stickin' to it that this time I won't make so many promises."

"You're a-goin' to quit, an' then swear off; that's the idee," smiled the old man.

"That's about it, Uncle Joe."

Just then Bill Walton slouched down the street from the direction of the village post-office, and entered the gate. He scowled when he saw his brother, and stood facing him for a moment. Alex Walton stood up, and extended his hand. "How are you, Bill?" he said, gently.

But Bill Walton, a tall, gaunt man with a hard, sallow face, was not in a good humour.

"I'd like to know what you are heer fer!" he growled, holding his hand behind him.

"Let's not have another row, Bill," said the younger brother. "The Lord knows I've been sorry enough 'bout the last one. The truth is, I've come back to try to make up with you an' do better. I've been over at Darley; I got that fur lookin' fer land to rent fer the spring. I've got my eye on a good tract, an' a man over thar has agreed to back me once more. I felt so good over his faith in me an' the outlook fer the future that I tuck a notion I'd like to spend this Christmas at home. Lord, I've been lonely sence I seed you-all—lonely ain't the name fer it; an' to-day it seemed to come down on me like a thick fog, an' I had to come."

"I reckon you want to celebrate the day by lyin' up drunk like you did the last time," snarled Bill Walton. "I tell you I've had enough o' you 'round heer. Uncle Joe knows——"

"Don't fetch me into it," said the old man, uncrossing his short, thick-set legs. "I won't take part either side; but I'll say this to you, Bill Walton. Alex thar is as nigh akin to me an' my wife as you are. You hain't a-payin' board heer that I know of, an' you sha'n't abuse Alex under my roof. You are a-startin' this heer row, ef I'm any jedge o' starts. Alex has acted like a gentleman—an' a good un at that—sence the minute you opened that gate. Some folks say he's more o' a gentleman, anyway, an' you'd better not let 'em say you hain't no claim to the title at all."

Bill Walton growled out an inaudible reply of some sort, and with a heavy, clattering tread he entered the cottage, and made his way to the back entry to get a drink of water from the bucket on the shelf.

The old man laughed knowingly as he looked over his shoulder after him.

"He hain't never got over Mary's fancy fer you," he said. "Huh, that rankles!"

Alex Walton fixed the genial old face with a piercing stare. "You don't mean that, Uncle Joe," he said under his breath; "you don't think that's the reason Bill——"

"O' course it is," declared the old farmer. "She won't let nobody run you down, an' he knows it. Lordy, ef she'd 'a' been lookin' on jest now he'd 'a' shook hands readily enough. Yes, yore cake was purty well cooked two yeer ago, but that prolonged spree an' poker-playin' an' all combined turned it to flat, soggy dough ag'in. Bein' a rail good friend o' her'n, an' havin' promised 'er ma on 'er death-bed that I'd sorter look atter Mary, I couldn't advise the gal to resk you."

"But—but you did advise 'er to take Bill?" ventured the young man, tremulously.

"Well, a did an' I didn't," said the old man, reflectively. "I showed 'er both sides o' the matter, an' told 'er to take 'er choice. I told 'er he'd never let 'er starve to death, beca'se Bill believes in feedin' his stock well, an' that with his batch o' land hitched on to her'n they could sorter make out. But I told 'er she'd have to live with Bill, an' ef she begun that she'd not keer much whether she starved or not."

It was growing dusk. Some small boys were making a big bonfire down at the meeting-house, and older boys and men were firing guns and pistols and exploding fire-crackers.

"Goin' to have a Christmas tree at the meetin'-house, I reckon," said Alex, softly.

"Yes, fer the Sunday-school childern an' anybody else that wants to hang on anything. Bring anything fer Mary?"

"Yes; I fetched a few little tricks, Uncle Joe. I never like to come without some present or other. Whar is she—whar is Mary?"

"I reckon she's back in the kitchen helpin' the old woman at the cookin'. They've been bakin' all day—got the fattest turkey-gobbler you ever laid eyes on; had to cook him by sections, an' lop off chunks o' fat to keep him from swimmin' in his own grease. That's Mary now, lightin' the lamp."

Alex Walton turned into the sitting-room, and approached the tall, rather pretty girl in the lamp-light at the centre-table.

"Howdy, Mary?" he said, softly, a tremulous note in his voice.

"Howdy do, Alex?" she answered, giving him her hand, and looking down. There was a round, full accent of gladness in her

tone, which she seemed to be trying to subdue. "Home fer Christmas?"

"Yes," he answered, awkwardly, as he released her hand. "I got as fur as Darley lookin' fer land to rent for next spring, an' it sorter went agin the grain to lie up thar amongst plumb strangers with you an' all the rest so nigh. So I walked over heer. I didn't feel edzactly right 'bout—'bout comin', after the way I acted last Christmas, but I done it anyway."

The girl said nothing. She had not adjusted the lamp-chimney properly, and she bent to fix it. When she drew herself up erect he saw her face full in the light, and its beauty and a certain quality it seemed to mirror struck him like a blow.

"I acted bad—bad—bad!" he blurted out suddenly, his voice sounding harsh and blunt in the still room. "When I went away from heer it was with the best intention to quit my bad habits an' settle down. I 'lowed I could do it, an'—an' maybe I could 'a' done it sooner but fer one thing. I got to thinkin' 'bout you an' Bill an' his determination to marry you, an' knowin' that he never failed to gain his point, I got reckless. Somehow I can't git used to that I jest can't!"

The eyes of the speaker met the mild, half-frightened stare of the girl, and the two stood in silence for a moment. She broke it suddenly.

"I couldn't marry a drinkin' man, Alex," she said, with a gulp. "I'd be miserable. No, I couldn't tie myself to a drinkin' man, no—no matter how much I—I loved him."

There was something in her eyes like springing tears as she left him and turned into the kitchen. His aunt, a portly old woman with a kindly face and gentle voice, came in and greeted him with a hearty, motherly shake of the hand. "I'm right glad you come home," she declared. "But, Alex, you mustn't sp'ile all our fun an' git on another spree—you mustn't do that."

"I'm not a-goin' to do it, Aunt Maria," he said, sheepishly. "The truth is, I've—but I'm goin' to show you that I can be a man. I won't make any promises, but you'll see."

The old woman laughed incredulously, and went back to the kitchen.

"Alex is throwin' out hints that he's quit liquor," she said to the girl, who stood over the cooking stove. "Somehow, I like the way he talks 'bout it. Do you reckon he could? I reckon it's got 'bout as big a holt on him as it ever had on anybody."

"He may mean it this time," said the girl, avoiding the old woman's eyes. "He looks different—like he'd been sick a long time, or—or——"

"Or had some deep trouble," put in Mrs. Walton when Mary paused for the lack of the proper word. "I tuck notice o' that, an' somehow I wanted to hug him. He always could git next to me, anyway. Bill's the safest o' the two, but la me! ef I was on my dyin' bed, an' couldn't see but one of 'em, I'd ruther have Alex come to me half drunk, with that sweet, comfortin' smile o' his'n, than his brother as sober as a judge."

Mary said nothing. She made a feint at stacking some plates on the table, and presently she went into her own room. Going to her trunk in a corner, she took out some money, and joined Bill Walton in the back yard.

"You said you was goin' down to the store directly," she said.

"Yes, I am," he replied, a light of expectancy in his dull eyes. "Anything I kin do fer you?"

She put the money into his outstretched hand. "I want you to buy me a nice pocket-knife," she said; "a man's pocket-knife. I want to put it on the tree fer Alex."

"Oh, that's it," and he frowned sullenly as he fumbled the bill in his fingers.

"An' I want you to leave it with the committee at the church as you come 'long back," she said. "They'll see that it's hung on the tree."

Bill Walton's face was dark with wrath, but he thrust the money into his pocket and glared at her. "I don't think I'd humour Alex to that extent," he said. "It's good enough in you-all to allow him to come back, without loadin' him down with presents. He ort to be showed whar he belongs; but it takes women to sp'ile a man But I'll git it," and with that Bill Walton strode angrily away.

That evening the open space in front of the little frame meeting-house, with its dog-kennel belfry on the roof, was ablaze with the light of numerous bonfires. Boys stood in the doorway shooting Roman candles and sky-rockets. Mary went with Mr. and Mrs Walton. As she took her seat near the great Christmas tree, the top of which reached to the ceiling, she saw Bill Walton across the room sitting alone, a sullen look on his face. The crowd had assembled when Alex came in. Friends on both sides of the aisle reached forward to shake hands and welcome him home, for he was very popular. For a

moment he stood looking admiringly at the tree, with its glittering tinsel and burning wax candles, and then he sat down in a retired corner near the oblong wood-stove. Mary eyed him closely; there was a careworn expression on his face, a tense seriousness, a lack of merriment that had usually characterised his features. Presently she became conscious that two old men on the bench behind her were talking of Alex, and she bent her attention to their words.

"Yes, I seed the two meet at Dobbs' store," said one of them. "Bill walked right up to him, whar he was talkin' to some fellers in the back end, nigh the stove, an' tol' him they was jest one too many o' them to live in the same settlement, an' that he was a-gwine to stay. I was in hopes Alex would slug him one in the jaw, but he didn't. He fust got red, an' then he got white as a sheet. That's the way he always looks when he's mad. I don't know what he said; he drawed Bill off to one side, an' talked to him sorter gentle-like. Dobbs said he promised Bill he'd leave in the mornin', an' that he said he never meant to baulk him in anything."

There was a loud clapping of hands just then, as the minister entered the church, and Mary could not hear any more of the conversation behind her. The preacher's arrival was the signal for the entertainment to begin, and after a hymn was sung he made a little speech, and then began to take the various presents from the tree and deliver them to their recipients.

Among the very first was a beautiful book for Mary, in which Alex had written a cheerful and tender Christmas greeting.

She looked across the room, and caught his eye, and smiled. She had an almost overpowering impulse to go to him, and thank him, but her natural timidity held her back. She sat perfectly still, her eyes on the tree, now intent upon only one thing—his receiving her gift, and understanding that he had been in her thoughts; but it was not given him, and the preacher was walking around the tree, pulling the branches apart to see if he had overlooked anything. Other gifts lay in her lap—one of them from Bill Walton—but she did not unwrap them. She now believed that Bill had played her false.

Her blood rushed angrily through her veins. The presentation of gifts was over; the preacher made a speech, and then everybody stood up; some of the men began to make a long table out of rough planks laid across the backs of the benches, and the women busied themselves laying white cloths upon it, and taking delicacies from well-filled baskets. There was to be a feast. The room was filled with the din and confusion of many happy voices.

"I'M GOIN' TO LEAD A DIFFERENT LIFE—I KNOW IT, MARY."

Mary went across to where Bill Walton still sat, his face clouded over. He looked up half defiantly as she approached, but his eyes went down under her steady stare.

"You didn't git that present fer Alex!" she said.

"No, I didn't!" he retorted. "I'll hand the money back to you when we git home; I left it in my room!"

"Why didn't you do it?" she asked, almost fiercely.

"Beca'se I wasn't a-goin' to have you make a fool o' him!" he replied, sharply; and yet his eyes were shifting here and there, as if he could not look her fairly in the face.

She shrugged her shapely shoulders, and a sneer of contempt lay on her face.

"Well, maybe you'll wish you had," she

said, coldly; and she turned suddenly, and went across the room to where Alex stood alone. He did not see her until she was quite near to him, and then he flushed, and stood before her awkwardly, clutching his soft hat in his hands.

"Alex," she said, with a gulp, "I reckon you think I'm mighty mean. I don't want to raise no fuss betwixt you an' Bill, an' I know you won't quarrel with him when I tell you not to; but I sent the money by him to buy you a Christmas present, but he—he refused to do it. Oh, Alex, I'm so miserable! I heerd you was goin' away to-morrow."

He started, and stared at her in silence for a moment, and then he said, "Yes, I'm goin' in the mornin', Mary. I had no business comin' back heer tell I've showed folks that I intend to be a new man. God knows I've had enough o' the sort o' life I've been leadin', an' I'm through with it! I hardly know how to tell you; it will sound strange fer me to talk 'bout it, but over thar at Darley I was sorter lonely, an' got to attendin' a revival goin' on thar. I found salvation, Mary; it busted over me like a bright light, an' I felt as light as a feather. I've learned to know Jesus Christ, an' He's goin' to give me the strength I never had o' my own self. I'm goin' to lead a different life—I know it, fer I ain't tempted like I used to be, an' I ain't so easy to git mad."

She was looking straight into his eyes, and her own suddenly filled to overflowing. She tried to speak, but she choked up and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Oh, don't, don't, Mary!" he cried.

"I can't help it," she sobbed. "It's the answer to my prayers. I've been prayin' fer this fer a long time. Don't go away, Alex! I can't stand it—I jest can't stand it! I love you—I've loved you ever sence I was a little girl, an' ef you want me I'll be yore wife. You may have me fer yore Christmas present ef you want me."

He stared at her incredulously. He tried to speak, but his words hung in his throat. The organist had seated herself at the little organ, and everybody was singing a joyous Christmas hymn. Mrs. Walton came to them, and laid her hand on his arm. "I believe you two have come to an agreement," she said, "an' I'm awfully glad. For," she added, "I love you both like you was my own children."

And then all three stood and listened to the Christmas hymn, with great happiness in their eyes and in their hearts.

A RECIPROCAL TREMOR.

The Hunter: "WELL, I HOPE HE WON'T SEE ME, FOR I'VE HEARD THAT {BEARS / HUNTERS} WANT TO {HUG / SHOOT} PEOPLE."
The Bear:

By Felix Leigh.

EVENTFUL CHRISTMASES.

By A. B. Cooper.

Illustrated from paintings by F. Goodall, R.A., J. Ambrose Walton, Philippoteaux, &c.

THOUGH the name of William the Conqueror is one of the best known in history, it is not every schoolboy who remembers that he was crowned on Christmas Day. They seem to have had lively times, too, on that occasion, for the men-at-arms who stood around the Abbey set fire to the adjacent houses and began to pillage them as they burned. There was a great hubbub, and the people rushed out of the church, leaving William and the prelates alone before the altar. It is said that the oath was taken in a great hurry, but that probably did not matter much, for, alas! oaths were of little avail in those days.

Another event which has left a deep impression on our historical imagination happened in Christmas week of 1170, for the King—Henry the Second—had long been at variance with the Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas à Becket, and, in a fit of petulance, exclaimed, "Will no one rid me of this pestilent priest!" Four knights who heard him forced their way into the Archbishop's palace. The prelate was hurried by his clerks into the cathedral. As he reached the steps of the transept, his pursuers burst in, shouting, "Where is the traitor?" The primate turned and cried, "Here am I, no traitor, but a priest of God," and confronted his foes. "You are our prisoner," shouted Reginald Fitzurse, one of the four, and they seized à Becket and dragged him from the church. The primate, who was a strong man, shook them off roughly. "Strike, strike," cried Fitzurse, and blow after blow fell upon the brave prelate, a retainer of Ranulf de Broc's finally scattering his brains on the ground.

On the same date, 524 years later, Mary, the Queen of William of Orange, died, to the great grief of the people. Very fittingly, seeing that her death is associated with the festival of peace and goodwill, Greenwich Hospital still stands as her enduring memorial.

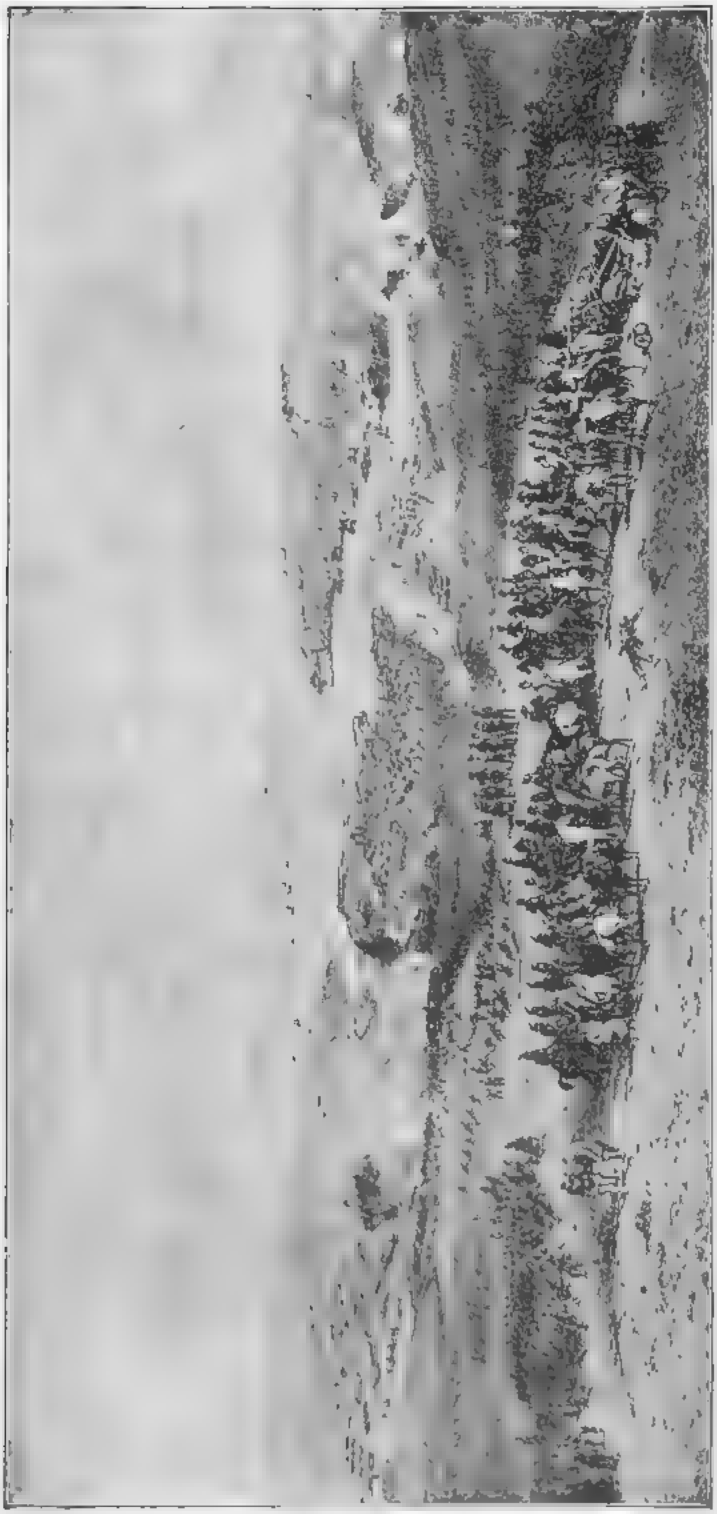
But the Stuarts were not entirely done with, for, in 1715, the Old Pretender made an attempt to regain the throne of his father, James II., and in 1745 Charles Edward—the "Bonnie Prince Charlie" of many a ballad—came near succeeding. The approach of Christmas in that year must have been an anxious time, for the Young Pretender, with six thousand Highlanders, marched from Glasgow to Derby, arriving on the 4th of December. But then, like the famous Duke of Cumberland, who marched his men to the top of a hill, and then "marched down again," there was nothing for the poor boy to do but return to Glasgow, which town he reached at Christmas. He was finally overthrown at Culloden, and, after many adventures, in which, of course, the famous and beautiful Flora Macdonald figures, "Bonnie Prince Charlie" escaped back to France.

But to CAPTAIN readers these events seem far removed from their ken, and it will be well to jump the centuries, and come at a bound to the great century, the close of which every one of them has seen.

A very significant occurrence took place on Christmas Eve, 1814, for upon that day a treaty of peace was signed which has never since been broken, and it is surely the prayer of every English-speaking man and woman, all the world over, that it never will be broken. This was the Treaty of Ghent, which ended the last war this country engaged in with our cousins across the Atlantic. War with the United States of America is almost unthinkable to-day, and no greater disaster could be imagined. Happily the angels' message proclaimed nineteen centuries ago, has been realised between these two great nations—which are really one—for nearly a century, and America and England clasp hands across the sea, and vow to stand or fall together.

Another Christmas which is particularly interesting just now is the Christmas of 1845, for on that day Sir Robert Peel came back to power, and, as Prime Minister, was instrumental in repealing the Corn Laws, and establishing Free Trade, which has remained the policy of the nation ever since, whatever the future may have in store.

The Christmas of 1854 marks one of the most shameful episodes in our history—the awful suffering of our soldiers in the Crimea, owing to gross mismanagement on the part of the Government of the day. The winter was one of the



SEBASTOPOL, IN WHOSE VICINITY SO MANY OF OUR BRAVE SOLDIERS SPENT CHRISTMAS, 1854

severest ever known, and if it was a severe one in England it may well be imagined what it was in Russia. The frost even split the cannons in the redoubts, and yet men spent Christmas Day practically barefooted, because, although boots had been sent, they were all for the left foot, and although stores were lying in Balaclava Harbour, the tortuous ways of "red tape" prevented their delivery to the starving, frost-bitten men. To show the utter lack of practical forethought on the part of the authorities at home, it may be instanced that green coffee beans were sent out, which would have to be roasted by the men who were fireless—and *ground*, before a cup of coffee could be made!

The *Times* said, "The noblest army England ever sent from these shores has been sacrificed to the grossest mismanagement. Incompetency, lethargy, official indifference, favour and routine, perverseness and stupidity reign, revel, and riot in the camp before Sebastopol, in the harbour of Balaclava, in the hospitals of Scutari, and how much nearer home we do not venture to say."

Cholera attacked the troops, and the hospital at Scutari was filled to overflowing. The poor fellows were without bedding, comforts, or medicine. That noble lady, who is still with us in honoured old age, Miss Florence Nightingale, immortalised her name by organising a band of devoted nurses, and in place of death and misery bringing life and happiness to thousands of poor fellows.

Google

But if Christmas 1854 was a gloomy one, that of 1857, three years later, was celebrated with unusual cheerfulness, on account of the Relief of Lucknow. The death of that brave Christian soldier, Sir Henry Havelock, although it took place on November 25th, was not yet known in this country, and thus the joy of the people was unmixed with sadness. What a period of awful suspense it had been! The ghastly episodes of the Mutiny have been the theme of countless poems and stories, and for heroic devotion and unexampled bravery no events in our history can match them. For weeks and months the awful tale of torture and massacre had come slowly to the anxious people of Britain—tales of Cawnpore and the Residency at Lucknow, which made men's flesh creep. Havelock, Lawrence, Outram, and Colin Campbell were household names to millions. No wonder that Christmas 1857 was a joyful one!

"Hark, cannonade, fusillade! is it true what was told by the scout,
Outram and Havelock breaking their way through the fell mutineers?
Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears!
All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers,
Sick from the hospital echo them, women and children come out,
Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusiliers,
Kissing the war-hardened hand of the Highlander wet with their tears!
Dance to the pibroch! saved! We are saved! is it you? is it you?
Saved by the valour of Havelock, saved by the blessing of Heaven!
'Hold it for fifteen days!' We have held it for eighty-seven!
And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew."

If the story of Christmas 1862 in thousands of Lancashire homes could be written, it would be one of the most pathetic ever penned. The American Civil War had cut off the supply of cotton at its fountain head. The consequence was that at Christmas there were in Lancashire 500,000 people dependent upon charity. Yet the same characteristics of endurance and stubborn pluck which marked our soldiers in the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny, helped the Lancashire

CHRISTMAS IN THE CRIMEA, 1854.—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE IN THE HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI.
From "The Life of a Century," by permission.

operatives through the cotton famine, and not the least disturbance of any kind occurred. They were anxious that the North should win in the war, and Lincoln be enabled to free the slaves, and they bore their share in the struggle heroically.

And all this came to pass. A few days before Christmas 1860, South Carolina seceded from the Union of American States, and the war practically commenced which was to continue for four years. On December 22nd, 1864, General Sherman sent a despatch to Abraham Lincoln. "I beg to present you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah, with 500 heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, and also about 25,000 bales of cotton." Sherman's march through Georgia was one of the greatest on record. But before this Lincoln had abolished slavery in America.

It may be mentioned in passing that Christmas Eve, 1860, was the coldest night and Christmas Day the coldest day for fifty years. The temperature at four feet above ground was 8° below zero, and on the grass 13.8° below zero, or 45.8° of frost. In Staffordshire it fell to 15° below zero.

On Christmas Eve, 1863, too, a sudden sadness fell upon England, for on that day William Makepeace Thackeray died. He was born at Calcutta, and was an Old Wykehamist. Thackeray's fame has vastly increased since his death, but, nevertheless, when that event occurred it saddened Christmas in thousands of English homes, because the author of *Vanity Fair* would write no more.

Christmas time unfortunately has sad associations for our Royal House, and Christmas 1861 was the saddest of all, for, on December 14th,

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW, CHRISTMAS, 1857

From the painting by F. Goodall, R.A., by permission. In the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield.

Prince Albert died, and the Queen's life suffered sudden eclipse. Just ten years later, on the 26th of December, Queen Victoria sent the following letter to her people: "The universal feeling shown by her people during those painful, terrible days, and the sympathy evinced by them with herself and with her beloved daughter, the Princess of Wales, as well as the general joy at the improvement in the Prince of Wales's state, have made a deep and lasting impression on her heart, which can never be effaced. It was indeed nothing new to her; for the Queen had met with the same sympathy when, just ten years ago, a similar illness removed from her

side the mainstay of her life, the best and wisest and kindest of husbands."

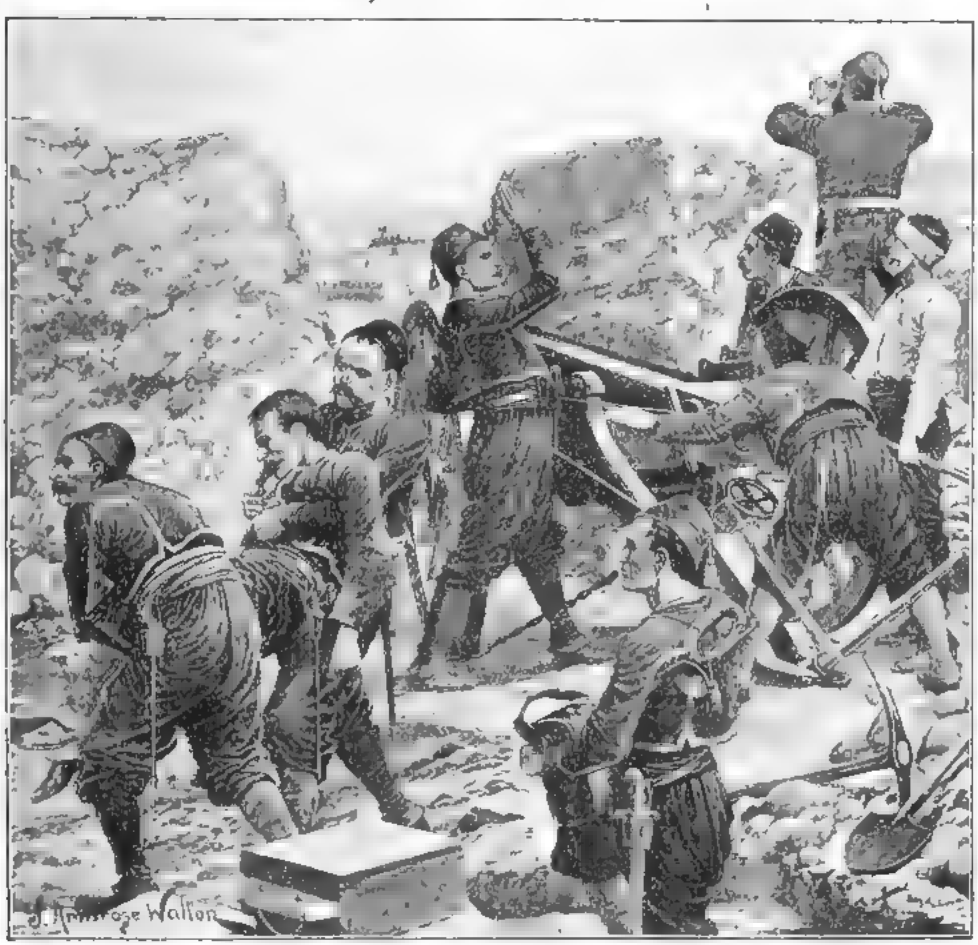
This was written when our present gracious Sovereign, King Edward, had been as near death's door as man can be and live. Public anxiety reached its climax on December 14th. People talked of nothing else. Prayers were offered by Hindoos, Parsees, Mussulmans, and Jews. The Prince was said to have recognised his mother on that night.

But he had seemed a little better on the 10th, and the Princess caused a touching request to be conveyed to the Vicar of Sandringham. "My husband being, thank God, somewhat better, I am coming to church. I must leave, I fear, before the service is concluded, that I may watch by his bedside. Can you not say a few words in the early part of the service, that I may join with you in prayer for my husband before I return to him?"

The Rev. Vicar, before reading the Collect, speaking in a voice trembling with emotion, said, "The prayers of the congregation are earnestly sought for His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, who is now most seriously ill."

Again on December 26th, 1878, the Queen wrote a letter to her subjects, for Princess Alice, one of Queen Victoria's most devoted daughters, after nursing her husband and children through diphtheria, was stricken with the deadly disease herself, and died. The Queen's letter spoke of her as "a bright example of loving tenderness, courageous devotion, and self-sacrifice to duty." And never were truer words written.

Christmas 1870 will never be forgotten by the French nation, for Paris was in a state of siege.



BEHIND THE DEFENCES AT PLEVNA.
From "The Life of a Century," by permission

The Germans were all round the city, and no one could get out or in except by balloon—as several people did! On Christmas Day, instead of the usual distribution of horse-flesh to the beleaguered inhabitants, good rations of beef were given out. The Germans kept Christmas in more festal style at Versailles.

To jump from grave to gay, there is an incident of Christmas 1872 worth recalling. Sir Sydney Waterlow was Lord Mayor of London, and he entertained on Christmas Day at the Mansion House 186 of his relations. His lordship's father, 82 years old, had the gratification of dining at the same table with his thirteen children, 49 grandchildren, and fourteen great-grandchildren. The Lord Mayor was supported by his four sons, four daughters, four brothers, six sisters, seventeen nephews, twenty-two nieces, twenty-nine cousins, and one grandson; and Lady Waterlow by her stepmother, four brothers, three sons, twelve nephews, twelve nieces, and 41 cousins!

King Edward—then, of course, the Prince of Wales—spent the Christmas of 1876 in Calcutta—indeed, he arrived on Christmas Day—and was present at a State dinner given by the Viceroy.

On the 10th of December of the following year Plevna fell. The young readers of THE CAPTAIN can hardly realize the interest taken in this country in the defence of Plevna by the Turks, under Osman Pasha. After a very long siege, and many fierce assaults on the part of the Russians, it fell, and 32,000 men surrendered. On Christmas Day the Russians were marching on Constantinople.

There is a familiar ring, however, about the fact that Lord Roberts spent Christmas Day of 1879 in Cabul, after the battle of Sherpur. Another great name is connected with the Christmas of 1884, for General Gordon spent it, surrounded by fierce Dervishes, in Khartoum, looking for "the help that never came," although all the time a brave army was struggling against colossal difficulties to reach him. It was not to be, for Gordon, the Christian hero, was killed on January the 26th, 1885.

But this record must come to an end, and it only remains to recall the Black Christmas of 1899, when the darkest days of the Boer War hung like a pall over all our hearts. White was in Ladysmith; Buller, with insufficient men, was making heroic but vain attempts to relieve him. The Tugela and its tale of blood and disaster were in everybody's mind—it was one of the saddest Christmases in our annals. Our hope is that the Christmas of 1903 will be one of "peace and goodwill to men," and one of the happiest and brightest of the long, long series.

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.
After the painting by Philippoteaux, in "The Life of a Century."

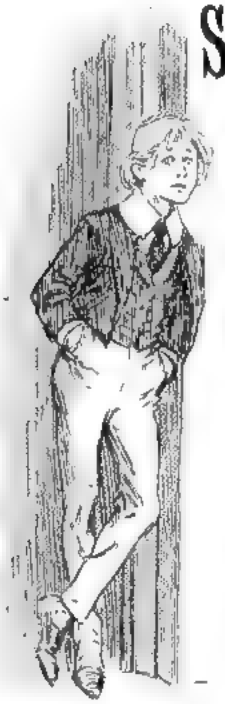
POOR, DEAR HARRY!

A REAL SCHOOL STORY

By Guy N. Pocock. Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.

"Poor, dear Harry" is a new boy, who, before coming to school, has been reading a lot of school tales in which the Hero is always very long-suffering, and the Bully a most atrocious character. Arrived at school, Harry, to the bewilderment and amusement of his fellows, insists on assuming the *rôle* of "Hero," and proceeds to "rescue from drowning" a boy who is splashing about quite safely in shallow water—much to the rescued one's amusement and discomfort. In pursuance of his heroic programme, Harry performs various antics in the cricket-field, insisting on "batting without pads" (as he considers this consistent with the behaviour of a "Hero"), and finally, just before the fall of the tenth wicket, making off with the ball with the idea that he will thus be "saving the match." Harry is much concerned when the school barber relieves him of his abundant locks, but this misfortune does not hinder him from sternly condemning the other boys' innocent card-playing as "a sinful practice."

VIII.



SUNDAY came with its long walk across the sands to the village church, and its roast-beef lunch, and its glorious sweet-packets, and its hot, dreamy afternoon. There were beautiful, snug corners behind the nets buzzing with heat and gnats, where one could lie for hours and suck peppermints, and read, and dream. Each little clique had its own particular Sunday afternoon corner, and one from each clique provided a rug, which was not to be moved except when the master came out to read *Westward Ho!*

The day passed pleasantly enough for all save Harry, whose self-consciousness at the loss of his hair made him moody and irritable, and inclined to find fault with everything. But it was not till late in the evening that things came to a crisis.

"I don't feel a bit inclined to turn in yet," said Frost, putting his arm through Harvey's as they strolled towards the dormitory.

"Nor do I," said Harvey, "I wanted to finish *Tom Brown's Schooldays*."

"I feel so beastly lazy," continued Frost. "Let's do ten minutes' Indian clubs before we turn in. Hullo!" he added, searching behind his bed, "they seem to have gone. Has anybody been using my clubs?"

"Oh! I've got them!" sung out Jenkins from the other end of the dormitory. "I'm sorry, Frost," he added, bringing them over, "I forgot to put them back."

"Well, I wish you wouldn't forget, when you borrow them without asking," grumbled Frost. Jenkins knew he did not really mind, but liked to be important about his clubs. "All right, Frost," he said.

And then, as Fate would have it, Harry entered the room. Hearing the tone of Frost's last remark, he stopped suddenly by the door, and seeing him standing with an Indian club in either hand, by the side of the penitent and pyjamered Jenkins, he flushed deeply and strode forward muttering, "At last!"

"Sneak, wretch, and molly-coddle!" he hissed, seizing the astonished Frost by the arm.

There was silence in the dormitory, for all felt that things were coming to a head.

"What is it *now?*" asked Frost, recovering from his surprise, and half smiling in spite of himself.

"Now I *know*," replied Harry, "that you are the Bully!"

The burst of laughter with which Frost greeted this announcement still further enraged the already infuriated Harry.

"Drop that—that instrument!" he screamed, pointing to the club which Frost still held, "and leave that boy alone!"

"Oh! don't be such an ass," cried Jenkins, rolling back on to the bed in fits of laughter.

"Drop it!" shrieked Harry, "or I'll strike you between the eyes!"

Frost began to look serious. "Are you talking to me!" he commenced, when Harry's fist flew out straight from the shoulder.

Frost sprang back, receiving the limit of what would have been a terrific blow upon his lips, and knocking the contents of his water-jug all over the floor with his elbow. There was a moment of dead silence; the elder boys waited, surprised and expectant; the smaller boys sat up in bed looking a

little scared. "Frost'll kill him!" whispered one youngster to another, in Harvey's hearing, and Harvey, with a sudden feeling of alarm, sprang to his friend's side and whispered, "Steady, Frost—don't hurt it!"

But Frost had not lost his temper; he merely nodded as he hurriedly wiped the blood from his lip, and, as Harry advanced to strike again, he hit him a stinging smack across the cheek with his open palm. Harvey sighed with relief. Speechless with rage, Harry drew himself back, dropped his head, and charged, butting with all his weight, and would inevitably have brained himself

HARRY'S FIST FLEW OUT STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER.

against the washhandstand had not Frost, as he leapt aside, caught him by both wrists, which he had crossed behind his back in the act of charging.

"Now!" said Frost, twisting Harry's wrists inwards, and forcing him upright. "Now, have you got anything to say?"

Harry struggled frantically without avail. "Yes," he said, at length, "how dare you bully that weakling?"

"I'm not a weakling," cried Jenkins, "and Frost wasn't bullying me—thanks very much all the same," he added, with an uncomfortable feeling that he must appear ungrateful.

"Then what is that instrument?" asked Harry, in a thick voice.

"That, dear child," said Frost, "is one of my Indian clubs. Is there anything else you would like to know?"

Harry looked round doggedly: "I will *not* be tossed in a blanket, anyhow," he said.

"Be what, dear boy?" asked Frost, still retaining his grip of Harry's wrists.

"I repeat: I refuse to be tossed in a blanket."

"I don't know what you mean, child," said Frost, releasing his wrists; "but this is what you will do. You'll get over into your corner and go to bed, and think of what might have happened to you if I *had been* 'The Bully,' as you called me!"

And so things all ended comfortably and to everybody's satisfaction, and the talk was as happy as usual when the master came round to put out the lights.

But the last thing Jenkins remembered before he fell asleep was the sound of Harry's voice from the next bed. "It has all worked out wrong!" it groaned; and Jenkins felt that he understood, and would have felt sorry—if he had not gone to sleep.

IX.

IT was undoubtedly a curious dream. It appeared to Jenkins that he was shivering on an iceberg, weeping bitterly because something had "worked out wrong," and he tried so hard to think what

the something was that he woke up, and chuckled over the dream. But it certainly was unusually cold, thought Jenkins, sitting up and reaching for his dressing-gown; and he wondered dreamily why there was no one in the next bed, and why the bed-rail had something tied to it, and why it was so cold. But of course it was cold, for the window was wide open; and—Jenkins suddenly sprang out of bed more wide awake than he had ever been in his life.

"Hi! wake up, some of you!" he shouted. "Harvey! Frost! it's gone! run out of the window!"

"Warsmatter?" growled somebody from under the bed-clothes.

"It's run away, I tell you!" cried Jenkins, flinging a pillow full at Harvey's head.

Several boys sat up rubbing their eyes.

"Great Scott! so it has!" cried Harvey, running to the window and examining the knotted sheet with which Harry had let himself down.

"What's to be done?" cried several in excited chorus.

"Some one had better tell the Head," said Frost.

Harvey was already half-way down the passage that led to the headmaster's room.

"Do you think he's drowned himself, Frost?" asked one small boy in a frightened whisper.

"Or hung himself?" suggested another.

"Of course not!" said Frost, with a nervous laugh.

"That's the window, sir," said Harvey, entering with the headmaster, who swiftly and carefully examined the rope, the open window, and the direction of the footsteps below.

"There are still ten minutes before the first bell," he said at last; "early preparation as usual, of course. There's nothing to be afraid of," he added, with a smile; "we shall find the boy directly."

But ten minutes later he was riding furiously to the town, while two masters and the two men servants rode off on bicycles in different directions.

For a time an awed gloom took possession of Harry's schoolfellows, but boys are not easily depressed for long, and the conversation during the day, though it was naturally confined almost entirely to the one topic, resolved itself for the most part into absurd speculations as to the runaway's whereabouts.

At half-past four the school was summoned to the hall, and the headmaster addressed the boys. As yet there was no trace of the missing lad; the police had been communicated with, and the boy's uncle telegraphed for. He wished to know whether any one could throw any light on the reasons for his disappearance.

"Please sir, I smacked him," said Frost, looking very miserable.

"Ah!" said the Head, looking quickly round.

"I can explain that, sir," cried Harvey, fearing for his friend's bluntness of speech. "It wasn't Frost's fault, sir." And he proceeded to give an exact account of the previous night's performance.

The Head listened attentively, but made no comment. "Can any boy," he said at last, "give me the slightest clue from anything that the boy may have said or done, as to his present whereabouts?"

The solemn silence was broken by Jenkins.

"Please, sir," he began, "I think I can."

"You think you can do what?"

"Tell you where he is."

The headmaster's face expressed astonished interrogation, and Jenkins, seeing that all eyes were turned upon him, blushed violently.

"I mean, sir," he stammered, "I can't tell you where he is, but—but I think I might be able to tell you where you might find out where he might be."

"Well, Jenkins?" said the Head, smiling encouragement.

"Please, sir," he went on, "he's always reading the sort of school stories that don't ever happen, sir, and he thinks he's a school hero with sickly eyes and long hair, sir."

"Well, Jenkins?" said the Head, smiling in spite of himself.

"And, please, sir, in the last one he's been reading, called *Harry the Hero*, I know the hero runs away—and—and if you read it I believe you'll find out where to look for this one. I haven't read it all, sir, but I know the Hero runs away in his shirt-sleeves, and Harry's coat is still hanging up on his peg, although it was so awfully cold."

"Fetch me the book," said the Head, and Jenkins darted off, followed by the wondering eyes of the entire school.

"This is the book, sir," he said, as he returned, blushing with excitement, "and this picture is awfully like him; just look at——"

"Very well, Jenkins," said the Head, as he

received the volume. "Did he take food of any description upstairs?" he added.

"He took up a bit of meat several times last week when he went to bed," said Jones.

"There's steak-pie marks under his pillow this morning," added Jenkins, decidedly.

The Head slowly turned the pages. Then, after speaking to the third form master for a few minutes in a low tone, he left the room.

"The headmaster thinks that there may be something in what Jenkins has told us," said the master, "so go and get your hats on, and search all the ditches between the school and the windmill, and keep within sound of the whistle!"

In a few minutes the school, exultant at the thought of an extra half-holiday, and no less at the idea of a real hunt, had split up into batches, and were scrambling and sliding down into the valleys which the streams of many winters had cut through the sand and clay cliffs to the sea.

Jenkins, Harvey, and Tommy set off together, and walked directly and decidedly towards the mill.

"There *was* a mill in the picture," said Jinks, "and he was sitting under a tree in a ditch—but I suppose the valley'll do as well! Now," he added, as they reached the spot, "you, Harvey, stop here; Tommy, you go up the valley towards the mill, and I'll go down this way."

Jenkins scrambled along for some way, through the tall and painful gorse and last year's bracken, till he came upon an old tree that stretched out across the stream.

"If I climb on to that," thought Jenkins, "I can see for fifty yards down the stream without getting stuck all over with prickles."

And forthwith he got astride of the trunk.

"Hullo!" he cried suddenly, as he caught sight of a foot protruding from a hole where the roots of the tree should have been.

"I suppose I'm trespassing again?" came a plaintive voice from the direction of the foot.

Jenkins's heart beat fast with triumph and excitement as he recognised the voice.

"Come out! come out! you're wanted!" he shouted, lying at full length along the tree-trunk, and peering downwards.

"Leave me in peace," said the voice. "I assure you I don't want your wretched rabbits in the least."

"Don't know what you mean," said Jinks, and added, "I'm Jenkins, and you've got to come back."

Harry came out of his hole and peered cautiously round. He had no coat on, and was covered with mud to such an extent that it seemed to have been smeared on intentionally.

"Here!" cried Jenkins, throwing down a piece of bark.

Harvey looked up. "I thought it was another farmer," he said; "you've been an *immense* time coming!" he added, reproachfully.

"You haven't been expecting me?" asked Jenkins, hanging from the trunk and dropping at Harry's feet.

"You were due nearly three hours ago," said Harry, after consulting his watch, "according to the——but you wouldn't understand," and he smiled sadly.

"You'll get into an awful row, you know," said Jenkins; "nobody ever ran away before."

"Of course not!" exclaimed the Hero, with conscious pride. "There's never been a—but you wouldn't understand!" and he smiled again.

"And the whole school's out looking for you."

"Of course. All in tears, I suppose?"

"No, no, hardly that, you know; but you've upset poor old Frost rather, I believe; though he doesn't show it."

"Exactly," said Harry, with an exasperating smile.

"Well, come on now at once!" cried Jenkins.

Harry lay back and closed his eyes.

"I think I'm dying," he said.

"WHAT!" cried Jinks.

"Though I shall try and last out till sunset," added Harry, with a faint smile.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Jenkins, half-scared and half-laughing.

"Chiefly steak-pie, I think," said Harry.

Jenkins's laughter now quite overcame his alarm.

"That pie I saw you buying at the tuck shop last Tuesday?" he laughed.

"That was it."

"And you ate it to-day?"

"All."

"Well, get up, and come back with me!"

"I simply can't," said Harry, with a groan.

"Hi! Tommy! Harvey!" cried Jenkins, "here he is! Can't get him to budge! Here, by this tree!"

The two boys came up panting and grinning triumphantly.

"Well, what do you think *you're* doing?" asked Harvey, after scanning the runaway for some moments.

"Passing away," said Harry, with shut eyes.

"You won't 'pass away' so long as I'm here!" cried Harvey, swinging himself up on to the tree-trunk. "Scoot along and fetch reinforcements, Tommy, while Jingo and I guard him!"

Off ran Tommy, nothing loth to be the bearer of such exciting news, leaving Jinks and Harvey swinging their legs astride of the tree-trunk and watching the determined Hero as he crouched doggedly in his hole.

"How shall we get him out?" whispered Harvey; "shall we smoke him out with bracken?"

Jenkins pursed his lips meditatively, and finally answered in a loud stage whisper, "I should hardly think he *could* know what an ass he looks in there, should you?"

Harvey grinned approval, replying in a stage whisper, which was almost a shout, "Shouldn't think so, poor brute, or he wouldn't stop there another second. It'd be a kindness to tell him."

"Rather like the Caterpillar in *Alice in Wonderland*—only not so whatd'youcallit — dignified."

Harvey laughed.

"And I wonder why it has smeared that mud all over it?"

"Oh! that's to make it look more tragic; and I wonder why—h-s-h! it's coming out!"

And sure enough, Harry, with flushing cheeks, was slowly and painfully sliding out of the muddy little shrine in which he had ensconced himself.

"I heard every word you fellows said," he began, sitting in a puddle beneath the trunk and gazing tragically upwards, "and—and I am much dissatisfied with you both!"

"How awfully awkward for us!" cried Harvey, with a prodigious wink at Jinks.

"Much dissatisfied," repeated Harry, pleased with the neatness of the phrase.

"You came out, though," said Harvey, maliciously, though Jenkins kicked him vigorously for saying it.

"I came out," began Harry, with heat; "I *came out*," he repeated, with emphasis, because he was somewhat at a loss for a reason, "because I felt I was being misunderstood. *Now* I shall go back."

HARRY CAME OUT OF HIS HOLE AND PEERED CAUTIOUSLY ROUND.

In a moment Harvey and Jinks had swung themselves clear of the trunk and seized the unfortunate Hero by both ankles. For several

minutes he struggled frantically, kicking violently with both legs, and covering them with mud. Then, with a sudden forward heave, he seized a tie in either hand and flung himself backward, pulling his two guards headlong upon the top of him. Over and over they rolled, squelching through mud and thumping against tree-roots; stones went dancing down the slope, and the dry bracken crackled beneath their weight as they struggled nearer and nearer to the stream.

"This is the place, Colonel Gilbert!" cried a voice upon the ridge above them.

In a second Harry had stopped struggling. His hands dropped like lead from his opponents' ties, while over his face came an expression of shame and ludicrous terror, impossible to describe. Breathless and astonished, the two boys gazed at him, but never for a moment did they leave go of their captive's ankles.

"This is rather rough for you, I'm afraid, Colonel!" cried the voice of a master above them, amid sounds of voices, and snapping twigs, and crunching fern.

"Rough! ha! ha! one doesn't serve for years in West Africa for nothing!" sang out a gruff but hearty voice. "Now, where is the boy? under this tree, you say?"

A second later, and half the school burst in upon the three, and with them came a tall, soldierly-looking gentleman with a fierce grey moustache, which he curled vigorously with his right thumb and forefinger, as he stared long and relentlessly at the fallen Hero. Harvey and Jenkins let go of him and stood up, while Harry gazed, with frightened awe, first at his uncle and then at the group around him.

"Well, are you going to sit there for ever?" said the Colonel at last.

Harry scrambled hastily to his feet.

"I had a fellow in my battalion in Afghanistan," said the Colonel, slowly, "who was so conceited that he thought nobody could do anything worth mentioning except himself. And this fellow sat on the trenches instead of taking cover, because he thought it a sporting thing to do; and not only nearly got shot himself, but drew the enemy's fire on to the whole battalion. And what do you suppose the men did with him?"

Harry's cheeks were burning, and he began to feel more foolish than he had ever felt in his life before.

"Why," said the Colonel, laying his hand kindly on Harry's shoulder, "they hauled him down and sat on him! And that's just what your friends have got to do with you. Oh! no, you're no coward—I know all about that; but conceited, my boy—as conceited as they make 'em! And full of trashy stories, too. And now you'll go back and pull yourself together and be like the other boys—they'll knock you into shape if you'll let 'em! Now, which is Jenkins?"

"Me, sir," said Jinks.

"You're a sensible lad," said the Colonel, "and I hope to see you in the Scouts some day; and, by the way, you may ask the cricket captain to put you down for a new bat. Well, since we've found the boy," he concluded, "I must go and find the headmaster, and after tea, if he'll let me, I'll come and tell you boys what real scouting is like!" And like a wise man he left Harry to be brought back by the boys, while he and the master walked on ahead.

And that night Harry was far happier than he had been for many a week.

Next day Jenkins, Harvey, Tommy, and Frost held a ginger-beer-party, and invited Harry.

"Quite a decent chap when you know him," said Frost, after their guest had gone.

"I always told you he would be as soon as he chucked being a hero!" cried Jenkins, as he drained his ginger-beer bottle to the dregs.

THE END.

Screamer & Skilful

Some Experiences of Puppy-Walking.

By "JACK."

THERE is certainly a great unexplored field of all sorts of possibilities for those who take up "puppy-walking"; but, to be a successful pioneer, one must be a lover of dogs and in perfect sympathy with them, otherwise one will soon be disheartened by the continual unexpected. One thing alone I can safely promise you, and that is "more than you bargained for."

In hunting counties, every season, a great number of hound puppies are sent out to walk. That is to say, they are sent to such persons as are willing to feed, exercise, and be responsible for them until the time when they are called in. With each puppy a schedule, such as the following, is sent. This must be filled in and returned when the pup goes back to the kennels.

BLANKSHIRE HOUNDS.

No.. ..... Puppies sent out in 1900.

Name.	Sire.	Dam.
Screamer Skilful.	Worry.	Matchless.

Name and Address of Person to Whom Sent.	Date of Going.
Captain Scatterfield, "The Puppories," Grasslands.	April 26.

Remarks.	Date of Returning.

On the back of the schedule are full instructions as to the feeding and general treatment of the puppies.

They are sent over from the kennels in a cart; so many to a district. If one knows when they are coming, one has a chance of picking them, which is a decided advantage. One should always, if possible, pick one's pups by the initial of one's own name; particularly if the sire and dam have taken prizes. The earlier one can get one's pups sent out for walking the better, April and May being by far the best months; for should the puppies contract distemper, they stand a better chance of getting over it in the summer than late puppies sent out in August and September, who have the winter months to meet before they have gained a fair age and strength. Puppy shows are held annually, in July or August, at which prizes are given for the best conditioned hound. But such as are sent in before the 31st January are disqualified for them. Good condition does not mean being loaded with fat, for all superfluous fat must be got rid of before the hound is in working order. A hound in perfect condition is one whose flesh is hard and firm to the touch, giving proof of judicious feeding and careful, regular exercise.

Puppies should be fed with discrimination, all salt food being avoided. Their future success depends so largely on their being properly nourished during their early days

that one of the rules is the instant return of the pup, should the supply of food run short. Regular daily exercise is also insisted upon, and under no conditions must the puppy be tied up. Should it become so troublesome as to require its liberty curtailed, it must at once be sent home, and with it the reason for its return. It is wise, however, to shut puppies up at night; otherwise, any instance of sheep-worrying which may take place in the neighbourhood will surely be laid to their charge. In the event of illness, no other physic than castor oil is allowed them while out at walk, but immediate postal communication with the huntsman, at the kennels, must be made. Should the pup die, or be killed by accident, the paper received with it must, without delay, be returned to the huntsman, with a correct statement made under "Remarks."

And now, having finished my preface, I will proceed to some particulars regarding Screamer and Skilful.

From the very first moment that I saw those pups in the stable-yard I scented trouble ahead; for I had already had one season's experience of what walking foxhounds means.

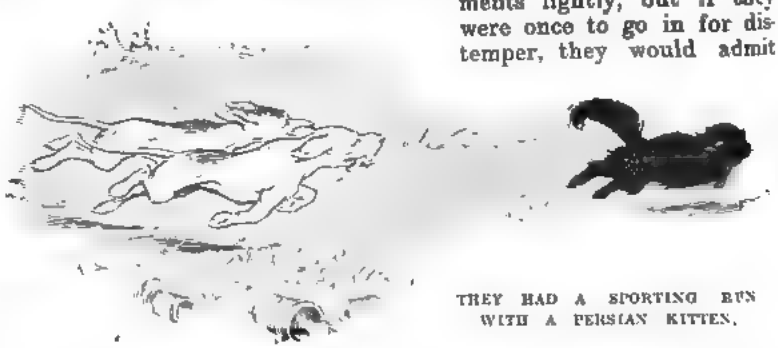
Nevertheless, I was quite unable to withstand the pleading in their lovely faces. They were sitting shivering on a heap of straw, with their poor little sides raw from recent branding, and water streaming from their eyes, the picture of helpless misery. Tiffs, the two-year-old terrier, was regarding them with lofty scorn from his post of observation on the pig-trough, and, of course, his satellite, the little sheep-dog, was with him. When Tiffs caught sight of me, he grew most important; he walked round the unfortunate pups, his little body rigid, and his head held up in the air, sniffed scornfully at them, and turned his back on them with the most supreme contempt.

He also had had a season's experience and meant to make it plain that he did not intend to be let in a second time. When I had finished laughing at him I turned my attention to the new arrivals. Screamer was something unusual in the way of awkwardness; his body was far too heavy for his legs, which slipped away from under him in the most unmanageable way possible, landing him on his back, where he had to lie until somebody picked him up again. Skilful was very handsome, with rich, bright colouring. She won my heart at once.

"That theer Screamer woant be no sort o' gude, Miss. A gurt lumbrin' dawg, 'e be, but thic little 'un be oncommon sprack, her be." This was the yard-boy's version, and he fancied himself a don in such matters. I thought otherwise, however, and saw the makings of a grand hound in the Screamer. His head even at this early stage was magnificent, and his deep chest gave promise of no mean order. I had great difficulty in persuading the powers that were to let me have my way in this instance. By means of a note smuggled surreptitiously to the friendly "vet.," however, I managed it. He had stood my friend on more than one occasion, in connection with my numerous dogs, and he now appeared (quite by chance, of course), and declared my view of matters to be the right one, so that I went to bed contented. Could I have looked forward a few days, to that time when I wished that someone would come along and bury me, I doubt if this would have been so, but "where ignorance is bliss——"

Next morning, on paying the pups an early visit, I found them both down with distemper. Poor little Skilful was in the worse plight, and night after night I sat up with her, never for one moment thinking it possible that she would pull through. At the end of a week she did contrive to stand, and I retired to bed to take my turn at this uncomfortable illness.

People are inclined to treat puppy-ailments lightly, but if they were once to go in for distemper, they would admit that it is anything but a joke. One's eyes, at such a time, seem to desert one, and leave in their stead red-hot cannon-balls with a perpetual shower of scalding rain. One's



THEY HAD A SPORTING RUN WITH A PERSIAN KITTEN.

throat turns itself into wash-leather, and swells, and swells, and swells, until, without ever having learnt economy, one begins to practise it in the breathing line; each moment growing more and more stingy, with an absolute dread of taking one's last gasp. Even now, I never see a puppy suffering from distemper without shuddering, as my thoughts go back to that time when my doggies shared even their misfortunes with me.

As soon as we were well enough, I took Screamer in hand, coaxing him to walk a little way, and afterwards rubbing him well with neat's foot oil and rum; then leaving him to sleep off his weariness. This I repeated whenever I had a spare ten minutes, always increasing the distance; and at the end of a few weeks I had the satisfaction of seeing a marked improvement. I was very proud of my success, and even the friendly vet. was astonished; he said I might expect great things of the pups. In this he proved to be a true prophet.

SCREAMER TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE MILK-BOY'S LOVE OF GOSSIP.

I date the first from that memorable Sunday morning, when, on making my usual round of inspection, I was greeted with, "Plees, Miss, tha' owd Varmer Conk hev cum round tew zay as 'ow that theer Screamer hev tucked up tha' owd broody-'en and zeven chicks, an' 'e 've lef um bide vur thee-self tew zee. 'Twur nashun zore 'e wur, an sez as 'ow zummat loike 'ull hev tew be done."

This was not the sort of thing calculated to give one an appetite for breakfast, and I felt a sickening sense of impending evil, from which I would have given much to have escaped. Matters had, however, to be faced, and I slowly turned my steps to the farmer's yard. There, sure enough, lay the old Biddy, or, at least, what there was left of her; also the remains of seven chicks, all in a more or less mangled and bald condition. It was not exactly a cheering sight, nor was Farmer Conk an easy man to tackle; so I decided that my strength was "to sit still" and let him talk himself out.

"Thic owd 'en wur worth a zight o' brass, her wur," he grumbled. "Last zeazon her brought out dree brood o' chicks, her did. Thic brood wur a tarning out as voine a lot as ever ah zee; tew quid 'ull narey cover um."

As I had never seen them alive, it was useless to dispute their value now that they were little more than heaps of gory feathers. I paid the worthy farmer his own price, for I was helpless in the matter, and I came away with the uncomfortable feeling that I had been done brown, and a vague impression that, at this rate, puppy-walking was likely to prove in the long run a somewhat more expensive thing than a subscription to the hunt.

Next day I invested in yards of wire netting, which I carefully nailed along the foot of our yard-gate and the garden palings—a solid five-hours' task.

Having thus limited their range to the paddock, the stable-yard and the kitchen-garden, I flattered myself that my prisoners could do no harm; and for one whole week there were no complaints.

I was soon to learn, however, that the puppies had by no means spent that week in idleness; far from it. They had been hard at work digging a tunnel underneath the kitchen-garden wall, into a neighbour's orchard. Here they raided a rabbit-run, and, having feasted off prize Dutch and Himalayan rabbits, they slunk home with a guilty air and their little sides bulging suspiciously.

This was a far more serious affair than that of the farm-yard, and I began to fear that I should never square the furious rabbit-fancier, so expressive was his language. After treating me to a warm ten minutes of his opinions about people who were not fit to look after puppies, and puppies that were not fit to live, he produced endless pieces of cardboard, all of which represented prizes won by the defunct bunnies at various shows. And these, he declared, were nothing to the triumphs they would have achieved had not those wretched pups put an untimely end to their promising career. The man's explanations were so bewildering that I was powerless to argue it out, and I came away poorer in pocket and richer in the knowledge that rabbits, like poets, have to leave this unappreciative world before we discover their intrinsic worth.

AND SKILFUL DID HER LITTLE BEST TO DROWN HERSELF IN THE PIG-TUB.

After this, I was prepared for anything

and I had only to wait until the following day to hear that the puppies had bitten all the noses of a flock of sheep grazing in the neighbouring close, and driven some lambs (that were fattening for market) two miles along the high road at a hand gallop. They belonged, unfortunately, to a butcher with whom we did not deal, and who, in consequence, said things that were more pointed than polite—who, in short, threatened to summon me for keeping two public nuisances.

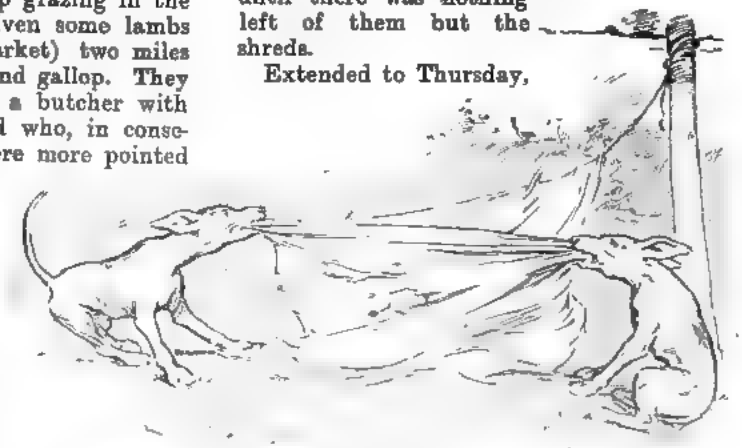
I ordered the yard-boy to take the pups for a long walk, thinking that want of sufficient exercise had, perhaps, much to answer for. On the way home they gave him the slip, and made their way into a flower garden kept by some sedate spinsters, where, after steeple-chasing over a bed of begonias, they had a sporting run with a Persian kitten, and finally ran her to earth in the conservatory. I thought I should never hear the last of those dear ladies' lamentations over their frightened darling.

Then there was a lull, followed by a week of peccadilloes, beginning on Monday, when Screamer took advantage of the milk-boy's love of gossip to jam his head so securely in the milkcan, in search of forbidden fruit, that it was necessary to send for a tin-smith to extricate him.

Continued on Tuesday, when Skilful did her little best to drown herself in the pig-tub, with such consequences that even the other pups found her *de trop*.

Carried still further on Wednesday, when they interested themselves in the drying of the weekly wash, to the extent of unlawfully possessing themselves of the best dining-room table-cloth and my new white dress, with both of which they played at tug-of-war until there was nothing left of them but the shreds.

Extended to Thursday,



ON WEDNESDAY THEY PLAYED AT TUG-OF-WAR WITH THE DINING-ROOM TABLE-CLOTH.

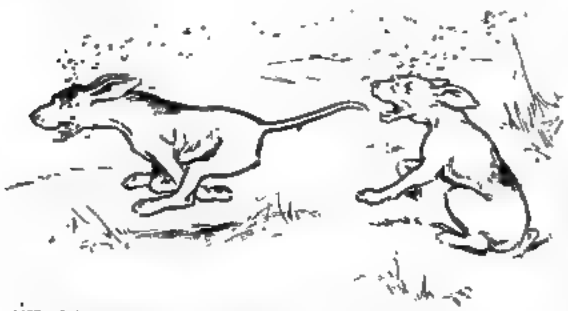
when they paid a surprise call on one of our neighbours, and gorged themselves to the tune of 12s. 6d. on a batch of butter set out in the larder, ready for market.

Prolonged to Friday, Screamer retiring to the dust-bin with the beefsteak that was waiting to be cooked for luncheon, and Skilful demolishing the pigeons that were destined to form part of a toothsome pie.

On Saturday came the climax, when it was discovered, just as I was starting for the Rectory garden-party (to absent oneself from which would be counted one of the deadly sins), that the pups had been stirring up a swarm of bees that had settled in our paddock. Screamer was making the place echo with his bowls, and Skilful's face had swelled until it was a question whether she had any eyes at all.

There was no help for it; so I settled down to an afternoon with the puppies and the blue-bag, while Tiffs and the sheep-dog looked on with delighted interest.

After this I began to look forward with something akin to relief to that day when my little fiends would return to the kennels. Yet, when that day actually came round, and I stood and saw them put in the cart that was to bear them away for ever, and when I had watched them out of sight and knew that I had seen the last of them, then things seemed suddenly to have grown flat and stale; and I felt that for some time to come, though perhaps less unprofitable, life would not be quite the same, without the loving companionship of those precious little imps of mischief, Screamer and Skilful.



AND ON SATURDAY FINISHED UP AN EVIL WEEK BY DISTURBING A SWARM OF BEES.

IVAN'S FLIGHT.

A SIBERIAN DRAMA

By Clive Phillipps-Wolley.

Illustrated by
COLBRON PEARSE.

I.

IT was at the time when men cut the corn in Valdai, a land at the very heart of Russia, not unlike Canada in its lakes, pine forests, prairies, and log houses.

In the corn lands, the quail were beginning to call, and the women were slowly gathering their things together, before tramping home from their work, bareheaded, barefooted, in red shirts and white kirtles, their eyes more blue than the cornflowers in their yellow hair.

The men had gone before, and a group of the younger amongst them sat or lay round a rick yard at the nearer end of the village of Berovka, a village that had been, and still was, as loyal, God-fearing, and happy as any in the Tsar's domains, but even on that autumn day a shadow lay on its crops, and was creeping daily nearer to its homes.

A Jew vodka seller had settled in the place, and though few of the villagers realised their danger, a dozen young peasants were already deep in the Jew's debt, and Dubovitch had pawned his crop for vodka.

It was about the Jew's son, Eugéne Dimovitch, that the men round the rick yard were talking.

"Thou hast no chance, Ivan, against Eugéne's roubles."

"The little dove cares no more for his roubles than she cares for Dimovitch," retorted the yellow-headed giant who sat swinging his legs on the rick rail.

"But her folk do," the other insisted.

"I am not marrying her folk, and besides, look you here, Stepan, if that cursed whisky seller bothers Macha any more with his love-making, I'll drive this between his shoulders;" and he touched a great jack knife which hung at his girdle.

The half dozen who lay round him burst out laughing in his face.

It pleased them to hear their great bear growl, feeling perfectly safe from his claws.

"Thou kill a man, Vanka?" laughed one, "thou hast not heart to kill a chicken!" And before the giant could get off the rail, to avenge this insult, another of the crowd caught him by the heel, and tipped him headlong into the loose hay at the foot of the rick.

Then, with a yell of delight, the crowd of idlers took to their heels, until they ran into the women folk returning from the harvest field. This put an end to their flight.

Even the avenging angel could not drive Berovka's young men past their sweethearts,

who, of course, wanted to know what all that laughing was about, so that when Ivan came up, with the straw still in his fair hair and beard, pretty Macha Petrushkin was blushing peony red at the tale which had been told.

But she was a brave little woman, so she treated the matter masterfully, catching her big lover by the waist as if he were a child.

"Nu', Ivan, stop that," she ordered. "Thou wilt not wring the neck of that noodle Sacha, and thou wilt throw that great knife away. Such hands need no knife."

Now, whether it was the fear of his tyrant, or whether it was because of the pride in her strong man, which that tyrant's last words disclosed, is not known, but Ivan burned red even through his sun tan.

"I hear thee, most illustrious," he answered, meekly, and then, drawing the knife from his belt, "See," he said, and with a jerk from his hip he sent it spinning and flashing through the air, until it came down somewhere amongst the birches by the little fish pool.

"That, then, will never kill thy lover, most illustrious," he said, and then with a familiar impudence altogether at variance with his speech, he passed his arm round Macha's waist and the whole party went singing and laughing up the street.

But Macha had many lovers, though she was betrothed to Ivan, and one of these, a man with narrow green eyes and white eyelashes, had lain at the foot of the rail when Ivan's threat was uttered.

He had had no share in the bear play that followed; he was a quiet man who chose his words carefully, and spoke softly, and when Ivan's knife dropped amongst the birches, he left the noisy group and went down towards the fish pool with an evil look in his narrow eyes.

Perhaps it was because there was not room for two men's arms round Macha's little waist. . . .

However, though this was Dubovitch, once the richest peasant in Verovka, no one followed him, and no one missed him that evening, and therefore, of course, it never occurred to any one that this Dubovitch, who went down to the fish pool where Ivan's knife fell, loved vodka more than all things, and hated the man who sold it more than all men, but loved Macha Petrushkin and her father's roubles next to the vodka, and hated Macha's successful lover almost as much as he hated the man to whom he had mortgaged his crop.

Even old Timofeevitch, the constable, never thought of these things when he met Dubovitch late that night at the trakteer, and heard from him the story of Ivan's threat.

He laughed at Dubovitch's warning, of course, because he knew Ivan. If he never had any work to do until Ivan committed murder, it would suit him exactly, but every one in the village was not as level-headed as old Timofeevitch.

The man with the white eyelashes, although he was so soft spoken, was very persistent. In one way or another he managed to tell every one in the village the same story, so that, though no one took his view of the matter, it happened that by the time Ivan had forgotten all about it, every one else in the village remembered his threat.

And then a strange and terrible thing happened, such a thing as had not happened in that peaceful district in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Eugéne Dimovitch, the Jew's son, Ivan's rival, was found dead in old Petrushkin's house with a peasant's knife driven clean through him from the back to the breast bone, and the knife was that of Ivan Gregorevitch.

It was in vain that Ivan protested that he had been seen to throw that knife away. Those who hide can find, and no one would be fool enough to throw away a knife which cost a rouble, even if he was in love. So argued the moujiks.

It was in vain that Ivan swore that he was away hunting hares on the Steppe when the deed was done.

Those who hunt hares leave the village early, and no one had seen Ivan go.

The knife had been his knife; Dimovitch, the murdered man, had gone to Petrushkin's house to court Macha; Ivan had sworn that if Dimovitch persisted in courting Macha he would drive his knife through him, and there lay Dimovitch dead, with Ivan's knife still sticking in him.

Villagers are not, as a rule, close reasoners, and Russian officials who try the peasants are not specially concerned to rob Siberia of a good colonist, so that no one put two and two together on the other side of the case; perhaps, indeed, no one knew enough to point out that by the death of Dimovitch at Ivan's hands, the green-eyed Dubovitch, who had published Ivan's threat so carefully, would get rid of two rivals at one stroke, and get a chance of redeeming his property with old Petrushkin's roubles from the Jew to whom he had pawned it.

If any one had noticed Dimovitch's visit to the birches by the fish pool where Ivan's knife fell, it might have been different, but as it was the yellow diamond was sewn between Ivan's shoulders and another strong man was driven by circumstantial evidence across the border to Siberia.

II.

WHEN Charles I. was King in England, Russia impaled men and tortured them for misdemeanours. In the beginning of the eighteenth century she grew more civilised, and only transported them to Siberia for such crimes as prize-fighting and snuff-taking. The silver mines she had found at Nertchinsk, the gold mines at Kara, and the young industries at Irkutsk, wanted men, and she realised that it was extravagant to kill or maim any one who could do a day's work.

But she wasted no money on their transportation. In chained gangs she drove her erring children many thousands of miles, allowing them to beg their rations by the way, or die if they could get nothing to satisfy their hunger.

Fortunately for him, times had changed again when Ivan Gregorevitch was sentenced, so that, under the supervision of a great State department, he was allowed at first to exist if he could in a pestilent den, built for fifty prisoners, and containing 156 at the time of his arrival, a den in which the foul air was so heavy, that he, who had never seen a man faint, swooned after an hour's confinement, and passed his nights standing, like a horse in its stall, because he could not bring himself to lie in the filth under his feet.

Half stunned by the suddenness of his fate, and the realisation of the impotence of innocence in the hands of the Russian machine, Ivan herded with "murderers and Christian martyrs, radicals and regicides," all condemned, guilty and innocent alike, to an experience which hell could not parallel.

Luckily for him he was so stunned as only to realise his sufferings as a man realises those of nightmare.

In prison he lived on 3½ cents a day, and then, weak from hunger and want of sleep, he was sent upon his journey of four or five thousand miles, travelling by barge in a wire cage along the Volga and the Kama to Perm, and thence by the smartest of new railroads over the Vrals to Ekaterinberg, the last town in Russia to the east.

Here, for the first time, he and his fellows were invited to take to their feet for a trifling walk of some few thousand miles.

A paternal Government had provided Ivan, in addition to his 3½ cents a day, with a long grey coat, adorned with a yellow diamond, trousers, one thin shirt, a cap, boots, and some pieces of cloth to wrap his feet in, and, as a last sign of its regard, a pair of five-pound irons which fitted neatly round his ankles and were connected with each other and his waist belt by a loose chain which made music for him wherever he went.

Sullen and silent, he submitted to each fresh misery without a murmur, but it was a shock even to him to find, when he was first told to walk, that mere five-pound leg irons were too heavy for him, and a paltry twenty versts harder to cover than three times that distance should have been to such a man.

He had noticed that at every stopping place the number of his wretched fellows grew, but he had overlooked the fact that already some had been released. The tale of deaths began before they reached the great forwarding prison of Tiumen, and even his strength was failing.

It was at the pillar of the broken-hearted that Ivan really awoke.

All around, as far as the eye could see, lay the late winter's snow. On the kindly Kama, Ivan reflected, the snow would long since have disappeared. The white birches shuddered in the wind under a sky as leaden as the hearts of the exile train.

In a dull stupor Ivan looked round him, and wondered why the soldiers leaned on their rifles, why the whips had ceased to crack, and why the men who had plodded by his side lay or knelt in the snow round that short square piece of masonry.

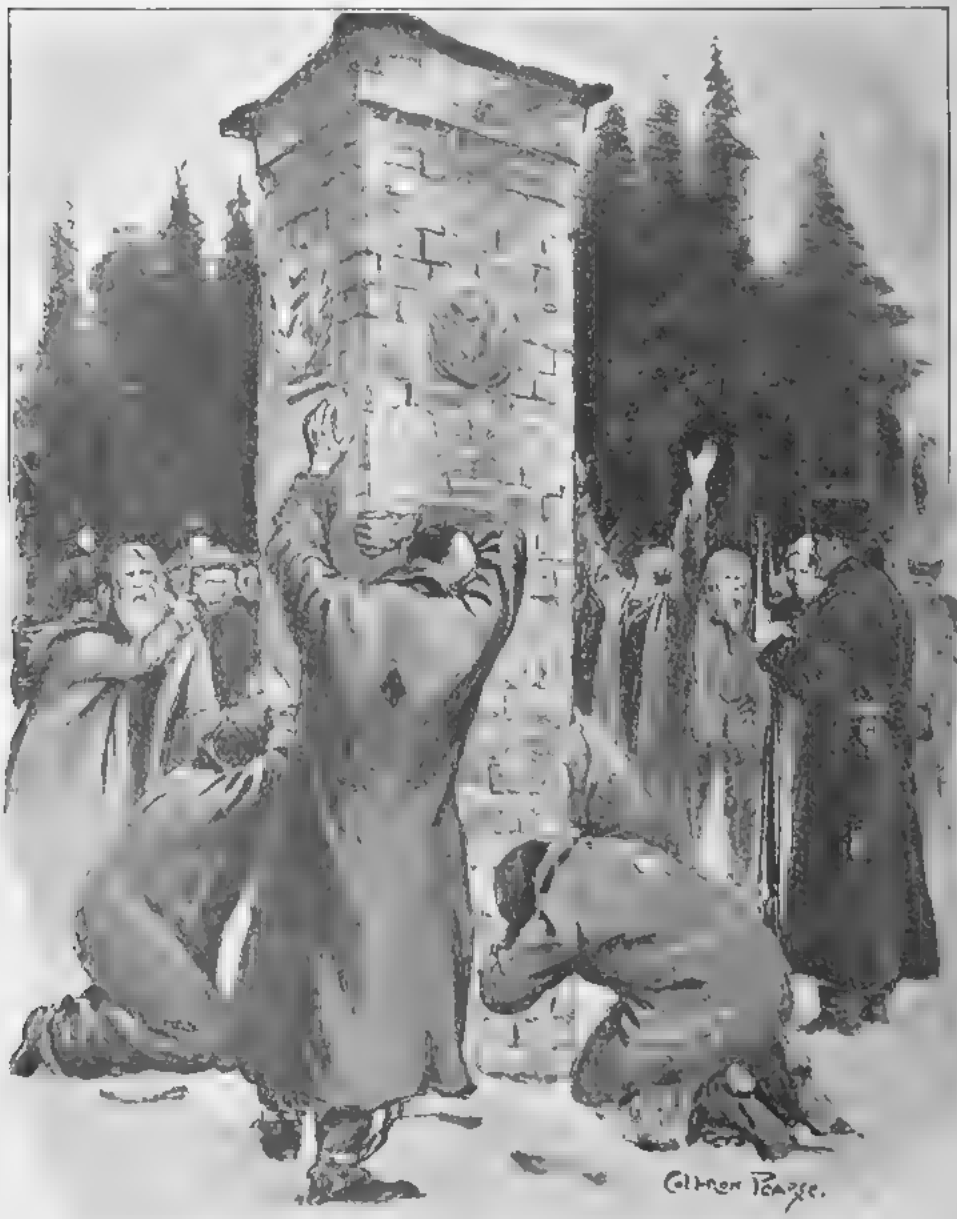
Then the meaning of their cries and the reason of their tears forced themselves into his dull brain, and rushing to the pillar he clasped it with his arms and leaned his hot forehead against its icy surface. He was leaving his fatherland.

On one side of the pillar were the arms of Perm, on the other those of Tobolsk.

Behind it lay Europe; in front of it lay Asia. Home behind, and Siberia ahead.

The cold of its masonry set his brain working again, and because it was the place of eternal farewells, no one, not even the Cossacks, interfered with him by so much as a word.

The unhappy man looked back through the shuddering birches and saw, not the snow and the deep track made by the exiles' feet, but the straw-thatched cottages of his own village, the long sheds that tempted to honest, wholesome labour, and the red-shirted lassies bringing home posies of cornflowers and forget-me-nots.



HOME BEHIND, AND SIBERIA AHEAD

Ah! those lassies!

And as one sweet face came to him, Ivan

Google

raised his head, and his eye caught an inscription which some sad-hearted fore-runner had scratched upon the pillar.

"Proschai, Macha,"—"Good-bye, Mary," it read, and as his eyes dwelt upon it, the heavy, strained look went from his face, his eyes flashed, his shoulders squared themselves, and with tightly-set lips he too carved a message.

His read, "Doswedania, Macha,"—"Until our next meeting, Mary——"

That other might despair; he would not. If there was a God in Heaven, He would help the innocent, and with His help he would escape and see Mary again, though the Tsar's pasture were twice five thousand versts in breadth and bare of all save snow and the wandering winds.

III.

THE writing of that message upon the Pillar of Sorrows was as a sacrament, and an inspiration to Ivan Gregorevitch.

When the order to "form ranks" and "march" was given, there were many who lingered, few whose eyes were not dim with sorrow and longing.

On Ivan's face only there was a smile of hope. Henceforth he would no longer let himself go. He had an object to live for, and day by day he nursed his strength, and made the most of the pitiful rations which came in his way.

From the old brodyags (or tramps) who had made previous futile escapes, he learned all that they had to tell.

It was not much. To escape was easy; to pound the leg iron into an ellipse and slip your heel through it was not difficult once you had escaped from the guard, but after that the difficulty was to live.

None of them seemed to have tried seriously to make their way back into Russia across the Urals.

For weeks the exile party tramped and travelled by barge, confined like beasts in a cage between the deck houses of the craft which looked like a dismantled steamer.

Thus they went from Tiumen, the great forwarding prison, to Tomsk, and at Tomsk they settled down to a tramp of 1,040 miles to Irkutsk.

Every day the Tsar's pasture grew larger and more hopeless. If an escape was to be made, there was little time left to make it in.

The winter seemed to travel with them, or rather spring followed slowly after them, but slow as she followed she caught up with them at last.

They were passing through the Taiga, that belt of slender pine forest which crosses Siberia, and the snow lay but thinly between the tall graceful trees, and here and there an early spring flower showed its tender face.

Suddenly, as the silent band plodded on, with heads hanging and vacant faces, the voice of Spring called to them.

"Cuckoo, cuckoo," she sang, and through all the ranks a tremor ran, and life surged up in those wasted men as the sap rises in the willow.

But a cloud came over the face of the captain of the convoy, even before he caught the words of an old tramp in the front rank.

"General Kukushka calls, brothers," said the old man.

"Aye," replied the officer, "and tramps have the legs of the wolves who called last night, but Berdan bullets have the wings of eagles."

"Nevertheless, he will offer to let us walk without leg irons to-morrow if the artel pledges itself that there shall be no escapes," muttered the man who had been in many convict gangs

Before Ivan's eyes the whole position unrolled itself instantaneously like a picture.

Now was the moment to attempt an escape. To-morrow the association of exiles or artel would have pledged itself to assist in the capture of would-be fugitives, or in their punishment in return for the freedom from leg-irons.

It was an old bargain often made, and Ivan knew that Death was the punishment of those who broke the artel's bargain.

The wolves had cried in the night! He knew that, too, and knew that the long winter had left those ravenous beasts mad with hunger. He realised that the snow was still thick in places, and that it would be hard to hide his tracks.

Unthinkingly he drew a piece of fresh pine brush through his fingers and put his hand to his face.

The scent of the crushed needles went straight to his brain. It is the scent that brings back all a hunter's joys to the woodland bred. The fleecy clouds with peeps of brilliant blue were over him; there were dim aisles of pine on either side of him; the moss of the forest floor sprang beneath his tread, and then the cuckoo called again—"Cuckoo, cuckoo."

Most of the guards were on the other side of the line, and all were loafing. The sun

had made them incline to dreams and tobacco.

After all, it was death or freedom, and as the cuckoo called again the first man of that gang answered the general's orders.

With a rush, Ivan left the ranks, his irons ringing madly as he stumbled on. Then he heard the order to halt, and the rattle of the rifles, and the next moment there was a roar in his ears, a whistling about him as of angry wasps, and something struck the chain between his legs and threw him on his face.

The next moment he was in the timber, the bullets still whistling about him and chipping the bark from the silvery pines, but, barring bad luck, he was safe for the moment.

The guards, he knew, dared not leave the train of exiles where they were, and even a chained man is soon out of sight where the small pines stand as close as they do in the taiga.

As long as the breath remained in him, Ivan ran. He ran until no sound reached him from the Tsar's highway, and when the dusk caught him, he lay spent but free where a cool spring burst from the forest moss.

Here he slept, and at dawn with a stone from the brook pounded the hateful iron circlets into long oblongs through which he worked his heels, until he could shake the hateful chain from him, and stand up a free man.

He was only just in time. If the Tsar's pasture is large, he keeps many dogs in it to herd his wandering stock, and as the grey light of morning filtered through the pines, Ivan heard the first whimper of the man-hunting pack.

He was on his feet and running in a moment, and, as the first faint questing cries died away, he began to think that he had slipped away undiscovered from the wolf pack which had dogged the tracks of the exile train.

A full burst of wolf music undeceived him. The horror of that savage chorus seemed to make the very pines quiver, and as Ivan dashed panting through the snow it seemed to him that his very tracks were red.

His head swam with faintness and exertion, so that when he came out upon a long open track he did not know whether it was or was not the Tsar's highway.

In any case it did not matter. If he ran into an exile train it would mean slavery; if he did not it would mean death.

When he heard them first the wolves were far away, but his pace was not their pace, and he knew that the race could not last much longer.

At every glance over his shoulder he expected to see their lean grey forms and hideous red jaws, and prayed that his heart would burst with his efforts before he felt their teeth in his throat.

He had not covered another hundred English yards before a wild yell behind him told that the pack had run from scent to view. Along they came at that awful, untiring wolf-swing!

Nearer and nearer! Still Ivan ran, with great sobs in his throat, and the wolves came closer, until at last they were at his very heels. A few more yards and they must pull him down. . . .

And then—suddenly—a break occurred in the road.

Right across it lay a gully, narrow but deep, and from the bottom of it grew stunted pines.

It was as if long ago a narrow strip of the road had sunk many fathoms deep.

There was no way over it and no way into it. The banks were too steep to climb; too high for a man to jump from.

For a moment Ivan hesitated, and then the foremost wolf, a grey old dog, drew level with him and leapt at his throat with a hungry snap of its lean jaws.

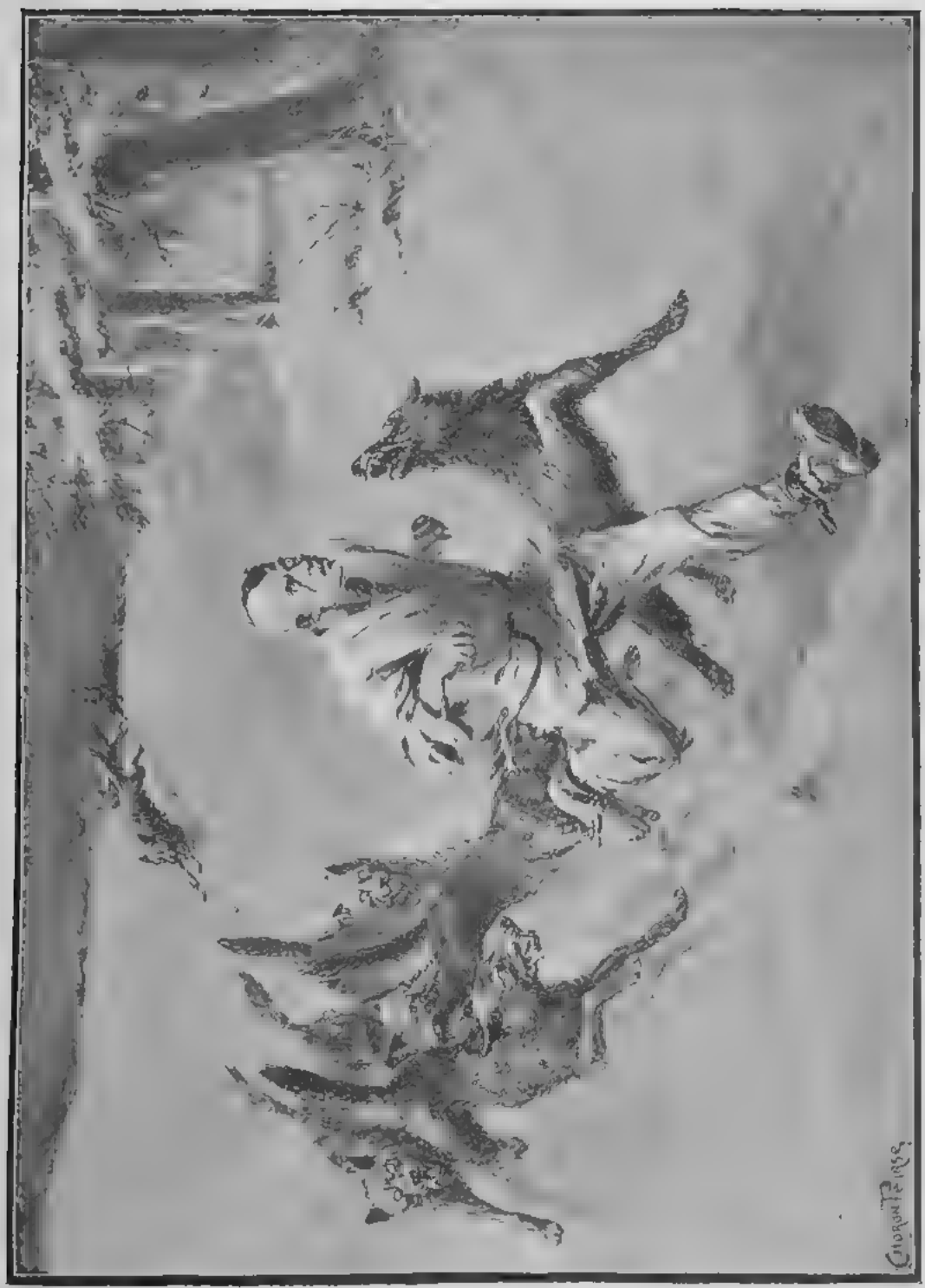
At that, all power of thought left the wretched man, and in his madness he raced at the gully and leapt at it as if it had been a twelve foot brook which he could take in his stride.

If the gully had been eighteen good feet he would have cleared it, such was the strength that fear gave him. As it was, he fell lower, and then stuck, half dead and absolutely helpless, in the fork of a small pine which grew from the middle of the gulch.

The wolves had checked at the edge of the gully, and as he lay there he saw some of them that had found a way to the bottom of it pass under the very tree in which he lay, and he heard the rest of the pack raving and howling like baulked fiends within a few paces of his face. Their pale blue eyes gleamed like fires of hell, looking right into his own, but though they gathered themselves as if to spring, none ventured.

To spring into the top of a tree from a bank, even if the tree be only forty feet high, is not wolves' work.

Ivan had dropped his exile's coat as he ran, not far from where he took his leap.



THE FOREMOST WOLF LEAPT AT HIS THROAT WITH A HUNGRY SNAP OF ITS LEAN JAWS.

and this the wolves set upon and tore to ribbons, fighting over it so that the snow was stained with their blood, and even as they fought three shots rang out, a wolf turned over on his side, and the rest disappeared like an evil dream, as a party of Cossacks dashed round the corner and galloped up to the spot.

"The Tsar's dogs have been before us," said the leader as he leapt from his horse and picked up a fragment of the convict's coat.

"True, there's his blood," said another.

"No! That is the wolf's blood."

"You lie, brother! My wolf lies where I shot him. I don't shoot as thou dost

"Stop quarrelling," said the officer, shortly. "Vassily is right. The blood of the dead wolf is all round it. This is yards away. No doubt it is the man's blood whose coat is here. He could not have jumped that, and there are no wolf tracks beyond in any case. Get into your saddles, boys, and home."

And so, with a fragment of Ivan's coat to verify their story the Cossacks trotted back to report the death of the first man who had answered General Kukushka's call.

IV.

"HOW can I tell you, who do not know the woods the story of Ivan's subsequent wanderings?"

You would not know how a man may live on the inner bark of trees, on the lichens that hang from them like fringes, on the bulbs that grow beneath them.

You would not know where to find the grouses' nest, though you might find the fieldfares', and snare the little four-footed beasts which man, who is not starving, disregards.

You would not believe that a man can live for days upon less than suffices you for a breakfast, or that a naked man can sleep even where snow is on the ground, by crawling into the red glow of a burning log. When the fire dies down he freezes, but the cold wakes him, and it is easy to make up the fire again.

As the brodyags lived, lived Ivan, and in the early winter he saw again the inscription which he had carved upon the Pillar of Sorrows, and the sight of it gave him hope.

As soon as he reached the river his way was easy. Indeed, hunger had troubled him little since he had dared to touch the great highway, for, travelling mostly at night, he had found on every peasant's window sill a plate of scraps set out expressly for God's wandering poor.

Winter had come again when, a mere skeleton, and all but naked, he saw in the distance the first houses of that long avenue of cottages which he had once called home.

Though he knew it not, the day was the eve of the New Year, and as he approached the little green-roofed church which was the eastern outpost of Berovka, he became aware of a gay crowd marching towards him in procession.

Until that moment he had had no thought of how he should present himself to his

"IVAN!"

fellow villagers; no disturbing fear lest their first action would be to hand him over again to the men with whips and leg irons.

Now the thought of this overwhelmed him. He had no time to think, and he would not flee from home again even if home meant death.

But he had to hide somewhere until he could think, and as the only place which offered him any sort of shelter was the porch of the church, he hurried into it and crouched on the doorstep under the cross with its crucified Christ.

Peasant-like, even in that desperate moment, he bowed before the image and prayed for protection.

But the crowd he had seen approaching came steadily down the street. The people in it had no business at the house with the green bough before its door where the whisky was sold, nor even at the house of the starosta.

On they came steadily, and now Ivan saw a priest in front in robes, and heard the chanting of the men.

It was a wedding procession. Some one was coming to be married, and he must be discovered.

All who knew him were there. He recognised the starosta, the priest, and even old Timofeevitch, the constable.

It was too late to run; there was no place to run to; and so he stood, a gaunt, tattered wretch, with wild, hunted eyes, and clenched hands, waiting in the porch beneath the Crucifix.

As the procession turned towards the porch he saw for the first time who the leading couple were.

Dubovitch, with green eyes alight for once, and with a confident, jaunty step, led Macha, Ivan's lost love, as a butcher leads a dazed and helpless lamb to the slaughter.

When the two men's eyes met there was at first no recognition in those of Dubovitch. He even opened his lips as though he would rebuke the ragged beggar who intruded upon his marriage day, but his lips remained open, no word issuing from them, whilst slowly an expression of fear froze every feature.

Then, shriek after shriek of untold terror, Dubovitch dropped his bride's hand and fled headlong up the street, and the bride, looking up for the first time, fell upon the tatterdemalion's shoulder, sobbing *"Ivan!"*

Hate knew him, and love, though all else forgot.

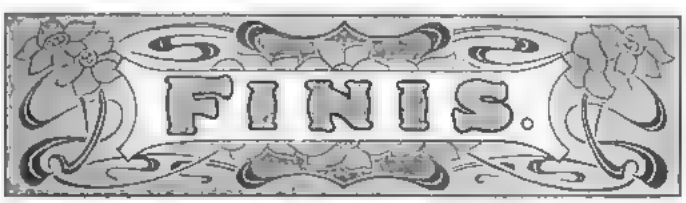
In charge of Timofeevitch, Ivan was marched back to the starosta's, and again committed to the little hut which served Berovka for a prison. But he was not kept there long.

Ere night fell he was released.

To Dubovitch, the gaunt figure under the Crucifix had seemed no escaped convict from Siberia, but the risen dead, come to forbid his marriage, to wrest from him the price of his crime, and in a torment of fear the panic-stricken wretch had gone straight to the priest and confessed.

* * * * *

There was another marriage at the little church a week later, and to-day Berovka's starosta is one of the few men who ever found their way home from the Tsar's pasture.



OLD KING BOMBA'S STAMPS.

OF all the postal issues of early European postal days, few are more interesting than the one series issue of Sicily, popularly known as old King Bomba's stamps. And there certainly never was an issue that caused more trouble or fuss.

When the use of postage stamps was decided on, all sorts of knotty questions arose. The Neapolitan arms had already been appropriated for an issue of the twin kingdom of Naples, so a design embodying anything of that sort was at once put aside. Consequently it was resolved that the head of his very sacred Majesty, King Ferdinand, the reigning Sovereign, should decorate the design. Then came the troubles of selecting a design, and deciding the colours of the series. Of course, for such a portraiture the most eminent artist must be found, and no other could be trusted with such a sacred piece of work. After much inquiry, Thomas Aloisio Juvara, a native of Messina, one of the most celebrated engravers of his time, was induced to undertake the work.

On the 28th February, 1858, King Ferdinand approved of the design submitted to him, the result of many attempts to secure an acceptable presentation of the sacred features of old King Bomba, who seems to have been a bit of a terror to those around him in his little domain.

Then came the work of engraving the accepted portrait. One engraver after another was tried till the finance minister was almost at his wit's end. At last the well-known portrait was engraved. The selection of colours was also beset with difficulties. Those were the days of wars and revolutions, when no throne was secure. Certain colours were proscribed as obnoxious to the Government, presumably because they were those of troublesome combinations at home and abroad. Red and green, combined with white, constituted the well-known cockade and banner of the Italians. At first the adoption of a single colour for all values was suggested as a way out of the difficulty, then a uniform colour for the three higher values because they would be less used stamps, but reserving a shade for the four lower ones. Finally the values and colours were decided, as follows :—

½ grano, yellow.
1 grano, olive green.
2 grana, blue.
5 grana, red.
10 grana, dark blue.
20 grana, violet black.
50 grana, brown red

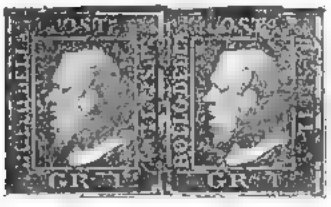
But before the stamps were issued there arose the very delicate question of cancellation. A design of the arms of the kingdom might be cancelled and blurred to any extent; the more so, the less likely were the stamps to be cleaned and used again. But to bang a cancelling stamp right over the sacred features of his Majesty was not to be thought of; the bare idea of such an act of desecration seems to have horrified the authorities. As a way out of the trouble some ingenious soul suggested a little framework design, which, if very carefully used, with due deliberation, would effectually cancel the stamp, and yet leave the august countenance without a sign of disfigurement. That cancellation design was forthwith adopted, and no other ever marred the beauty of the exquisitely engraved postage stamps of King Bomba. Now and then you will come across a stamp in which the features have been obliterated, but so scared were the postal employés of committing what might be regarded as an act of petty treason, that in most of the used stamps the profile, at least, is always clear of defacement

The stamps were issued to the public on the 1st January, 1859. But one night in the last week of May 1860, Garibaldi entered Palermo, and the circulation of King Bomba's stamps came to an untimely end. In Messina, it is said, they continued in use till July 1860. Thus at the most they had a life of only nineteen months.

The remainders of the stock in hand were sold off to M. Moens, a Belgian stamp dealer, and for years that stock of remainders has been drawn upon by dealers and collectors all over the world. But M. Moens has retired from business, and the stock is now dispersed.

Stamps that have been comparatively common are now getting scarce. Specialists are making them the subject of study, and Dr. Diena, an eminent Italian philatelist, is writing a book on the history of this one little short-lived series of postage stamps.

The illustration of a pair of used Bombas from my own specialised collection of these in-



teresting stamps will serve to give a good idea of the portrait and the cancellation.

Notable New Issues.

The rush of notable new issues has somewhat abated, most of the Colonies being now supplied with King's heads. But Australia remains to be provided with its Commonwealth issue, and other changes are on the way in various countries. Our friends in the United States having made a dead set against the 2c. Washington stamp of the current series, a new design is being prepared for issue, which is said to be a gem of the engraver's art. British Somaliland is being supplied with a second lot of Indian stamps, surcharged for its use. This time the current King's heads have been overprinted, and after these have been issued and used up, the territory is to have a series of its own. Thus in a very short time this new philatelic country will have given us three interesting and distinct sets of stamps. British East Africa and Uganda will in future be combined for postal purposes, and will shortly have a series of postage stamps labelled "East Africa and Uganda Protectorates." British Central Africa has abandoned its negro design, and has issued a series of King's heads which we illustrate this month. A change of colours seems to be in progress with the current series of Trinidad.

Bermuda.—It seems to be the intention of this colony to present us with a full series of the dock and shipping arms design. We have long since chronicled the 1d., and now we have received the 3d. in the same design, which we hear was issued on September 5th, 1903.

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

Arms.

1d. carmine.
3d. sage green, centre magenta.

British Central Africa.—This British Protectorate has adopted King's head stamps in place of the amusing negroes in skirts design that has served its purpose from 1895. As will be seen from our illustration, the new stamp very closely resembles our English penny stamp with a wreath of laurel leaves on one side, and oak leaves on the other. The designation is also slightly changed; instead of being "British Central Africa," it is now "British Central Africa Protectorate." Thus we go on writing history on our stamps. First the Company name, British Central Africa, then the Protectorate, and some day the Protectorate will be dropped under Colonial administration. The old plan of small stamps for the lower values, and a larger size for the higher values is retained. The usual words "Postage and Revenue" are absent. The lower values are watermarked Cr. CA., and the larger size Cr. CC.

Perf. 14.

Wmk. Cr. CA. Small size.

1d. carmine, centre grey.
2d. magenta, centre purple
4d. black, centre grey green.
6d. buff, centre grey.

Wmk. Cr. CC. Large size.

2s. 6d. green.
4s. mauve, centre lilac.
10s. black, centre grey green.
£1 carmine, centre grey.
£10 blue, centre grey.

Bulgaria.—The current 15 st. has been surcharged with "10," in large figures in black.

Perf. 12½.

"10" on 15st. lake and black.

Cyprus.—The 1 piastre and 4 piastres of the King's head series have been received. The colours and design remain as before, with the substitution of the King's head for that of the late Queen's.

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

1 piastre, carmine and blue.
4 piastres, sage green and maroon.

Dominica.—The promised series of stamps of special design has been issued. As in the case of Antigua and Montserrat, the 5s. value alone bears the King's head. All the other

values show very roughly and indistinctly a view of Dominica. We illustrate the ½d. The 5s. is of the same design as the 5s. Antigua illustrated in THE CAPTAIN for October last.

Wmk. Cr. CC. Perf. 14.

½d. green.
1d. carmine and black centre.
2d. brown and green centre.
2½d. blue and black centre.
3d. black and purple centre.
6d. orange brown and black centre.
1s. green and mauve centre.
2s. violet and black centre.
2s. 6d. orange and green centre.
5s. brown and black centre.

Dutch Indies.—The Dutch colonies are being provided with what may be termed a special Colonial design, which we illustrate. It contains the latest stamp portrait of Queen Wilhelmina, and is a very simple and effective design. So far, we have only seen the 10c. and 30c. of the Dutch Indies, but we shall, no doubt, have other values and other colonies to chronicle later on.

Perf. 12½.

10c. slate.
30c. orange brown.

India: *Nabha State.*—Several values of the King's head issue of India have been overprinted for the use of this native state, with the words "Nabha-State" in two lines in black. We have received the following.

King's head stamps of India overprinted.
Wmk. Star. Perf. 14.

4 annas, olive green.
6 annas, bistre.
8 annas, mauve.
12 annas, purple on red paper.
1 rupee, green and carmine.

Malta.—A 2½d. stamp is the latest addition to the King's head series for this dependency. The head is in maroon, and the framework of the design is in ultramarine, a striking combination. The 4d., 5d., and 6d. of the lower values are yet to come. Up to date the series issued is as follows:—

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

½d. dark green.
1d. carmine, head grey.
2d. slate grey, head mauve.
2½d. ultramarine, head maroon
3d. deep purple, head slate grey
1s. deep violet, head slate grey

Italy: *Albania.*—Three values of the current series of Italy have been surcharged in Turkish currency, for use in the Italian post offices in Albania.

Stamps of Italy overprinted
Wmk. Crown. Perf. 14.

"10 para 10" on 5c. green
"35 para 35" on 20c. orange
"40 para 40" on 25c. blue

Mauritius.—The 4c. of the current arms type has been changed in colour from lilac and emerald to green and value in mauve. But Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. inform us that the stamp was printed thus in *error*, the printers having transposed the colours in mistake, the stamps being printed in green with value in mauve, instead of mauve with value in green. Of these errors there were 90,000 printed, so there will be plenty to go round.

Arms type.
Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.
Error.

4c. green, name in mauve.

Morocco Agencies.—The overprinting of the Gibraltar King's head stamps for use in the British post offices in Morocco, has commenced with the 10 centimos, which has been received overprinted "Morocco-Agencies" in two lines in black.

Gibraltar King's heads overprinted
Wmk. Cr. CA Perf. 14.

10 centimos, purple on red paper

St. Lucia.—The 1s. value of the King's head series has been received. As will be seen from our illustration it is of the commoner De la Rue Colonial type.

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14

1s. green, name and value in black

Seychelles.—Yet another Provisional has to be added to those chronicled in the October CAPTAIN. This time the 18c. has been used Up to date, the provisional 3c. issued, are as follows:—

King's heads surcharged

3c. on 15c. ultramarine.
3c. on 18c. sage green and carmine
3c. on 45c. chocolate and carmine

Trinidad.—The change of colours in the current series continues. The latest change is that of the 4d. value, which has been altered from lilac and orange to green and blue on flesh-coloured paper. So far the changes are as follows :—

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14
Colours changed.

½d. green.
1d. black, paper red.
4d. green, value in blue, paper flesh.
1s. black, value in blue, paper yellow.

NEW STAMP PUBLICATIONS

THE new catalogues will be out before the end of 1903. MESSRS. BRIGHT AND SON are issuing a supplement giving a complete list of all new issues since their last catalogue was published to the present date. Price 6d.

MESSRS. BUTLER BROS. send me a copy of their stamp and album price list. It is very fully illustrated, and full of tempting sets and packets.

MESSRS. LAWN AND BARLOW'S list has a catchy cover made up of an offer of £2000 for the rare post-office Mauritius 1d. red and 2d. blue. We are sorry we cannot oblige them. The catalogue is very neatly got up, and is full of information concerning publications and stamp outfits. Their "Ciatofile," an ingenious arrangement for keeping stamps without albums, I must describe in detail in the next CAPTAIN

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

WE are indebted for early copies of new issues as follows :—

J. W. Jones for Bermuda 3d., Bulgaria 10st. on 15st., Malta 2½.

Bright and Son for Malta 2½. Seychelles 3c. on 18c

Whitfield King and Co. for Bermuda 3d.; Bulgaria 10st.; Cyprus 1p. and 4p.; Dominica set ½d. to 5s.; Dutch Indies 10c. and 30c.; Nabha State, 4a., 6a., 8a., 12a., and 1r.; Albania 10p., 35p., and 40p. Malta 2½d.; Mauritius 4c.; Morocco Agencies, 10c.; St. Lucia, 1s. Seychelles 3c. on 18c.; Trinidad, 4d.

W. H. Peckitt for British Central Africa 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., and 2s. 6d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. G. R. (Calcutta). "PATIALA" for "PATIALA" is only a case of a broken "P" looking like an "F." Mr. Stewart-Wilson, in his work on "British Indian Adhesive Stamps Surcharged for Native States," says he has purposely omitted such cases as merely broken type

Interested in Stamps (Guernsey). I do not know of any Victoria postage stamp answering to your description. It is evidently a fiscal. The postmark may be a telegraph cancellation.

C. S. B. (Berks).—The 1895 St. Anthony Celebration issue of Portugal is catalogued as follows :—

	Unused.	Used.
2½r. black	0.2	0.2
5r. orange	0.2	0.3
10r. magenta	0.4	0.4
15r. brown	0.6	0.5
20r lavender	0.7	0.6
25r. green and purple	0.4	0.4
50r. blue and purple	1.0	1.6
75r. rosine and brown	2.6	2.0
80r. green and brown	3.0	3.0
100r. chocolate and black	3.0	3.0
150r rosine and brown	5.0	5.0
200r. blue and brown	5.0	5.0
300r. purple and brown	10.0	10.0
500r. brown and blue	20.0	12.0
1000r. purple and blue	2d.0	——

They were issued as a Celebration issue for the purpose of raising money by their sale to stamp collectors to help an impoverished exchequer. But of late some collectors seem to have taken a fancy to them.

Phonographer (Chtheroe). — *Ewen's Weekly Stamp News* is published at 32 Palace-square, Norwood, London. Plate numbers grow scarce just as other varieties, and then, of course, tend to increase in value, but the number of collectors of plate numbers is small. There is probably more pleasure than profit in it. The stamp journal that was advertised in the *Reporters' Magazine* was the *Philatelic Record*, then edited by me, but now conducted by the leading philatelists of Manchester. It is an excellent stamp journal, price 4d. Address G. F. H. Gibson, Clarence-street, Manchester.

D. M. (Maida Hill).—"T. F." was overprinted on the stamps of the Orange Free State to set them apart for use as telegraph stamps, but, as many were used and passed for postal purposes, they are included in most catalogues. There were four values of the triangular stamps of the Cape of Good Hope, as follows :—

	Unused.	Used.
1d. red	15.0	6.0
4d. blue	12.6	2.0
6d. lilac	35.0	10 0
1s. green	70.0	17.6

I have given the lowest catalogue prices, but there are varieties in shade, paper, and watermark which are very high priced.

S. W. G. (Bognor).—Yes, perforations vary the value of stamps, in some case very considerably. Any good catalogue, Gibbon's or Bright's, will enable you to separate stamps by their perforations, and give you the values.

G. R. (West Norwood).—Cut or damaged stamps are practically unsaleable, unless they happen to be very rare, but even then they are very low prices.

C. H.—"Reprint" means an impression taken from the original plate after the stamps are superseded by another issue. No, all Mexican stamps issued before 1883 are not included in this category, nor has the surcharge or number anything to do with the question of reprints. Some Mexicans were overprinted with name or number, and some were not

MODELS
AND
MODEL MAKING.

By A. WILLIAMS,

Author of "*The Romance of Modern Invention*," &c., &c.

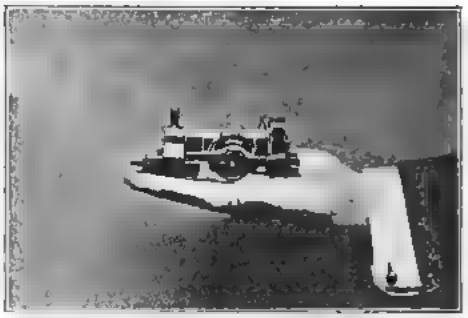
I.

Some Advice for Beginners.

THERE are very few people, I should imagine, who can fail to be interested, at least for a time, by a good working model engine, whether stationary or locomotive. The emotions aroused by such a bit of machinery are complex, and it is rather hard to put down in black and white exactly what it is that rivets our attention. Very likely the first cause is but a glorified version of the primal desire to "see the wheels go wound," evinced by infants in the lap stage; and as we grow older we become aware of the beauty of the adaptation of means to the end shown in all machinery, and more charmingly by the model than by its full-grown brothers, which are too much part of our everyday life to earn proper recognition.

I also suppose that there are few of the male sex who have not at one time or another been smitten by the wish to own a model; while a somewhat more select number would like to add the glory of construction to that of ownership. Go and stand outside one of the shops whose windows display a tempting array of Lilliputian machinery, and I am very much mistaken if you don't overhear many "I wish I could do that's," or "I wish that were mine's."

Now, though models may be had at so-called "popular prices," between the average admirer and the more than average model there is usually a gulf fixed, to be crossed only on a golden bridge of considerable dimensions. For those whose purse is long enough to span the charm, well and good. They may buy the beautiful products of the professional maker and rejoice. There is, however, a large number of people who, from one motive or another, prefer building a model for themselves to buying it outright. To help them, I shall once more tread the road that has been already beaten pretty flat by many capable writers of excellent little works; my apology for so doing being that wayfarers on the same track see the country they traverse from different points of view, and can each contribute valuable information to the general stock of useful knowledge about that particular region.



This beautiful little model of a G.N.R. express engine is 6¼ inches long. Its other principal dimensions are:—Bore of cylinder, ⅛in.; stroke of cylinder, ⅛in.; diameter of driving wheels, 1⅛in.; width of badplate, 1⅛in., gauge, ⅛in. It has been run under steam. Its maker, Mr P. Daniel, of Clevedon, says of it:—"I made it when I was just thirteen years old. It has Stephenson's link reversing gear, made chiefly of tin and ordinary pins. With the exception of the handrails and one or two levers, the whole thing is of tin, and soldered together. The wheels are cut out of tin, and the tread soldered on." This model is a good example of the capacities of clever head and hands in combination.

On reviewing, as a whole, the many articles on model-making that have appeared in print, they seem to fall under two main heads:—(i) those written for the skilled mechanic with plenty of good tools at his disposal, (ii) those to aid the novice who has command of very elementary knowledge, and but simple material. It is excellent for the happy possessor of a lathe to be shown how to turn out a perfect little marine engine, or for a less fortunate designer to learn how cocoa-tins and old shaving-soap cases may be combined into a working locomotive. My own particular view of the matter is this: that when you are making a model you may as well make as good a one as you can possibly afford; since, when finished, it will amply repay the self-denial shown in time and money, and also be intrinsically more valuable than a smaller creation that never can be more than a mere toy. By working on a fairly large scale, much more scope is given for adding details, which are unsatisfactory when reproduced in excessive miniature; and the complete model will be much more easily kept in repair when there is "room to move in" about its various parts. I shall, therefore, assume that those who mean to follow out my advice will not shrink from letting a sixpence go on occasion. I shall also assume

that the reader knows nothing at all about model-making, and start at a convenient place—namely, at the beginning.

We must enter into a partnership, you supplying tools and time and material, I supplying advice, which will refer not only to the How, but also to the Why.

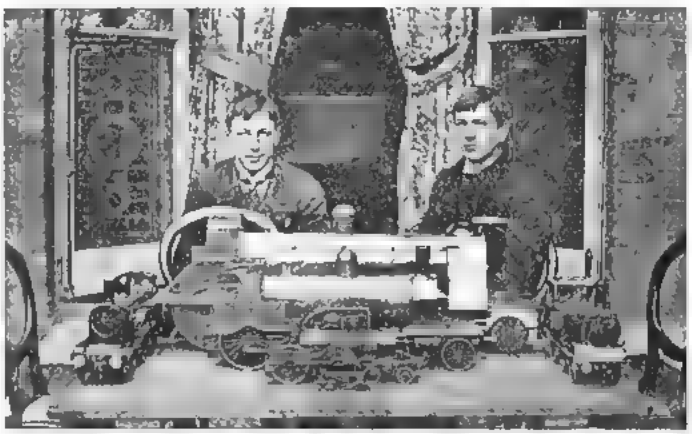
The reader may here be reminded that though model-making has a very satisfactory end in itself, by no means its least valuable feature is the general handiness that it gives to the devotee. This is an increasingly mechanical age, in which our houses, roads, and general surroundings are becoming more and more replete with appliances which, though most convenient and necessary, are apt to get out of order. Then happy is the boy or man who can be his own machine-doctor. To take an instance in my own experience—thanks to model-making, I have saved at least £30 on my motors, because I know how to handle tools and where to look for mechanical defects. A touch of solder in time saves ninepence very often among the family pots and pans. Ability to use red lead saves shillings from going into the house gutters. And, knowledge apart, the mere possession of tools to rivet, bore holes in metal, and cut the same, has saved me the cost of those tools several times over. I think the man is to be pitied whose sole refuge from difficulties arising out of the imperfections of things metallic, is the aid of the professional workman—with its accompanying little bill—not always so little, either. If our mothers and sisters can sew on our buttons and mend our clothes, and make us all manner of things with needle and cotton, we men and boys ought to be able to wield drill and shears and soldering iron equally well. The cycle has done a lot for our education, and the motor will do a lot more, and very probably model-making may do most of all.

It is a work of genius to make things out of nothing or very little, as did the French *chef* who turned out dainty dishes from the leavings of his English predecessors. But we are not all geniuses, and I think a great deal of bother, time, and disappointment will be saved to those who start properly provided with a fair outfit. Many people are able to borrow or beg tools. Others who have dabbled in mechanics will find that they have accumulated quite a respectable number of implements. Let me, however, suggest which will be most useful and best worth buying if you do not already possess them.

Holes play so important a part in all things mechanical that first a word about them. They must be made according to a settled plan, and be of as few sizes as possible.

We, therefore, purchase for a few pence each Morse twist drills to cut holes $\frac{3}{32}$, $\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{5}{32}$, $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch in diameter. These for screws of like size to pass through freely, without holding. The screws, which can be bought cheaply by the gross in iron and brass, should be of some standard thread, either Whitworth standard or British Association. In the following chapters the former will be taken.

Have screws with "countersunk" heads for "flush" work, *i.e.*, where they are not to project; and with "cheese," or square-section, heads where they are to project. Sort out your screws into compartments of a shallow tray, each carefully labelled.



This fine group of home-made engines represents (starting from the back) a "mixture"; a L. & S. W. R. express, a Midland Railway, 6ft. 6in. "coupled," and the tiny G.N.R. express shown elsewhere. On the left is a 7-foot coupled L. & S. W. express, on the right a three-coupled L. B. & S. C. tank goods engine.

The carpenter has small difficulty in driving his screws home, thanks to the Nettlefold taper point. But for metal-work screws the way must be carefully prepared by means of steel "taps" of the same size. These, together with a die-plate to cut threads of like dimensions, will cost two or three shillings and upwards, according to quality. For brass and copper work a very high-class article is not needed.

The holes for tapping must be rather

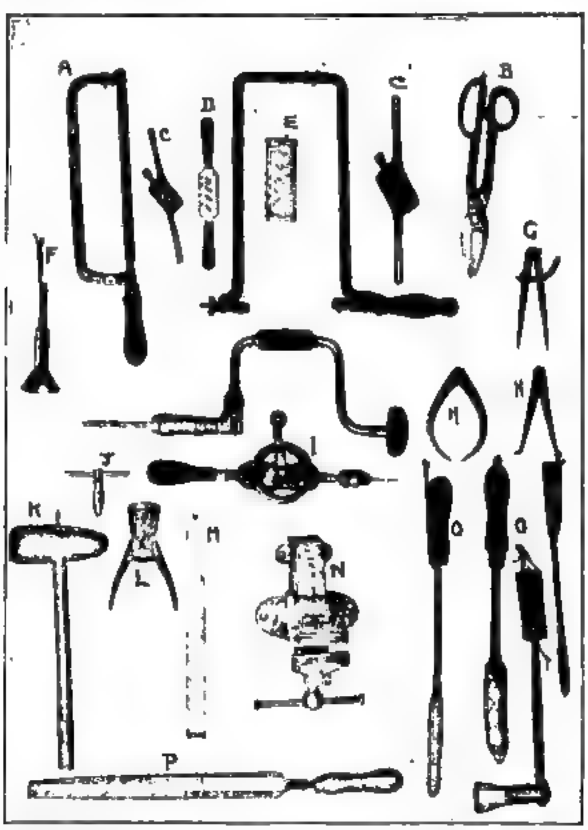
smaller than the taps themselves. The following figures will be helpful:—

For a $\frac{3}{32}$ in. top (or screw) drill a $\frac{5}{64}$ in. hole.
" $\frac{1}{8}$ " " " $\frac{7}{64}$ "
" $\frac{5}{32}$ " " " $\frac{1}{8}$ "
" $\frac{7}{32}$ " " " $\frac{9}{64}$ "

The $\frac{5}{64}$-in. drill must therefore be added to our list.

For working these small drills I use a geared brace with triple-jaw chuck to take all sizes up to $\frac{3}{16}$ *straight* shanked drills. For larger sizes an ordinary carpenter's brace and *square* shanked drills are convenient; in fact, this brace will do for all diameters, though handicapped by the fact that the Morse drills with circular shanks are made in all multiples of $\frac{1}{64}$-in. for small sizes, whereas the square-shanked variety advance by $\frac{1}{32}$ in.

While on this topic I give a hint for true drilling. Get a friend to view your drill in flank while you watch it from in front. When it is perpendicular to the work in both planes your hole is entering at a true right angle. Nothing is more vexatious than a "cockeyed" hole. I should certainly advise my readers, whenever it is possible, to work in couples, as two pairs of hands will, under many conditions, get as much done as half a dozen independent pairs. It often happens that a piece requires holding in some particular position, while a delicate operation is performed on it, and the operator becomes painfully aware of his two-handedness. This community of help might be extended to community of tools, each member of the "syndicate" contributing certain items.



Some of the principal tools used by the Author in model-building.
A. Hack-saw.
B. Metal shears.
C.C. dies for cutting threads to ¼ inch.
D. Die plate to cut from 3-32 to 5-32 inch.
E. Gauge plate, showing diameter of holes to be drilled for various sized taps.
F. Bell centre punch.
G. Compasses for scribing.
H.H. Callipers.
I. Hand drill.
K. Boxwood hammer.
L. Powerful metal nippers.
M. 1 foot steel rule.
N. 3 inch vice.
O.O. Soldering irons.
P. Large file.

A *vice* with 2½ to 3-in. jaws is, if not a *sine qua non*, a most useful part of the model-maker's plant. I prefer one with parallel jaw action, which comes squarely to the work. Some makes are provided with a neat little anvil on the inner jaw.

I next add a cheap hacksaw, an ordinary fretsaw (which cuts sheet brass and copper very easily), and a pair of metal shears; the last, if your funds permit, with grips for the thumb and fingers, similar to those of heavy tailor's scissors. The cheap kind will cut well enough, and pinch you, too, rather painfully sometimes.

Files next. Don't be without a selection of these; they are good friends. Get a Bastard and smooth-cut each of triangular, round, flat, and half-round nine-inch Sheffield files for large work; and similar shapes in jeweller's files for small work. The lot will cost about three shillings. Several sheets of *engineer's* emery-cloth and some very fine emery powder will complete the requirements of the "finishing and polishing department."

As the reader probably already possesses hammers and screwdrivers, little need be said about them. I would remark, however, that a few bradawls with tempered points on long handles will be most useful for the small screws; while a wooden box-wood mallet with rounded ends such as lead-workers use will prove handy for flattening and flanging thin metal plating. A 1½lb. engineer's hammer, having one flat and one spherical end, may also be recommended.

For measuring purposes get a 1-foot Chesterman's machine-graduated steel rule, showing all fractions of an inch to $\frac{1}{64}$ (price about 1s. 6d.), a strong pair of steel compasses with screw and sector adjustment, and a pair each of "inside" and "outside" callipers. Absolute accuracy in all measurements is of the first importance.

To those who contemplate a fairly elaborate outfit I can strongly recommend a small upright drilling machine, with three-jaw chuck accommodating drills to $\frac{3}{8}$-inch; a fret-sawing machine, and a small steel anvil.

The utility of the lathe in metal work is so great that I will here make some reference to it, since some of my readers may think it worth their while to get one. A second-hand article may generally be picked up at very moderate prices, say from £6 upwards. The following are some of the chief "points" of a good lathe.

(1) There must be absolutely no "play," or looseness, in the rotating parts that hold the object to be turned.

(2) The treadle shaft should work on anti-friction rollers, rather than on steel points.

(3) It should have a good compound slide-rest, graduated for cutting cones.

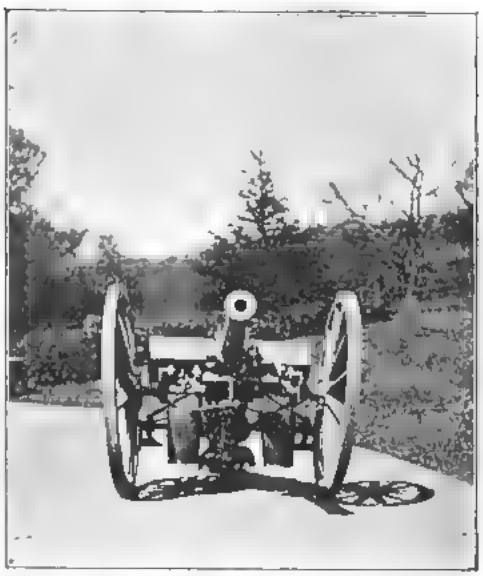
A three-jaw self-centring chuck to grip objects up to four inches in diameter is a very useful adjunct. This will cost £2 upwards, according to size. If possible, have two sets of jaws to grip things by the inside or outside, as you may wish. "Inside" jaws are particularly handy for holding round-shanked drills of all sizes. High-class lathes are furnished with screw-cutting gear which, by means of a long screw bar, and series of cogs, moves the slide-rest, and the tool it carries along the work at a uniform speed, ensuring a much more regular "feed" than is possible with a hand-worked rest. From time to time I shall give advice as to the most convenient methods of employing a lathe for model work, though, as I hinted above, I intend that the models suggested in future pages shall be such as will be within the power of those who do *not* possess lathes.

We may now turn our attention to the second important head of requirements, namely, the material on which to work. In large machinery, as you know, iron and steel is mainly used. But these metals have their disadvantages for the amateur, on account of their stubbornness and liability to corrosion. Brass and copper are, therefore, preferable, especially for boilers, which must above all things be safe, and not subject to unseen internal corrosion. The cost of these materials is high compared with that of iron, but they are easily handled and durable, and will take a polish that makes them pleasant to look upon.

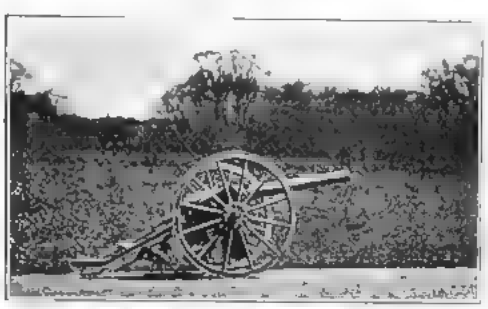
I keep a box for odds and ends of brass and copper by me, as everything comes in useful, sooner or later.

There is no objection, of course, to the employment of iron for parts that are not to meet great heat, and which can be painted over without detracting from the appearance of the model. Personally, I believe in a liberal use of the paint brush, as the keeping bright of small surfaces of brass or copper becomes a tedious business after a while, whereas paint is easily cleaned.

Many model-makers have a great hanker-



Mr. A. Foster is responsible for this splendid ½-scale model of R.H.H. 12-pounder gun. It is complete in every particular, and has proper limber and ammunition waggons. Its range is two miles, and it will make very good practice at 1,000 yards. These two photos are taken by the author.



ing after the locomotive type of machine, and I have been rather tempted to proceed

This interesting model of the *Glory*, the property of Messrs. A. and E. H. Foster, of Coombe Park, Whitchurch, by whom it was fitted up, is 24 feet long, and of some 2 tons displacement. It can accommodate 6 persons below deck, where sit the steersman, looking through the conning tower, and the engineer in charge of the 1½ h.p. gasolene engine. It carries a full armament of 12-inch, 6-inch, and small quickfirers, and is provided with a proper complement of lifeboats, &c. The photograph is suggestive of a real man-o'-war that even a practised eye can hardly detect the model.

to the description of a locomotive in my next chapter. It will be prudent, however, to arrive at that stage of construction by degrees, and I, therefore, think it best to commence with a simple, inexpensive, and effective horizontal stationary engine, which may be employed to drive a small dynamo or do other useful work. After that we shall pass on to the building up of a proper boiler to drive one engine; devote a chapter to steam pumps, and so arrive at the "king of steam-engines," as the locomotive may be termed, and its consort, the marine engine.

I must thank the gentlemen who have furnished me with the material for our interesting illustrations, which represent the two extremes, as it were, of model-making. At the one end is the tiny G.W.R. express, built up by an ingenious schoolboy out of the simplest materials; at the other the magnificent models of war-machines for use on sea and land, created with the aid of high-class machinery. Perhaps at some future time I may be able to give a fuller account of the *Glory* and the 12-pounder, for the edification of CAPTAIN readers.

Archibald Williams

SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Bede Magazine (Bede College). The articles and stories read rather like "Pages for the Little Folk," but if we are to take into account the apparent youth of the editorial staff, the magazine becomes a very creditable production. That this should be so, however, hardly warrants the reproduction of such portraits as that of "The Boy who Made the Magazine Pay," and other literary lights of Whitley Bay. It is a mistake to encourage self-importance. An Old Boy, in the course of his reminiscences, relates that once he "wrote what I thought a brilliant essay on Railway Signals (cribbed from THE CAPTAIN, but don't tell Mr. Whitehead)." Perhaps Mr. Whitehead doesn't need to be told!

Carthusian.—News from the School Mission makes entertaining reading. "At Godalming," writes one who conducted a party of slum children to Charterhouse, "we found that we had with us a veritable Nimrod. Ten minutes after his arrival he was displaying with pride a fat toad, neatly enveloped in his hat. . . . Later on in the day he had captured a small weasel, which made a great sensation. Some asserted that it was a rabbit, others mistook it for a rat, while one, more imaginative than the rest, declared that it was a sea-hon!" Again, at the Mission Camp near Broadstairs, "the sea was a never-ending delight to them all."

Some saw it for the first time and would persist in calling it the "barves" when they went to bathe, and expressed their surprise and disgust in no uncertain terms at finding the water salt! Whatever passed in the shipping way, whether colliers, timber laden vessels, fishing-craft or what not, we were always told they were "men-of-war" or "torpedo-destroyers!"

The verse in the latest numbers of the *Carthusian* is weak. Pathos and bathos, the writer of "The Drummer Boy" should remember, are not to be confused.

Durban High School Magazine.—We shall watch with interest the result of the competition in which votes are to be taken as to the best story or article in the last September number of THE CAPTAIN. The result of the "Twelve Best Books for Boys" is curious. The prize list leads off with *A Tale of Two Cities* and *The Prisoner of Zenda* bracketed. Dickens is further represented by *Pickwick Papers*, and Anthony Hope by *Rupert of Hentzau*. Kingsley and Scott, Blackmore and Doyle, also Dumas, are each represented by one volume, while the late Mr. Henty is responsible for

four Guy Boothby (*Dr. Nikola*) also has a place in the prize list.

Haileyburian.—About 350 Haileyburians went out to the front during the South African war, of whom 113 were mentioned in despatches. Thirty-five lost their lives in the service of their country, fifteen in action, one in a train wrecked by the Boers, four from wounds received in battle, and fifteen from enteric fever. In memory of these gallant sons, Haileybury has erected a beautiful obelisk, that all who gaze upon it may honour the dead, and learn the lesson which their noble end enforces. Runs the inscription on the monument:—"Sta puer et revocans quos abstulit Africa fratres, vivere pro patria disce, moriqne tua." The ceremony of unveiling was performed by Lieut.-General Sir John French, from whose splendid speech we append two brief passages:—

To honour the memory of the glorious dead has been at all times and in all countries the greatest satisfaction and comfort of those who remain to mourn their loss. The French, in the time of the wars of the Great Napoleon, had a custom of which I am constantly reminded. When the roll of a regiment was called, it was usual to continue to include in it the names of the officers and men who had been killed in action or died from wounds or disease for a certain time previously, and when the dead man's name was called, the answer always came back from his friends and comrades in the ranks, "Died on the field of honour."

. . . You should never look upon this monument without thinking that some day you may be placed in the same critical position that these gallant men were when they were struck down. The qualities that will come to your aid then are not Heaven-born; they are to be cultivated and improved and trained, and the earlier you begin to cultivate and train them the better. I may sum these qualities up briefly as being clear, calm, deliberate courage, self-reliance, indomitable resolution, and a thorough knowledge of your business. Thank God, English Public School boys have never been backward in courage and self reliance, but in the supreme moment such as I am talking of when you may be in what we call a "tight place"—it is absolutely necessary that a man should have early learned to train and exercise his powers of courage and resolution, and should have acquired by hard work and mental application a thorough knowledge of his business

Hurst Johnian.—Hurstpierpoint has lost the services, after nineteen years, of the Rev. H. Woolsey, and one of the brightest amongst the many school magazines that strew our office tables is thus deprived of its editor. The new staff has a high standard to maintain. In the number before us are some grave "Reflections on Algebra" from a contributor who is not suffering from what he idiomatically terms "mathemalgia."

La Martinière Chronicle.—We are sorry to gather from numerous hints scattered through these pages that our friends in Calcutta are suffering from an epidemic of slackness, which cannot be wholly excused by the abnormal heat of the latter end of term. We agree with "Anti-Loafer" in his condemnation of the slacksters "who stroll about with slouching gait."

> They're never "game" to take the place
> Of those they say can't play,
> Yet sicken every honest chap
> With "jaw" the livelong day.

Buck up, La Martinière! Is not your motto "Labore et constantia"? Very well, then.

Lorettonian.—The last numbers of this magazine to hand at the time of going to press are full of reminiscences of Dr. Almond, whose death has deprived Loretto of her animating spirit and dominating influence. Dr. Almond was a great headmaster, whose labours in the cause of common-sense education can never be over-estimated. Not too much is generally known of Loretto and the methods pursued there. The present is not the place where they can be properly discussed, but the following brief summary of the man can hardly fail to be interesting. To his enthusiasm, the present writer, who had the honour of a brief correspondence with him, can testify:—

It remains to say a few words indicating the many-sidedness of his spirit. He was Snell Exhibitioner at Balliol, a Double First in Moderations, and a Double Second in Greats, he rowed in his college boat, he played cricket for the Gentlemen of England, he was a great salmon fisher, and an authority on salmon rivers (several of which he rented in the North of Scotland with the express purpose of improving the salmon fishing industry), he was an ardent mountaineer, and was president of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, he was a keen politician, a powerful, incisive writer. He was generous to a fault, as many and many a boy or young man has good reason to know; "fearfully and wonderfully energetic"; vehement in speech, and with an enthusiasm that left an unaccustomed listener breathless. To know him was, to use the well-worn phrase, "a liberal education," and to know him, however widely any one differed from him, was to admire him. Few who came under his personal influence but caught some of the infection of his ardent spirit, and there are many of us who date their first glimpse of what education really is from the moment they came to Loretto. The gospel of work was a very real one to him, and the work he did was enormous, and always with the greatest of aims before him.

In another issue a past member of Wanganui, the splendid New Zealand college, modelled on Loretto, describes his visit to the Scottish school, and rejoices in there renewing his schooldays.

O. H. S. Magazine (Oxford High School).—A second paper appears on "The Art of 'Digging'"—in other words, living in lodgings. "Never engage your landlady in conversation more than is necessary," says the writer. "Give her a word and she will take a lexicon." In similar vein he conveys a number of excellent hints to young fellows just starting life away from home.

Ousel (Bedford Grammar School).—A prolific bird is the *Ousel!* Scarcely a postman seems to call but brings a fresh and flimsy issue. Would it not be better (and less expensive) to produce fewer numbers, and those more compact! A correspondent encloses a copy of a quaint signboard unearthed in a curiosity shop and bearing a legend which sets forth that, amongst other things, its owner sells "pikkles, such as hepson salts, hoysters, Winser sope, anzetrar."

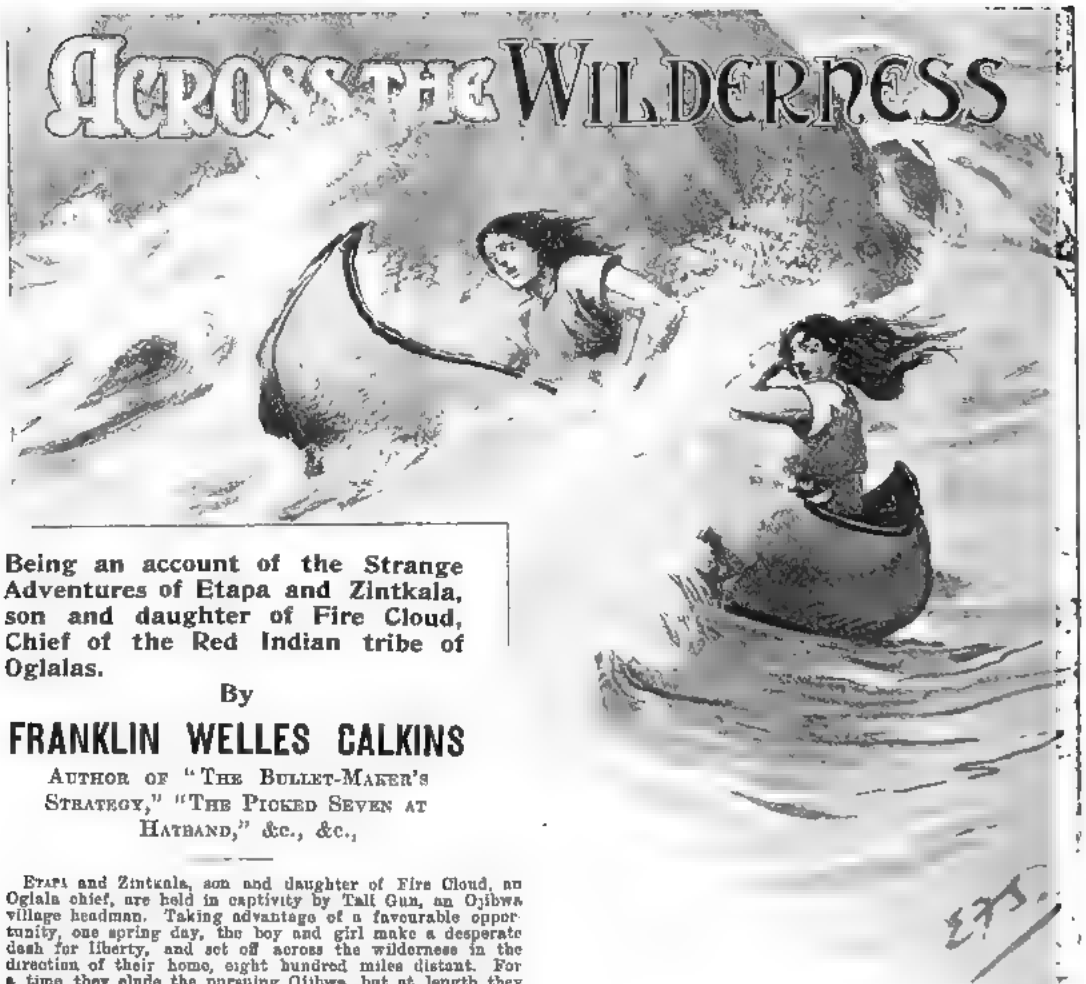
Penvro (Pembroke Dock County School).—The prize offered by THE CAPTAIN to the writer of the best article in the issue before us has been awarded to H. C. Treweeks for his "Natural History Notes." The contribution is interesting and shows considerable power of observation, but the style will bear a lot of improvement. Next in order of merit is "My Adventure with an Owl," by D. A. Williams, which is a capital tale, very well written. It lacks, however, the interest of the prize paper, and accordingly is awarded second place. There are several other contributions, all of considerable merit, and the Editor of the *Penvro* (the old word for Pembrokeshire) is to be congratulated on the successful encouragement he is giving to literary tastes in the school.

Petriburgian (King's School, Peterborough).—The first number of the new volume has taken unto itself a new guise, both outward and inward, and we extend our heartiest good wishes to the new venture.

Isis.—Three numbers of this 'Varsity journal are to hand as we go to press. Amongst Oxford men "idolised" we note Mr. Desmond F. Talbot Coke, late Editor of the *Isis*, whose portrait was reproduced in THE CAPTAIN at the period when he was leaving Shrewsbury.

Also received.—*Blue*, *Cottesmorian*, *Frogmorian*, *Somerset*, *Student*, *Truro College Magazine*.

ACROSS THE WILDERNESS



Being an account of the Strange Adventures of Etapa and Zintkala, son and daughter of Fire Cloud, Chief of the Red Indian tribe of Oglalas.

By

FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS

Author of "The Bullet-Maker's Strategy," "The Picked Seven at Hatband," &c., &c.,

Etapa and Zintkala, son and daughter of Fire Cloud, an Oglala chief, are held in captivity by Tall Gun, an Ojibwa village headman. Taking advantage of a favourable opportunity, one spring day, the boy and girl make a desperate dash for liberty, and set off across the wilderness in the direction of their home, eight hundred miles distant. For a time they elude the pursuing Ojibwa, but at length they walk into a trap and find to their consternation that they are hemmed in by Tall Gun's trailers. By practising the most cunning Indian tactics, however, they are still uncaught at nightfall, when they wade out into a marsh. After a long period of terror and suffering they reach a pine wood on the opposite side of the marsh, and hurry on their way. So quick is their progress that they soon forget all about their enemies and little dream that the smoke from their camp fire has been sighted by an Ojibwa from his far-away perch in a lofty pine. On awakening from sleep, wilderness instinct rather than anything they can see or hear tells them that their pursuers are close upon them. Dashing away at a great speed, Etapa and his sister cover a distance of forty miles before they drop to the ground exhausted. Soon afterwards Etapa falls sick with fever, and Zintkala tends him with wonderful cleverness and most loving care. No human being comes near them during this period, so it is evident that the Ojibwa have relinquished the chase. As soon as Etapa is well enough to travel, brother and sister proceed to a village whose smoke Zintkala has descried in the distance.

CHAPTER XVI.

Black Otter.

AS they were aware that they might be seen by hunters or fishermen at any moment, they made no attempt to conceal their movements. They advanced along a plain path, traversing an oak ridge for a mile or more.

They halted for a time upon the bluff path within plain view of the village. Then, as no one appeared to be on the lookout to detect the approach of strangers, Zintkala said, "Come, younger brother, let us go among these people."

They set forward at once and soon emerged from the bushes upon an open flat. A little way out from the nearest wigwams they met a woman with a large fat baby peeping over her shoulder, and this person uttered a slight exclamation of surprise.

The woman indeed stared at them in a rather unmannerly way. Yet she looked upon an unusual sight, for plainly by their dress the strangers were Sioux children and the foremost a young girl of erect bearing, with an earnest,

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intent face and quite the air of a chief's daughter and of having come upon an important errand. She had halted in the path in her surprise, but she stepped aside and the Dakotas passed on without seeming to take note of her.

Some wolf-dogs came from the near wigwams and barked, but these, too, fell away before them. Children ceased to play, and some shy little folk ran behind shelter to peep at the newcomers.

No one spoke to them, and Zintkala was much puzzled and even distressed to know to whom she might properly apply for hospitality. The children had passed the centre of the village thus looking at the lodges and were feeling very much embarrassed when an old man confronted them.

"Ho, young Dakotas, you are come a long distance, it appears," said this one. The man spoke in Ojibwa, and Zintkala answered hesitatingly, her face reddening at her own temerity.

"We are Dakotas, therefore we wish to speak to the head soldier of this large town."

With a gesture the man bade them follow. He walked toward the lakeshore. When clear of surrounding wigwams he pointed to a large conical lodge which stood against a cluster of water willows near to a gravel beach.

"The man is there," said the old man simply, and he strode away and left them. The children approached the tall lodge as hesitating pilgrims approach a shrine. It was difficult to come near so great a man as this chief must be, unannounced. Therefore, at some unobtrusive paces, they halted to wait for some sign of recognition.

They saw before them—which gave their hearts encouragement—a big tepée of buffalo skins and upon its front, newly painted, the totem of a blue fish and an otter. For some minutes they stood, growing more embarrassed and very red of cheek.

They talked together in low tones to relieve their distress, and, while they stood thus with their faces near together, a young woman came from the darkened interior of the lodge and stood in front of its triangular opening. This person regarded the strangers gravely and with evident inquiry. Zintkala saw the woman, but seemed to be looking straight beyond her, and Etapa turned his face toward the lake and shifted the carcajou skin to a shoulder. They were visibly ill at ease.

The young woman saw this and went into her tepée. She spoke something in low tones and a man's voice answered her. This talking continued for a moment; then a man came forth with a nervous shuffling stride and approached the newcomers. He was a young man with a mop of hair upon his shoulders and a fringe covering his forehead to the eyebrows. He wore no paints. He had a striped blanket about the shoulders, and his buckskin leggings had many-coloured fringes, and his moccasins were beautifully decorated with turquoise beads. He had a keen face with shrewd eyes that seemed to look through one.

"How, how, Dakotas," he greeted, reaching a hand. They shook hands with him gladly, the boy following the girl.

"We are the children of Fire Cloud of the Oglalas, and we are come a long way," said Zintkala.

"How, I know that man. He has fought my people a number of times," said the young man grimly. He looked at them with a glance so searching that their little souls shrank within them. For an instant they felt far removed from this strange village and their faces were cold and lifeless.

Zintkala spoke in a far-away voice. "We were taken to the agency at Traverse des Sioux," she said. "We were to learn to be like white people. We did not like to do so. When we ran away from those people the Hohé came upon us very suddenly. They took us to a far country from whence we escaped, and one of us is not able to travel."

The man regarded her face keenly again, but he asked no embarrassing questions. "Come," he said, and led the way into his tepée.

"Some Dakotas have escaped from their enemies," he said to the woman they had seen. "Give them meat." He seated himself upon some skins and waved his visitors to some mats opposite. His wife immediately went out and put some fish in her kettle and set it cooking.

Gravely, but with no other sign of emotion, the little voyagers took seats, squatting with legs decorously crossed. The man lit his pipe and smoked. A small child, affixed to a board which leaned against a bunk bed, blinked solemnly at the strangers.

Presently the man spoke.

"I am Black Otter," he said, "of the Awanse Pillagers. My father was Esh-ke-bug-e-coshe. He fought with your people and overcame them at Bear River."

He spoke simply, without boasting, cleaning his pipe bowl meanwhile with a small sharp tool.

Esh-ke-bug-e-coshe! The little voyagers' faces grew pinched and cold again. For the name of this man's father was a hated one among the Dakotas.

No wonder that fear gripped their hearts; yet they sat motionless, saying nothing. After a

time their host looked at them earnestly and his words were good.

"We are now at peace with the Dakotas," he said. "We have fought each other enough heretofore and we wish the Dakotas well. I shall give you some presents, and I will treat you well so long as you shall stay in my wigwam."

He who imagines that the Indian and the Indian's child are stoics, void of the ordinary emotions, should have seen the young Sioux's faces light up and shine with a great joy.

"WE ARE THE CHILDREN OF FIRE CLOUD OF THE OGLALAS, AND WE ARE COME A LONG WAY."

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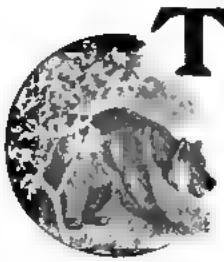
CHAPTER XVII.

Into the Wilderness Again.



THE little voyagers had indeed chanced upon Black Otter's village at an opportune moment. Although they knew nothing of the truth at the time, less than a moon had passed since Little Crow's Sioux scouts had visited the Awanse winter towns, and had gained the promise of this Chippewa soldier and his young men that they would soon join the Dakotas in a war of extermination to be waged against the settlements and posts of the Upper Mississippi.

The reception of Zintkala and Etapa among these hereditary enemies was, without doubt, coloured largely by their recently formed alliance. These children were treated with truly distinguished consideration, quite as the son and daughter of a friendly chief would—from natural kindliness and motives of interest as well—have been treated.

When the sister and the brother had gained confidence Zintkala told to Black Otter and his wife the whole story of their misfortunes after running away from the missionary school, their capture by the Hohé, the "sleeps" they had travelled with them, the meeting with Tall Gun's Ojibwa near the traders' fort, and of how Tall Gun had traded with Gauché (Left Hand), giving two spotted ponies, one with white hind legs, in exchange for themselves; they were small ponies also, but he had given the Hohé also a fine green blanket and an axe and many fish-hooks and beads. She told, too, how she had hidden her necklace of elk's teeth, and of the cruelty of 'Lizbet, who had beaten her because she had clung to the strings. Then of the sugar-making and of the flight, and how Tall Gun's soldiers had shot at them. They showed the little white scars of the small shot, and Black Otter and his wife put their fingers upon the swan-shot under the skin of Zintkala's hand.

The young chief and his wife were filled with interest. Narratives of the true incidents of war, the chase, and adventure made up a large part of the interest of life to the Indian of those days, and a tale of escape from captivity with so many incidents of varied character was absorbingly entertaining.

When Zintkala told of Etapa's striking the bear the chief was much pleased. "Hu-hu!" he exclaimed, "that was indeed very brave. How, that was well done, how, how!"

Etapa had begun to feel some life and animation among these new friends, and so he showed in his mimic way how he had struck mato-sapa a hard stroke upon the snout. And Zintkala came in for a share of commendation when she told of what she had done for her brother in his illness, and of the killing of the carcajou. Black Otter and Other Bird, his wife, much admired the carcajou's skin as an ornamental garment, and they quite regarded Zintkala as a person of consequence, saying that what she had done was how, how, very well done of a truth.

The chief said that he was very much disappointed in the Assiniboins, who were his friends, that they had done so badly in a time of truce among Indians, and when all must be considering what they should do to save their lands from the white men. As for Tall Gun, he was not surprised. The man was a distant relative, but he had mixed with white people and agency folk, and had drunk of their red waters till he was very nearly as bad as they were. Tall Gun and his men had come to be very much no-account Indians, and they were no longer considered as true Awanse. Zintkala and Etapa had done well, he told them, to run away from such folk.

Yes, indeed, said Other Bird, she knew 'Lizbet Tall Gun very well, and she had always been a very disagreeable woman. Twice her husband had turned her out of his wigwam, and he would not have taken her back only she had many half-breed relatives around the posts, and these had supported her in the quarrels. Once, too, 'Lizbet had stolen from her—Other Bird's—mother a beautiful pair of moocasins ornamented with stained porcupine's quills and blue beads. Certainly that was very bad among one's own people.

Other Bird quickly became much attached to her young guests. She took that vivid interest in them as strangers' children which is common to young mothers the world over. Zintkala's ability to talk the Awanse and thus to tell of her life among a strange people, lately become Ojibwa allies, gave her an extraordinary attraction.

Having naturally a shrewd turn of mind and an alert intelligence, the young Sioux girl talked well.

Etapa also warmed into life among these friendly folk. A dry lodge to sleep in, a variety of nourishing food, and a new interest in life, these things added daily to his strength of body and mind. Soon he was able to play with boys that came, shyly at first, to get a peep at the

strangers, and finally, as his strength improved, to admire his feats with the bow and arrow, a weapon which had fallen into disuse save as a plaything among the Awanse. The Sioux boy taught them new games and learned to play at theirs.

Many older people, too, took a lively interest in Black Otter's protégés, and they brought many small gifts and listened again and again to Other Bird's account of their adventures. Zintkala soon had quite a pouchful of coloured beads, bits of bright ribbon, stained feathers and the quills of porcupines, one of those bracelets she had wished for wrought from the skin of a green snake, and other ornamental and useful trinkets such as girls take pleasure in.

Other Bird was delighted that her guest should receive these gifts appropriate to a chief's daughter. She herself made for Zintkala a pair of highly ornamented leggings and a short blue skirt of trader's cloth.

For a time these friendly people made Zintkala and Etapa forget their homesick longings. Besides their genuine hospitality and the blossoming of their wonderful spring season, there were fishing and swimming, canoe racing, drum and flute music and dancing, and, not the least of pleasures, the gathering and eating of fat young pigeons—"squabs," as the white settlers have called them.

There was also a war excitement. The young men of this large camp were preparing to take up the hatchet, and there were strangers coming and going who had entered a league forming against the encroaching whites. It appeared that Black Otter was not the chief of these Awanse, as the Sioux children had at first been led to suppose, but only a partisan and war leader of the young men.

After a time, seeing all this preparation for war, and that Etapa was becoming strong again, Zintkala thought of going homeward. One evening she spoke to Other Bird about this. Black Otter's wife sat thoughtful for a time, then she got up and went outside her tepée to see if any one was within hearing. When she came in she spoke.

"You have seen," she said, "that our young men are going to war. Men from Little Crow's towns of your people have come among us urging war against the white folk who have taken our lands. So there will soon be fighting in the lower country. It may be that they are fighting now. It will not be good for you to leave us yet until we can safely send you to some of your people who will assist you homeward. What I have said is as the bird sings, and my husband would be angry with me if he should hear that I had spoken thus unwisely."

Zintkala said nothing, but these words gave her great uneasiness. She wanted more than ever to go home. She was not capable of logical reasoning, but she felt that now her father must surely wish his children to be at home and not among the toka (enemy). With all her little soul she detested the conquering race, but she did not believe that her father would wish to go to war against the white people. Fire Cloud had said to his family, "My children, the waśécunpi" (white ones) "are countless. We are nothing. It is very silly for us to think of going to war against such."

Zintkala knew that this father, however, would send for his children very quickly if there were to be war against the agencies. She was very much troubled and spoke to Etapa of these things when she could do so privately. "Let us go homeward secretly and quickly, older sister," was his response.

"Younger brother," she replied in reproof, "what you have said is very wrong indeed. We should not escape from these people as from the enemy."

It was but a day or two later that they played for a long time in the afternoon upon a gravel beach, gathering pretty pebbles and especially hunting for small coloured stones with holes in them. They were hunting these at sunset when some young men came down to swim, and as these passed them they heard a familiar voice, and, looking toward the group, saw several of Tall Gun's young men. Instantly the two bent low over their search, turning their backs toward the swimmers. They slipped gradually away from the vicinity, and, getting quickly behind some bushes, ran swiftly to the lodge of their host. Black Otter had gone away in the morning. Other Bird had taken her baby and gone to gossip with a neighbour.

The Sioux children did not stop to consider the usages of hospitality. All these people were become once more the enemy. The head chief of this village they did not really know. He had never spoken to them. Doubtless when Tall Gun should demand the slaves whom he had purchased of the Hohé this man would deliver them to him, and, according to all Indian custom, they were the property of Tall Gun until they should be ransomed or make good their escape.

Therefore they gathered their blankets and the few weapons and effects they had brought with them, and, placing their presents in a heap upon a mat, as soon as darkness came on, crawled under the skin at the rear of the tepée, silently crept away among the bushes which

fringed the lakeshore and bluff, and so passed unmolested around the village and into the wood beyond.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In the Cougar's Lair.

IT may be that they fled from the camp of Black Otter unwisely. This cannot be known, as there was no discovered attempt to follow them. They ran as they had once run before, until their legs refused the office.

They had become hardier voyagers than those of the tamarack swamp and "spirit woods." The novel fears of the first nights—the first they had ever spent alone—in the forests had been in a measure schooled out of their minds. To the weird night cries, the strange silences, the influences of the shadows, they were becoming inured by experience.

Yet startling things befell and frightened them. The ruffed grouse whizzed from its covert and they caught their breath, stunned by the thunder of its wings. A wolf heard the light pit-pat of their footfalls and lay in wait for some easy quarry. Its gruff snarl of surprise and chagrin as it sprang away at the point of contact brought them to stand with prickling skins. The hoarse squawk of a bittern which sprang from the marsh grass at their feet, the hushed swoop of an owl across a moonlit space, the star-fire of a decayed log, the ghostly arms of a dead white birch, the near shrill yapping of a red fox, the lighted flash of a deer's white flag—all these things and many more gave them momentary terrors.

At last, when the moon had outridden its zenith, and their legs were extremely weary, they came upon a prairie with a soft carpet of grass, and a huge elk, with great black clubs of antlers, confronted them, stamping and snorting as if minded to attack. They stood close together, panting and talking in low tones while hehaka threatened. They could not run away; they were too tired. Presently, however, the big bull trotted off, and they walked on. They could no longer run, and it was Zintkala who first spoke of stopping.

"Younger brother, let us lie down," she pleaded. "I faint from weariness."

"Not so, sister, come ye on to the woods again, lest the enemy shall find us when we are awakened," said the boy, who was again the hardy leader he had been.

Against such sound advice the sister could not protest, and so she plodded on, her little feet dragging and stumbling in the grass, her eyes closing now and then from sheer fatigue. Etapa led the way for some time over a high prairie country, when they came suddenly upon a coulée stream, sunken deep in the bosom of the level lands, gurgling and tumbling through a sharply-cut and wooded ravine.

On the bluff looking down to this shadow gulch they walked for a little way, hesitating to take the plunge into its abyss-like depths. They could not know that they might cross the stream, rumbling among the rocks below. At last, however, they were too weary to longer hesitate, and at the head of a dark, rocky and bush-grown coulée they paused for a moment confusedly.

"Tanké," muttered Etapa, sleepily, "I think we should rest here, where the thick bushes will hide us from the enemy."

"I wish to lie down," murmured Zintkala, staggering as she spoke. So they began to descend the steep, ragged ravine.

As they dropped lower into the coulée the blackness became intense. Nothing could be seen below. They would gladly have retraced their steps but for the arduous and well-nigh impossible effort of the climb.

Overcome by sleep and fatigue they were thus toilsomely descending when Etapa's feet slipped and he fell. Involuntarily he seized upon Zintkala's skirt, and the two, whirling over and over, dropped to the bottom of an almost perpendicular notch.

"O younger brother," muttered Zintkala, "I fear that we die." Yet the little girl lay upon a bed of leaves and débris, and, despite her bruises, turned herself upon her side and almost instantly fell asleep. Etapa sat up for a time trying to collect his battered senses; then he, too, fell back upon the leaves and slept the sleep of exhaustion.

But for the weary stupor which was upon them the two would doubtless have noted a musky and peculiar odour in the dark pocket into which they had fallen. If their ears also had not been deaf to all sounds in the sleep-ridden jar of their fall, some faint little hissings, from the darkest corner of the crevasse into which they had fallen, would have driven them speedily to another shelter. As it was, they lay unheeding, a blanket roll here and another there, the boy's bow caught upon a bush part way up the steep, his arrows, thrown from their quiver, scattered among the rocks below.

If the moon could have shone at a certain angle into this crevasse, a deep, bush-grown triangular notch in a rock ledge, its light would have fallen upon two pairs of innocents. One, unconscious of peril, lay as motionless as the cleanly gnawed bones of the dead which were scattered on every hand; the other, with recently opened eyes, cowered within the deepest corner of their lair, amazed and distressed at the ominous and disagreeable odour which filled their sniffing nostrils. These two crawled over each other, hugging an earth bank beneath a shelving rock. They buried their small noses each beneath the other's body or between its own furry paws. Unable to shut off the offensive smell they bared their pin-pointed fangs and hissed and spat in faint sibilant breathings like the warnings of a harmless snake.

In the meantime a cougar dam trotted stealthily among the bush-grown ravines of the coulée. During all the long day she had lain alternating between the luxury of sleep and the pleasure of suckling and caressing her babies. She was now very hungry. She had been out since midnight, perhaps, but the moon's light was too brilliant for good hunting. The hare was abroad and alert, sitting nowhere long enough to give scent for the still hunt. The grouse whizzed from cover far beyond reach, as keen of eye as in the day-time; and the wood-duck and her young moved calmly out from shore, dipping their bills and nodding wisely. Two or three insignificant and stupid ground birds, snapped from their nests in the upland grass, served only to whet the appetite. So, as meat must be had to nourish her young kits, the huntress of the long claw repaired to a deer's runway, to play the waiting game.

Upon the coulée's bluff, at the head of a ravine which was traversed by a narrow and hard-trodden path, she concealed herself among the low bush. She lay at the edge of the prairie where her eye could sweep a wide half circuit of grass land. A number of deer were feeding, scattered here and there, but, though she waited patiently and cunningly after her wisdom, none of the animals came to the creek for water. A heavy dew had fallen, and the succulent, wet young grass offered food and drink in abundance.

Daylight came, the sun arose, and found her lying in wait. Most of the deer moved away toward a highland. Only one, a yearling doe, lingered near. This one lay down and chewed the cud. Its back was turned to the cougar, and now the sly one stole forth upon the chance, against long odds, of taking the shy one unawares. Flattened to the semblance of a huge yellow snake, her tail following like a smaller snake, her back barely showing above the short grass, the great cat wormed her way inch by inch toward the ruminant.

Fortune favoured her, for the long ears of the

"OH, BROTHER, WE DIE," SHE WAILED.

young doe were lopping lazily, thus cutting off the line of vision of one eye, which must have noted unusual movements across her shoulder.

Doubtless yet she might have escaped had not her face for one fatal moment been buried under her flank to bite at some offending insect. In that instant the cougar dam gathered all her whipcord muscles into knots and launched herself. Too late the fawn's ears caught the sibilant sounds of that skimming, whizzing rush. She leaped wildly in air, and the cougar struck home her talons deep into flank and shoulder. The animals rolled together like a ragged yellow ball, and the fawn's neck was broken with a snap. After tasting the blood of her quarry the hungry one remembered her kits and hastened back to her lair.

The hot scent of blood in her nostrils and the blind savagery of triumph prevented her discovery of the voyagers until she had leaped from a rock, and, half tumbled, half dragged her prey into the mouth of the notch.

Then her threats, suddenly launched, would have electrified any but the dead. At the first rattling vibration of snarls the little Sioux sprang to their feet with nerves strung for flight. But there was no line of flight open. The cougar dam had flattened herself as if for a leap, with bared fangs and claws tearing at the soil, within the one narrow pass from her lair.

Zintkala sprang to an opposite rim of rock and cowered, her hands shielding her face. "Oh, brother, we die," she wailed.

Etapa was scared. His knees shook and his teeth chattered with fear. Yet the boy, seeing no chance of escape, looked instinctively for his weapons. Only his tomahawk was within reach, and this lay half-way between himself and the cougar. As he dared not take a step toward the threatening creature, he backed away to where Zintkala cowered and drew her long knife from its sheath.

The spirit within him was braver than the flesh, for his hand shook as he raised the weapon, and his voice was thin and quavering as he cried, after the manner of his kind, to the snarling beast, "If you come to fight I will cut your skin, igmu-hanska! I will make holes in your flesh!"

As the boy had receded the cougar dam advanced, now standing upright, with distended jaws and deep chest roarings, whipping her tail to and fro, the incarnation of savage ferocity.

She halted midway in her lair, and the notch rang with her threats. Yet, though her muscles were knotted in a half-crouch, her yellow-green eyes ablaze, and all her fangs bared, she hesitated to attack.

The boy saw this hesitation, and his nerve came back in a reactive shock. Again, as when the bear had threatened, he flared into savagery. He shouted an Oglala war-whoop. "Hi-yi-yih! yi-hi! Come on, igmu-hanska! I will cut your skin. Yih-hi! It is even so. I will do it." He made his knife blade whirl before him, and the rocks re-echoed his fierce shouts.

Suddenly, as he whooped at her, the beast before him ceased her threats. The hair fell upon her skin, the tail ceased to snap, and she craned her neck with a hoarse whine of anxiety. She seemed to be calling, and the mother solicitude was written so plainly in her intent gaze, her eager, anxious face and piteous whine, that a child could not have mistaken.

The boy unconsciously followed the line of her gaze, directed to a point under the rock rim against which he had planted his back. He stooped and looked obliquely into a pocket within a step or two of his feet. He saw the reason for the "long-cat's" threats, the object of her yearning anxiety.

"Ho, igmu-hanska!" cried the boy, "you desire your children's safety. I will not hurt them. See, I will give them to you." And without an instant's hesitation, he thrust his foot into their nest and poked her hissing, spitting kits out into the open. Then he seized and tossed them one after the other quite over the old dam's head and into the mouth of the notch.

The cougar's eyes followed her kits, and she sprang eagerly after them, stooping over them with strange inquiring cries. Then she gathered both tiny creatures in her mouth and slipped into the depths of the coulée.

CHAPTER XIX.

In a Dead Man's Canoe.

"WAN ho, Tanké, see what igmu-hanska has left for us!" cried Etapa. His fear had vanished, and he pounced joyously upon the carcass of the young deer. His hunger was now keen, and here was fresh meat in abundance.

"Inama! It is wonderful!" said the girl. Her face had not regained its colour, and her legs yet felt shaky, but she was very glad of this good meat.

"I am very thirsty, but I cannot yet go down to the water," she said, "and I am also afraid to stay," she added.

"The long-cat will not come back," Etapa

assured her. "Look for the Cree arrows, sister," and he took her basin and descended to the stream. He returned in two or three minutes, and then, while he took the skin of the fawn, Zintkala gathered some dry, tender fagots and lighted a little blaze which gave off but a tiny wreath of smoke. Thin strips of venison, scorched over this flicker of flame, tasted wonderfully good and they ate until their girths had visibly increased. They then gathered their few effects, and, carrying the "saddles" of the fawn, toiled out of the coulée.

A little after noon the voyagers passed into a great hardwood forest, and in the depths of the woods built a fire, and cooked all their meat so as to preserve what they could not eat. After they had eaten they were attacked with sleep, and fell upon their blankets.

They were awakened some hours later by volleys of thunder, and arose to find the sky darkened, and to hear a great roar of coming wind and rain. Then a terrific storm fell upon the woods. Overhead was a swaying, mighty uproar. The tree tops were lashed together as grass blades. Big oaks were snapped off as though stricken by cannon balls. The crash of these, the incessant rattling volleys of thunder, the awful roar of wind mingled with the deafening beat of rain, might well have appalled the coolest brain or the stoutest heart.

The Sioux children flung themselves face downward upon the ground, and suffered the terrors of those who expect a violent death. The rain fell as in a cloud-burst until every gully and runlet gurgled or rumbled with its flood. Inches of water fell, and the storm passed as quickly as it had come. The little voyagers could hardly believe themselves alive when they faced each other, with sunlight filtering through the torn branches, upon the drenched and leaf-strewn earth.

Laughing happily, they squeezed the water out of their soaked clothing and dripping braids. With the best wringing they could give them, their blankets were very heavy. They wished to dry their clothing, and so packed their bundles and trudged on to find an opening where sun and wind could do the work most quickly.

Fortune favoured them. While the sun was still shining hotly, they came out upon an open prairie, and, at the edge of a hazel thicket, where they could spread their blankets to catch both wind and sun's rays, they made camp for the night. As they had an abundance of meat they had only to lie at ease drying their clothes.

Yet Zintkala, with a keen scent for wild fruit, soon discovered a patch of strawberries, and the two feasted, eating of the delicious fruit until their hands and faces were stained a vivid red and their stomachs could hold no more. Upon the warm, damp grass they slept until morning. They breakfasted as they had taken supper, in the berry patch. They were loth to leave the abundance of strawberries, but finally tore themselves away upon the chance of finding more *en route*.

The sun was slanting toward the west when they came upon a wooded stream with a deep, rapid current which ran to the southwest. They were trudging along the bank of this river when they stepped from thick brush into an opening, and without warning came plump upon a log cabin with a dirt roof, standing by an oak tree newly riven and splintered by wind or lightning. The voyagers were not greatly alarmed. They knew this familiar half-roofed hut for the tepée of a French fur hunter, a domicile seen at all the trading posts and at many Indian villages.

As they stood, undecided whether to go forward or beat a retreat, their eyes fell upon a man's arm stretched out upon the bare ground and reaching half its length beyond the corner of the cabin. Was the man sleeping? Softly Etapa stepped forward at an angle which would give him a front view of the hut, and slowly the full figure of a man came into view. The boy did not need to look closely at the swollen upturned face to know that the man was dead. He had been stricken by lightning, or a fallen limb, directly in front of his door. Etapa knew that there could have been no other persons at hand, or the dead one would have been buried.

"This waśécun" (white man) "is dead. I think Wakinyan has slain him," he said, in a tone hushed with awe. Zintkala came forward on tiptoe and looked.

"Nakaś, younger brother, it is so," she said, and then turned her eyes to the river bank. "There is the canoe of this dead one. I think we should take it."

The prow of a birch-bark vessel showed plainly against some bushes, and hastening to it they found the canoe moored, with paddle inside, in a sort of bayou notch. The voyagers were glad to be speedily whirled out of sight of that still figure before the hut. The man would not need his canoe further, and they were glad of its aid for what distance the river might run to westward.

The current of the stream was deep and strong, and the paddle was only needed for steering. When they flung off the gruesome feeling which a view of the dead man's distorted face had excited, they were happy to be borne swiftly past woods and prairie.

Often both prairie banks were massed in wild roses, and as the children descended between the hedges of colour they forgot caution and shouted at each other, each as if the other had no eyes, "See, see!" "Oh, do look!" "Nina waśte!"

Now and then they shot rapids that would have wrecked their slight craft at another season. But the water was very high from recent heavy rains, and, though the current bore them at a dizzy speed, its centre was usually as smooth as glass. At one narrow pass, however, where there was a sharp bend, the waters were rolled together as a scroll. They saw the danger too late to avoid it, and with breathless speed their light craft whissed through the foaming tumble of waters. The canoe was half filled, and the voyagers were drenched to their skins, but they suffered no other hurt than a momentary fright.

They brought the craft to land, turned the water out, and again rung their blankets and clothing with laughter at the mishap. Thereafter they approached sharp curves more cautiously.

When night came they had probably voyaged fifty miles or more to westward, and they ascended a low bluff to find themselves upon a prairie where no timber could be seen save the narrow fringe which skirted their waterway.

They were overjoyed. This was indeed their own country. They knew the prairie literally "as seamen know the sea." Here were the teepsinna and other roots which Zintkala loved to dig. And here were the whistling antelope which stood at gaze stamping their feet saucily, but safely beyond arrow range. And, yes, almost at their feet there lay the horned skull and bleaching bones of tatanka, the buffalo bull.

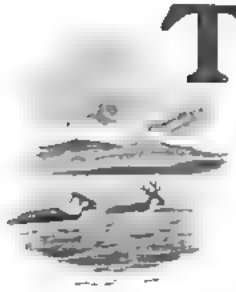
For a time these wild children ran about, carefree upon the prairie, revelling in its tonic, untainted breeze, pouncing with joyous exclamations upon familiar flowers and plants. They gathered handfuls of red lilies and yellow moccasin-flowers, and they ate wild turnips and potatoes until they could hold no more.

They would gladly have camped upon the high prairie, where they felt so much at home, but caution forbade, and at night they returned to the river's bank. Lighting their fire was now a more serious matter than it had been. Zintkala had hoarded her little store of matches, and the remainder, rolled tightly in buckskins, had even come dry through the rain. But the afternoon's canoe drenching had soaked her tiny bunch and spoiled them. As they had neglected in daylight to search the river woods for dry and powdery punk, and all the old fog of grass was wet with dew, they were fireless until morning; though they would gladly have made a little blaze for the cheer of it.

SOFTLY ŠIAŊA STEPPED FORWARD AT AN ANGLE WHICH WOULD GIVE HIM A VIEW OF THE HUT.

CHAPTER XX.

At the Big Rivers.



THEIR first greeting at daylight made them laugh with delight. On the river's bank a bird of yellow breast sat upon a tall, dry willow top and sang, Kola ni 'Lakota! Kola ni Lakota! (Friend, you are a Dakota.) And they interpreted its familiar accent in the plural sense. The bird was taśiyaknonpa, the meadow lark, which Dakotas did not kill because of its reiterated claim to kinship.

Zintkala and Etapa cried out joyously that they were indeed Dakotas, and the bird flew away apparently well content. That morning they also saw other old friends—śungila, the swift and crooked-bill, the squalling prairie curlew. They ate of the cooked venison and did not build a fire, although Etapa secured tinder from the woods.

For another day the swift, full-fed stream carried them out into the plains country. There was danger in this daylight canoeing, for, at any moment, they might shoot into view of a hostile camp or village.

For the rest the canoe needed only steering, and much of the way it ran, for speed, as the elk trots. Low bluffs continued along the river, and often enough for fresh surprises they were banked in red roses and the atmosphere between them was laden with a delicious fragrance. Thus the voyagers sped joyously homeward, going so fast and so far that it seemed to them the river must keep on until they should reach their own Oglala town.

But at midday they came to the end of this waterway, so far, at least, as it ran to the westward. Their canoe, at a sweeping turn, was discharged quite suddenly upon a wider and discoloured current which ran to the north almost as the crow flies. Much disappointed that canoeing should so soon have ended, they crossed to the west bank of this large river and climbed its low bluff to find a beaten road at the top, and a trader's post, with out-buildings, in full view a mile or two to the northward.

Immediately they knew this river for the Mini Luta, or Red River of the North; for down this stream and past the very fort which they now saw the Assiniboins had carried them to captivity. They had arrived at a country hostile to Dakotas, but they were well out of a strange and trackless wilderness. They looked at each other joyously. In the language of seamen, they now had "plain sailing." They had only to follow up this river to its lake head to reach Sioux territory.

They returned to the canoe and for a little time Etapa paddled up the stream just to see what progress he could make.

"Tanké," he said, "I think we should now go nights in the canoe."

But a half-hour's slow progress disposed of this plan, and the two, packing their bundles, trudged along the river's bank. They dared not go upon the level prairie for fear of being discovered by people from the fort.

Their wisdom was justified at evening. They were lying at rest among some bushes, when their ears caught a familiar sound, a snatch of the song of Canadian boatmen :—

"*Printemps . . . petits grands . . . Lon lon laridon daine*"—these last words sung by several voices in unison.

The song and its resonant chorus came nearer, and presently the creak of oar-locks admonished the voyagers to lie low in cover. They did not dare to risk discovery in peeping at the strangers; for there might be Hohé (Assiniboins) in that large boat, and these would shoot or capture young Sioux with little regard to the jolly boatmen. So the bateau slipped by, and its thrilling chorus ceased to charm the hiders

The voyagers dared not build a fire that evening, but ate their cooked venison and betook themselves to their blankets. They lay in a low thicket of hazel bush.

They had not yet fallen asleep when they heard hoof-beats upon the bluff. They sat up with hearts in their mouths and peered cautiously up at the hill's black rim outlined sharply against a starlit sky. The figure of a horseman, halted, loomed upon the crest. He sat as if waiting for some one, and presently they heard again the distant muffled thud, thud of hoofs.

After a bit the second pony rider halted and the man upon the bluff lifted his voice and shouted at the loiterer. "Coo'e'e!" he called. "Hokśida! Cohan, cohan!"

Zintkala and Etapa understood these words, yet they were not as they should have been spoken in their own dialect. Their shrewd ears detected, too, that the man said "hello" and "boy" differently from the Assiniboins, but that he said "come on" just the same. This man was evidently a Dakota, but not of the Assiniboin tribe. Perhaps he was a friend who would gladly assist them to go homeward. He might even lend a pony. Yet they dared not call out to him, and the man and his boy rode on and passed beyond hearing

They were much puzzled to know what they should have done, and they talked, speaking in low tones, for a long time about this. They were no little depressed at the thought of having let a friend go by; for they knew that there were northern Sioux who were friendly with both the Hohé and their own people. Yet they did not see how they could wisely have attracted this man's attention.

For a long time they did not sleep. It was very warm. The mosquitoes attacked them, and they covered their faces with green leaves. Thus lying, they listened to the night murmur of the river, the hoots of owls, the booming of the night-jar, the pop-plop of the diving beaver, and the whizzing of a myriad of June-bugs.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Pony Stealers.

THE morning was very still and clear. After eating of their venison the little voyagers debated for some time as to whether they should now travel by day. The river thoroughfare seemed a dangerous route. On the other hand, the prairie, as far as the eye could reach, was level as the extended palm. Plainly it would not do, day or night, to walk on the plain, at least until they should get far beyond the traffic of the trading-posts.

Zintkala favoured travel by day along the river, where there seemed always willows, bushes or trees for hiding. True, there might be villages or tepées along the streams, but the sister argued that they could discover approach to these best by the sun's light, and so avoid them.

The sister's earnest persuasion prevailed finally, and they took up the burden of a cautious and difficult march. For most of the way the river ran through a coulée which was like a deep, rough canal cut in the prairie. Occasionally this rather narrow pass widened to give room for a belt of timber or a loop of willow-fringed meadow.

It was near noon, and they were just entering a wood, having approached the river bank after a détour, and by way of a dry run, when they heard a splash in the current below. They turned their faces to see a man, an Indian, wading near the edge of the water. This man's back was toward them, and he held a spear poised in one hand. Like startled partridges the two sank to the grass and squatted motionless until the wader had passed beyond hearing.

Then they looked at each other with uneasy inquiry. They were plainly between the fisher and his tepée or village, and it appeared equally perilous to go up or down the narrow valley.

They were yet undecided what to do, and sat listening intently, when they heard the tinkle-tinkle of pony bells upon a bluff. A number of animals were soon sighted, several bow-shots distant, coming over its crest and descending the bush-grown scarp of the coulée. Also behind the ponies several black heads appeared above the bush, dusky dots upon a shield of green, and the voyagers saw that some young Indians were driving the little herd.

The village was thus plainly located at a point up the stream within the coulée and near at hand. Their own position was one of immediate peril. At any instant a straggler from the camp might chance upon them. They could not, of course, wade the river; they dared not go forward, and the man with the spear might at any instant mount the bank below.

They chose the safest line of retreat. Entering the woods in front they turned to the right and walked leisurely to the foot of the river bluff. They moved slowly, that they might not rustle the bushes, and carelessly, so that if seen at a distance they might be mistaken for children of the village or camp.

The coulée scarp was grown thickly to small bush. Making sure they had not been seen, they crawled cautiously upward until they reached a point near the crest. Here they took refuge under a low hedge of wild grape vines and where they could peer safely down upon the valley. A long stretch of the river could be seen fringed with trees, and hemmed, in the distance, by converging lines of bluffs, and—almost under their eyes—beyond the grove they had entered were four conical tepées pitched upon the open flat and close to the stream. Beyond the lodges a herd of ten or a dozen ponies were grazing lazily.

The children who had brought these animals down from the prairie had caught two of the runaways, and were tethering them at a bow-shot from the camp. Some women were apparently cleaning fish upon the river's bank. Near to them were several upturned canoes. Three men were lying upon the grass, and one of them was making gestures as though telling a story.

For a time the voyagers dared not talk lest someone might be near at hand. At length, however, after they had scanned all the reaches below, and noted that a breeze had begun to rustle the bushes and trees, so that no sound,

THEY DID NOT WAIT TO LOOK BACK, BUT MOUNTED THEIR LED ANIMALS AND SET OFF AT A GALLOP

Google

not even of pony bells, came up from the tepées, they spoke together in undertones.

"Older sister," said Etapa, "it appears that these people are very slothful. I think that they are good-for-nothing agency Indians. I would not be afraid to steal all their ponies, and I think that we should take horses of them to-night."

Zintkala's eyes snapped approval. These people were certainly a silly folk, or they would not allow strangers to approach so near to their tepées unnoted. The spirit of daring seized upon the girl, and she spoke in eager tones.

"Let us do so, younger brother," she said. "I will assist you to drive away their ponies. We shall arrive at home afterward very quickly."

The Sioux children marvelled that they had escaped discovery. Naturally they took credit to themselves for the shrewd caution of their march along the river. From the appearance of their tepées, and the fact that they travelled both by canoe and travois, the voyagers judged these Indians to be Hohé, Assiniboins of the river, and not of the dry plains. They were of the sort who dwelt about the trading posts and agencies, and perhaps some were of mixed blood. But they were tokn (the enemy), and, therefore, it would be highly honourable to take their horses from them.

So the young Sioux plotted deeply. They noted every movement of the Hohé camp. Before nightfall they had counted the inmates of the tepées, the number of dogs—there were three—and of ponies and colts. They traced in plan every foot of their approach to the pasture ground from a détour of the prairie to descent of a bush-grown spur of the coulée and a wary retrograde along the river's edge.

They had still a store of hard-cooked, stale venison, enough to last three or four days at a pinch, and they could ride, ride, ride until hunger should compel a halt. They ate but sparingly that day and awaited with impatience the slow setting of the sun.

Yet it was a long time after the stars appeared before they stirred from cover. They were rather stiff and weary from long lying under the low vines when they finally ascended to the prairie.

Upon the level ground they sat long enough to tie their blankets and all the articles they were to carry in tight rolls. Etapa included bow, quiver of arrows and tomahawk in his bundle. These light packs they secured on their backs by buckskin strings and thongs

Thus equipped they walked around to a spur of bluff which was perhaps a mile below the Assiniboin camp. Here they stopped for a time. They sat upon a bare spot where they could study all the darkened spaces of the coulée and thus fix upon lines of escape should discovery follow their undertaking.

The night was quite dark, with only starshine to light the depths of the river gulch, and when the two had reached the stream, under the shelter of its fringe of bush and trees, they had little fear of making advance toward the pony herd.

Though they walked with extreme caution their hearts beat high with expectancy.

When, in the growing dusk, they had last seen the Hohé ponies they were scattered upon a narrow strip of bottom at a considerable distance from the tepées. Some three or four of the leaders were tethered to long picket ropes. Unless some untoward thing should happen to arouse the camp it would seem a matter of no difficulty to lead these ponies away.

From tree to tree and bush to bush, carefully they approached the hard ground. At last, as they knew by a certain thick cluster of young trees, which stood near the river's edge, they should have come opposite the tethered ponies. Close scrutiny of the level land disclosed only one animal. This pony was grazing but a little way out from the trees. And the occasional tinkle of bells, which for some minutes they had been noting and trying to locate, now sounded far down toward the camp, even below it perhaps!

This was very discouraging, for those belled ponies had been tethered right there, opposite the trees. Certainly it would not be wise to go to or to pass the camp after the horses. They held a whispered consultation. It seemed best to take this one horse, which they could do with safety, and go with it. They had buckskin enough for a halter, and they could both ride the animal without overburdening it. Perhaps the Hohé would not chase a great way for just one pony. They might even think it gone astray, and, where there were so many tracks, be led to search at random up and down the stream.

So they quietly walked out from the trees toward this animal, which they supposed to be picketed; for doubtless the unruly bell ponies had pulled their pins. They were much surprised when the lone horse kept stepping away in their front and feeding on toward the camp. The animal was loose. They yet hoped to catch it, going one on either side and approaching carelessly. But the pony still slipped away, feeding toward the Hohé camp, as though drawn by a magnet.

Presently, as they made a wide circuit to get around the wary one, another pony appeared, a small one, lying down. This one arose and came

toward the larger, and then both slipped past the children and melted into the darkness.

The large timber below the tepées now showed tall and black, and from where they stood nothing could be seen within its shadows. The tinkle-tinkle of bells now sounded very close. It was evident that those old run-abouts were picketed between their position and the camp. They listened intently. There was nothing to be heard save the murmur of the stream, the rustle of tree foliage, the jingle of the bells, and the stamping of the mosquito-bitten ponies. The horses were certainly near at hand, and so were the Hohé tepées. The campers and the dogs were evidently sleeping.

A spirit of covetous daring had come upon the young Sioux. They simply could not go away and leave all these ponies to graze undisturbed. They came near together and Etapa signified by gesture that they should go on, cut loose the picketed horses, mount, and drive away the herd. Zintkala put aside all thought of peril and agreed to the plan.

They now walked forward, going around the ponies as they came to them. They went on until they had passed all the horses as nearly as they could reckon.

Suddenly a dog began to bark, and immediately all the curs they had seen came out and set up the familiar ki-yi-yap of the Indian wolf-dog. Instead of running away the young Sioux seated themselves upon the grass and began to busy themselves as if cleaning fish or skinning game. As the curs continued to yelp they stretched themselves in the bottom grass as though disposed to sleep. The grass was tall enough to cover their bodies. The cowardly dogs did not run at them, but continued to bark and howl around the tepées.

Presently a man came out and spoke to the dogs. This was a trying moment. Had the curs yelped with increased excitement and run at the hiders like good watch dogs, discovery and capture must have inevitably followed. But they were Indian dogs, and the Dakota boy and girl knew their ways. When the man came out these dogs expected to be kicked or whipped, and, while still yelping and howling, exerted themselves only to keep out of harm's way. In the end the Indian ran at them, throwing sticks and shouting angrily, until the pack had scurried into the woods.

In the midst of this excitement Zintkala and Etapa crawled away and approached the nearest tethered pony. The stolid animal, having seen them all the time, paid them no attention. Etapa cut its picket rope, and the two crawled slowly on to the length of the string. There they sat in the grass for a long time, letting the ponies get used to their presence, and waiting for the people and dogs to fall asleep again.

They waited till a faint light above a western bluff warned them that the moon was rising. Then they led their captive gently forward to where the second pony was picketed. At the same time they gradually moved the loose ponies before them. They wished to leave no chance of pursuit behind.

Adroitly, almost inch by inch, the little bunch of Hohé ponies faded away from their picket grounds. Before the cunning "rustlers" had passed the point of descent, a misshapen moon, which perhaps the mice had gnawed, was looking over the river bluff and into the coulée.

Suddenly an incautious voice was heard in the rear, the voice of a man, who had heard the fading tinkle of bells, and who supposed the ponies had pulled their picket pins, and were wandering off.

"Sohe-e! Sohe-e! Ksook-ksook!" the man called in a remonstrant resonant voice, which filled all the coulée behind.

They did not wait to look back, but mounted their lead animals and whirling their rope ends dashed upon the herd in their front. The cracking strokes, the sharp "huh-huh-huh!" of their urging quickly set the small bunch of ponies off at a gallop. Once they got going it was easy to make them go faster. In a minute or two they had swept around a point of bluff, up a coulée descent, and out upon the illimitable prairie.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT BOYS' CLUBS.

THE other day that cheery friend of youth, the Old Fag, looked in upon me, and, with a fatherly hand upon my shoulder, ordered an article upon clubs. "Just a line or two about clubs for next month, young man, please," were his exact words. "Certainly," I replied, "and I suppose you mean Indian clubs?" For the old man treats me as a living dictionary of physical development facts and fancies. "Not at all," said he, "not at all. I mean English clubs for English boys." And he disappeared with a friendly nod. This made me chew my quill for quite ten minutes, for I never was a club-man, except as far as cricket and football clubs go, and I would not deceive myself into believing that the old man meant quite that sort of club. No, he had CAPTAIN clubs in his editorial eye; I could not blink that.

So I sat and pondered. CAPTAIN clubs and how to make them. That was the idea, was it? Why didn't he go to some one else for such an article? I wondered. Casting back my mind's eye to my not very distant boyhood, I could not see any club-making there. True, I had used clubs of all sorts, had enjoyed the benefit of them, but never had I contributed to the making of them. Then it occurred to me what a pity it was I had not. I remembered many a long midsummer and Christmas holiday which I had spent in comparative loneliness. How often I had found the long August days somewhat dreary for want of a cricket club of boys of my own age! How often had I sighed for football in Decembers, yet had sighed in vain because there was no boys' club where I lived! Yet there were plenty of boys for more than one club within a cock-shy of our home. I knew a few of them, and they knew others. How easily we could have made a club! But we just did not do it, and I see now we missed a lot. Now, my young brother (who by the way, is a soldier-doctor in India, a Captain, I'll trouble you, at the age at which I was only half-way through my 'Varsity career) was far more alive to opportunities. He was distinctly a club-maker. When he was about fifteen and a student at Dulwich College, not content with the Rugby football he enjoyed there, he organised an Association club at Streatham, where we lived then. He had a printed fixture list of about a dozen matches; he was, I believe, president, secretary, and treasurer, and he always managed to put eleven players into the field. I remember that club well, because one winter vac. he persuaded me to play, and an opponent let fly with a heavy boot where the ball wasn't, and my shin was, and I carried a lump like a goose's egg for a year and more. Periostitis, my brother called it, being scientific; I called it just a goose-egg on the shin. However, the club was very successful, and provided no end of healthy enjoyment for about twenty boys, in addition to the pain it caused me. I do not quite know how my brother managed it. He just had the knack. Certainly he did not seem to spend much time or trouble on it But it was a good little club of the kind which Britain could do with by thousands. The point, of course, is—how was it organised? Well, so far as I know, my brother concluded in his rather clear head that he would like a football club; he argued that probably other boys also would like one. So he made a list of boys on a piece of paper and then—and I think here was the secret of his success—he went to see each of them. Having a perfectly clear plan to put before

them, and an exact knowledge of what he himself wanted, he succeeded in making his club. Just note these points; firstly, a definite plan: secondly, a personal interview. Master these points, and you are master of success in many directions besides club-making. You cannot do anything much unless you make clear, definite, practicable plans; and if you want anybody to do anything, go and see them. Letters are well enough, but, for most personal purposes, interviews are far more effective, especially if you have the priceless gift of tact.

Now, just a word about plans for clubs. First you must see clearly that a club is desirable, and you must see clearly the purpose of the club. Then you must ask yourself who are the likely and suitable members. Then, being quite clear on these points, you ought not to have much difficulty in organising your club; for the means to that end suggest themselves at once. You have to explain the idea of the club clearly to each prospective member, to point out its advantages, and—please remember—if you especially want some one to join, you have to go and see him.

Boys are quite capable of organising their own clubs. And I believe that any boy who takes the small and pleasant trouble to organise a club is repaid over and over again. For has he not given himself exercise and education in that most important science, the science of orderly, apt, and adequate organisation? Indeed, the kind of boy that organises a simple little football or social club really well is just the man to grow up into a Lord Kitchener, a Sir George Newnes, or an Andrew Carnegie. Organisation is the secret of great successes; that, and knowing what is wanted, and what you want.

Speaking of social clubs, of course, all clubs, cricket, football, &c., are in one sense social, but there are clubs which are in a special sense social. Now, my young brother—please do not mind my using him so much as an example—instituted a very successful social club. It was called the Ixion club, and was half-literary and half-conversational. I believe the name Ixion was taken because every member was, so to speak, for ever on the wheel of literary composition, for every member had to read a paper when his weekly turn came. If you don't see the connection, consult the nearest classical dictionary; look out Ixion. By the way, this particular club also went bicycle rides in phalanx—which concerns another kind of wheel, and, funnily enough, in addition to taking in papers, it also went paper-chasing. They went far into the country towards Brighton once, and some of them did not get back for two days. However, it was a good all-round literary-social club, and its members enjoyed themselves exceedingly. They sometimes met at our house, and they used my sanctum, and, I blush to say it, some—not much—of my tobacco. My brother was, as I say, about fifteen, but some of his brother Ixions were about twenty-three, and liked my special bird's-eye.

Now, that club, I can most honestly say was a very good club—bar, perhaps, the smoking—and it brought out a certain amount of talent. I knew some of the members slightly, and I should never have thought them capable collectively of the amount of good sense and humour which most of their "papers" contained. I used to read these papers, because my brother was secretary, president, and treasurer of this club, too: at least, so I understood, and anyway, the "Ixion papers" lived in the top right hand drawer of my writing-desk. It was the drawer which used to hold my fishing gear, fly-books, reels, &c., but this gear moved to the top of a cupboard the moment the Ixion club came into existence.

Now you'll think this rather a random kind of article. But I want to make a point. I have always had an idea that my brother will some day become a great and leading man. Possibly this is mere brotherly love, family affection, blind devotion. Be that as it may, I know quite well that what first put the idea into my head was his success with those little club ventures of his. "Bound to get on," I thought, "with his tact, his knack of winning people over to his view, his methodical way of approaching an affair, and his power of organising." Now it is not a difficult thing to organise a little club; far from it. But how many boys do it? Not many; scarcely one in the thousand. The average boy waits to be organised, and often refuses to be organised, even though he sees the thing is for his considerable benefit and enjoyment.

So just pause for a moment and consider what might be done in the way of local CAPTAIN Clubs.

In hundreds and hundreds of places there are hundreds and hundreds of boys, all spending rather dull and purposeless holidays just for the want—to put it bluntly—of some

one to play with. Yet how easy to organise a CAPTAIN Club for football or cricket, on the one hand, and social, literary or debating evenings on the other. Clearly THE CAPTAIN itself cannot organise local clubs; it can only supply a kind of fatherly figure-head. But any boy with a touch of common-sense can get a few friends to help in the founding of a CAPTAIN club in his district, and just a little common-sense and unselfishness will make the club go!

When I look back on some of my own holidays, I can see how infinitely advantageous it would have been for me had THE CAPTAIN Magazine existed in those days. For certainly I should have read it every month (it was just the magazine I pined for and could not get), and almost certainly I should have had a shot at making a CAPTAIN club in my district. Dear, what a pity! Why on earth didn't that slack Old Fag start his magazine sooner?

Now I solemnly warn you, my kind readers, not to miss the chance. For boys' clubs are splendid things, and the membership of clubs, and especially the active membership, which assists in organisation, is a splendid thing for the character. Your self-centred, selfish, unsociable boy is not the one likely to grow up into a fine citizen. The proper study of mankind is man; and the earlier you begin that study the better for you in very many ways, and the better for your friends. In fact, it pays all round; and every one is a winner. A last hint: if you would successfully organise a club, study the members before you start—and after. Clubs are founded—securely—upon community of interest, and exist upon consideration for others.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. B. C. (La Villette).—(1) A back may not assume the duties and privileges of goalkeeper suddenly. But he may do so after having given the referee notice of the change. If a back fists a ball out of goal now a penalty kick is awarded, or a free shot at goal with only the goalkeeper in front. The awarding of a goal for such an infringement is now obsolete. (2) I do not know whether any English amateur team will play in the International competition at Paris this season. I hope so. (3) Thank you for your information, which I quote for the satisfaction of the inquirer. Jumping at the Vélodrome in 1900 was without weights. Jumping in all federations in France is done without weights or spring-board, unless otherwise stated. It may interest readers to know that in the football competition at Paris, Germans, Austrians, Dutch, Belgians, and Spaniards will take part. Evidently we English do not monopolise the football vein!

Beefy.—It is a mistake to take heavy exercise in the morning before breakfast. But ten minutes or so dumb-bells or exercises is all right. Use light bells, 2lb. each at most. But I strongly recommend the free gymnastic exercises as taught in the army. You can get a little hand-book of them from Messrs. Gale and Polden, 3, Amen Corner, E.C. Any one who is working hard at book work as you are should be careful not to overdo physical exercise. Never tire yourself. Fresh air counts a tremendous lot. Put in as much walking as possible.

Splits.—If by the "splitting trick" you mean the method of tackling in football which consists in spread-eagling yourself on the ground with one foot straight out in front of you ramming at the ball, I fear I cannot instruct you as to how the thing is done. It is not worth while acquiring this method, as if you miss the ball you appear to have attempted an awful foul, and if you get the ball you are spread out on the floor and unable to get up again for several seconds. Better keep to simpler and less misconstructionable methods.

J. H. G.—Although you may undoubtedly become a first-rate swimmer and diver without the aid of lessons from an expert, I should say that you are more likely to achieve success with good coaching than without it. A correct style is very important for speed in the side-stroke. In diving, it is very difficult to detect one's own errors of style. I do not know of a coach. But perhaps the insertion of this answer may elicit some information

Hermes Tresmegistus.—Thanks for interesting letter. You ought to consult a doctor about your chronic cold in the head. I gather it is of the post-nasal catarrh sort. A nasal syringe is a useful and wholesome instrument, I believe. You ought, by the way, to breathe through the nostrils and not through the mouth. I expect proper breathing exercises would do you good. See the little book on the subject, published by Gale and Polden.

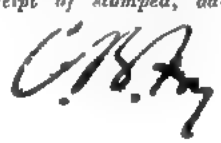
J. H. Beavan.—(1) I am most likely going to play for the Corinthians, if I am considered good enough. (2) Plymouth Argyle is one of the best teams going I admire their forward play especially. It might be copied for style and directness by all clubs with advantage. My word, they do move! It is a joy to see them after some of the humbugging go-back-and-turn-six-times-and-then-do-nothing methods of some forward lines.

H. J. H. H.—How many more times? The Brighton ground is no faster for scoring than several others. Taunton, for instance, and Bradford and Chesterfield.

Anxious.—Don't try to do all the exercises. Fifty-four exercises before breakfast is all humbug. Ten minutes is enough. Split up the course and spread it over a week.

Stewart T.—I do not see why dubbing should harm a football outer cover. If the ball is properly blown out the softness of the dubbined leather is a recommendation rather than the reverse. I can confidently recommend Gradidge for footballs.

Answers *to Fred, Fielder, H. M. M'G., A. G. Holman, Don Orsino, F. M. Cundy, M. J. H., W. R. Gresty, M. W. G., Enthusiast, Enquirer, and G. H. R. Laird have been held over through lack of space. They will appear next month, or will be sent direct on receipt of stamped, addressed envelope.*



"VEGETARIANISM."

SOME OPINIONS BY "CAPTAIN" READERS.

A Vegetarian says that Meat Is Productive of "That Sleepy Feeling."

Your correspondent, "Veg.," deals with the subject of vegetarianism mainly from the point of view of humanity.

While at once admitting that this shows a fine Christian spirit, I would like to point out that there is a far more important matter to be taken into consideration when discussing the merits of vegetarianism, and that is the vital question of hygiene.

I contend that man can not only abstain from meat, without injury to health, but also derive far greater benefit from a pure and judicious vegetarian diet.

Meat contains a certain nitrogenous substance (proteine or albumen), which is generally considered necessary to the maintenance of health. This, however, is found in larger quantities, and in a far purer state, in nuts and certain cereals!

Again, meat contains a large proportion of uric acid, which poisons the blood, and deadens the finer sensitiveness of the nerves. This accounts for that sleepy feeling, so often experienced by meat eaters, after a heavy meal.

In my opinion, the most rational form of diet is a regimen based on nuts and fruits, and wheat in its original, unadulterated form. Tea and coffee, and all alkaloid-containing substances, should be avoided, as, also, should the commercially "prepared" foods, which are placed upon the market chiefly with the idea of paying dividends, and not in the interests of hygiene.

There is one other important point of view—that of economy. All the time and labour spent in preparing the conventional dinner of to-day is absolutely wasted. The vegetarian meal can be prepared, in five minutes, at about half the cost!

In conclusion, I may point out that some of the greatest athletic contests have been won by vegetarian competitors, and this fact alone should appeal to the sporting instincts of CAPTAIN readers.

HORACE BROOKS.

A Meat-Eater suggests that Vegetarians Go Mad in the Third Generation!

You ask for our reasons approving or condemning vegetarianism. I am one of the "hardened sinners" who eat meat. I use these words because I have heard it seriously urged by a vegetarian that it is morally wrong to eat meat. One of his strongest arguments was that in the Old Testament the eating of meat was strictly prohibited. In accordance with this, as he said, the Israelites were punished for turning back to the flesh-pots of Egypt. Now, I do not scruple to say that I have always taken meat because I was brought up to do so, and because I find it agreeable, but such a statement as the above set me thinking for sound reasons to justify my custom. In the first place, I found that no such strict law was observed in Israel; moreover, any rules laid down about the eating of meat were sanitary precautions rendered necessary by the climate of the country. This explains the law relating to swine. But, apart from this, the Old Testament is not our supreme authority; and on going to the New we find that Christ fed the multitude with fishes. This disposes of the moral objection.

Now, monotony is one of the worst possible things for developing character. Similarly, a monotonous diet, or a one-sided diet, cannot fail to retard the development of the body. Vegetarian food can never give the same strength as meat, for the very simple reason that it has not sufficient nourishing properties. The human frame needs variety of food. Both meat and vegetables contain such valuable constituents that neither can be disregarded. Nor is meat strengthening only for the body; it is necessary for the brain. Vegetables and fruit are also valuable for building up brain power, if taken in moderation; but it has been said—I know not on what authority—that, in the majority of cases, a vegetarian family becomes mad in the third generation!

AMA KEF.

A Meat-Eater argues from the Book of Genesis.

I am taking advantage of your invitation to CAPTAIN readers to ask how vegetarians, and "Veg." in particular, interpret the following text from the ninth chapter of Genesis: "Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things"; for I suppose that some, if not all, vegetarians, read the Bible and believe in it. Also, if it were not right to take life, would the Jews have been commanded to make sacrifices? And I think it would soon be found that all people could not do without meat, as, if that were so, the animals would not be provided; neither, in that case, would there be sufficient green food for man as well as beast, and man would most likely be the first to suffer. I quite agree with you that as a rule man eats too much meat, but I think that is because comparatively few English people cook vegetables in such a way that much can be eaten. Finally, I could suggest to "Veg." that there is *life* in eggs, for if not, where would we get chickens?

"MODERATION IN ALL THINGS."

A Vegetarian points proudly to "Veges" who are Great Athletes.

I am very strongly in favour of vegetarianism, chiefly for two reasons, viz.:—First, that I think it cruel to kill animals, and to treat them as animals are too often treated when they are being driven to the slaughter-house; and, secondly, that, in my opinion, a vegetarian diet is more healthy than a mixed one. This second reason is proved to be a good one by the fact that there are many diseases such as tuberculosis and appendicitis—both fatal, if allowed to go far—which are caused by eating butcher's meat too much, or too often, and which are unknown to vegetarians. Moreover, large quantities of non-vegetarian food are acknowledged to

be sold, *and eaten*, in a state quite unfit for human consumption.

It is often contemptuously asserted that vegetarians are a very milk-and-watery class of people. But this is not so. A great many cycling and walking championships have been won, and records broken, by vegetarians quite lately, and it is beginning to be generally admitted that a vegetarian diet cannot be beaten for feats requiring great stamina and staying powers. This is in spite of the notable fact that few people become vegetarians unless their health is bad.

About five years ago, I, along with the other members of my family, adopted vegetarianism. I was then very delicate, and was never well. My bad health continued for a short time, which I attribute to the impurities working out of my system. Since this ceased I have never had a day's illness. This fact will, I think, explain my enthusiasm—which is great—for vegetarianism.

Taking it all round, I think that vegetarianism has the best of the argument, both from a humanitarian and from a purely selfish point of view.

C. H. WEBSTER.

I am opposed to vegetarianism for the following reasons:—

"A certain amount of pain is inevitable in Nature."

It is of advantage to the human organism to receive a larger amount of proteid than can be obtained from vegetables. The various cases in which a vegetarian diet has been found beneficial are not cases of general law, but merely instances of disease requiring special regimen; and the arguments urged against animal food from a hygienic standpoint apply only to its excessive use

Vegetarians argue that the slaughter of animals is unnecessary and cruel. In reply to this I should like to point out, that even if such animals as cattle and sheep were not used for food, they would not be likely to survive, since land is too valuable to be given up to their use. As to the cruelty: this could be greatly mitigated by substituting public abattoirs for private slaughter-houses. A certain amount of pain is inevitable in Nature, which, though we can in many cases alleviate, we cannot eliminate.

Again, whilst in theory vegetarianism offers a new and large variety of foods, in practice the reverse is the fact, those habitually consumed by vegetarians being singularly deficient in this respect. In answer to the statement that vegetarians are not confined to the use of vegetables and fruit in the preparation of their meals, but that milk, cheese, and butter are extensively employed, I may say that if animals were not utilised for food it is not likely that a dairy farm would pay, as otherwise the non-milking cows and other superfluous cattle could not be profitably disposed of, and the result would be that dairy produce would not be obtainable.

JOHN LEIGH TURNER.

The question of "what ye shall eat and what ye shall drink" is one that has affected, and will ever affect, all animal creation; consequently it is imperative that all who wish to enjoy length of days (and few do not) should seek to eat and drink those things which are conducive to good health.

If you kill a black-beetle, why not a bullock?

There are different systems of diet, but the one I wish briefly to discuss here is "Vegetarianism," that is, the theory and practice of living upon vegetable matter, to the exclusion, at any rate, of all food prepared by slaughter.

First of all, I am not a vegetarian, and my main reasons follow.

In perusing the letter of "Veg" in THE CAPTAIN, I find that precedent forms one of her chief reasons for practising this system, so I will place it as one of mine for *not* so doing. As far back as I can trace my ancestry, I fail to find one who did not eat animal food, hence I might say that I am constitutionally not a vegetarian, so that the process of transforming myself into one would necessarily be slow, and would most probably be attended by ill-health and physical weakness (mental weakness would probably have arrived before such a rash step was taken).

Then, again, "Veg" considers it cruel to kill animals for food. Now, would she, do you think, if a mouse, a blackbeetle, spider, or earwig appeared in the room, stand by, armed with a round ruler in one hand, and a poker in the other, and dare any one to approach or molest these members of the *animal* kingdom? If not cruel to kill for the one purpose, it can scarcely be cruel to kill for the other. A parent who "spoils the child," would be considered more cruel than one who "spares not the rod," hence, judging by analogy, it would be more cruel to permit animals to multiply to such an extent that many died of starvation for lack of pasture, than to kill for food.

Last, but greatest of all reasons, comes the *use* of these animals. The Omniscient Creator of the universe never formed anything thoughtlessly or without a use, and, as a bullock could hardly be termed a pet, or a pig an object of beauty or beast of burden, we must come to the conclusion that they were intended for the purpose to which they have for all time been put, namely, for the food of the *head* of the *animal* kingdom, that is, MAN, himself.

MAURICE P. FRENCH.

My arguments against vegetarianism, in addition to the permission given in Holy Writ, are as follows:—

A Plea for a more rigid supervision of slaughtermen.

First, meat is necessary to man. Man is naturally a flesh-eating animal. He has the teeth required for such food; also, though in some sense certain vegetables may be said to have the same value as certain kinds of meat, their nutritive value is not really the same, and there is frequently some part of a vegetable food upon which the digestive juices waste their action.

Secondly, it is very likely that animals suffer less pain when killed for food than if they were allowed to die slowly of disease.

One of the chief arguments brought forward by vegetarians in support of their opinion is, I believe, that cruelty and carelessness attend the slaughtering of animals for food. This, I believe, is often the case; but it need not be so, and I am sure that there are few of the opponents of vegetarianism who would not wish everything to be done to prevent unnecessary pain to the dumb and helpless creatures who serve us by their death.

Though I am not a vegetarian, I cannot help wishing that animals used for food need not be killed in cold blood. That, I am afraid, is one of the cruel necessities of our advanced civilisation:

but it was better when they had a chance of escape from the hunter in the green recesses of their native woods, far back in the long ago.

H. E. KENNEDY.

A "Veg." Chaffs the O.F.

In replying to Miss Veg.'s letter in the October issue you state that "If we did not eat them (animals) they would multiply to such an extent that they would soon want the whole country for pasturage." Is this your excuse for eating meat? Do you mean to tell me that, with a generous spirit of self-denial, you doom your body to the sepulchral necessities of an over-stocked nation? You eat meat because a bungling and inefficient Providence has provided no other way to dispose of animals? I think it is a pretty poor excuse. It won't hold water for a minute. I have been a veg. for over two years, and wouldn't change for anything. Has it ever struck you how enthusiastic vegetarians are? You say that the diet would not suit every one. I have never known any one to give it a fair trial and revert to the old diet! I have converted about a dozen people to vegetarianism (including a whole family), and none of them say that it does not suit them. I enclose list of the performances of the Vegetarian Cycling Club. Comment is needless.

ALFRED GERMANY.

[*N.B.—I gather from the list this correspondent encloses that Mr. Eustace Miles, Amateur Tennis and Harquets Champion, is a vegetarian. For the information of vegetarian readers I may add that the Hon. Secs. of the Vegetarian Cycling Club are Messrs. C. G. Clear and T. Sweetlove, 52, Coram-street, W.C.* ED. CAPTAIN]

Vegetarianism Wholesome in the Dog Days.

Some time ago, when the weather was more summerlike than that of 1903, I was bitten with the craze for vegetarianism. To my enlightened mind the delights of fruit salads far outweighed those of roast beef, and my only trouble was that "the powers that be" in the shape of my parents possessed not the same enlightenment of mind. So you will see, Mr. Editor, that it is not because of inclination of taste that I am not a vegetarian.

To be any real credit to this particular form of diet, I consider two points at least are necessary:—

1st. A perfect digestion.

2nd. Outdoor life and occupation.

To obtain the same amount of nourishment a much greater quantity of vegetable than of meat is needed. This entails a serious increase of work on the digestive organs, and demands, further, that they be exceptionally strong. In the case of a man who spends his life in outdoor manual work, who walks much and has a hearty appetite, this is well. But looked at from my own point of view—that of a student—there are many difficulties. The sedentary life, with its brain-fag, makes it advisable that the work of digestion should proceed as easily as possible, and this could not be done on a wholly vegetarian diet.

But while I am thus opposed to vegetarianism on the above grounds, I think that in the case of every one a change of diet is advisable, especially in the hot months—and then it would be well to try the "fruit and vegetable course." For, after all, "what is one man's meat is another's poison," and it is impossible to lay down an iron rule in this matter.

MAUD M. LYNE.

A Sensible View.

I was interested in reading your paragraph about vegetarianism, and agree with you that there is no doubt we eat too much meat, but I am not in favour of a vegetarian diet entirely, as in a variable climate like ours we need the warmth that animal food gives to the system. We might do without meat, but want the soups, gravies, &c., that meat makes. No doubt some people might exist here on vegetables, milk, and cereals, but it has to be proved that they would be able to do the same amount of work, or resist disease the same as those who took animal food. The idea is not nice that life has to be taken for the purpose, but there is no doubt that God intended animals for our food. Therefore I think we may use it and be thankful.

M. SYNE.

[The consensus of opinions is clearly in favour of a moderate and reasonable admixture of meat and vegetables in our daily food. Fruit, too, is a most desirable form of nutriment. One correspondent very sensibly points out that we should eat far more vegetables if we could get them cooked properly. That clearly infers that cooking is a somewhat neglected art in this country, and that the modern girl might spend a little less time on her bicycle and a little more in the kitchen.—ED. CAPTAIN]

A SONG OF MEAT.

BY A RABID ANTI VEGETARIAN

I RISE at eight, I snack at nine,
At one and seven I feast.
And of all the things I eat I pine
For *vegetables* the least!
Then—
Sing ho! for the nimble steak,
And down with prune and prism!
I wouldn't give a sous
For people who
Like Vegetarianism!

I dote on chops, roast pork I praise,
Veal takes my fancy much.
A fig for your shredded wheat and maize
I snap my thumb at such!
Then—
Sing ho! for the cutlet sweet,
Your cornflour pie's rank schism!
I'd like to kick
Your fanatic,
On Vegetarianism!

Of eating hare that's jugged I've formed
An admirable habit,
And if there's anything I've scorned—
It's pie that's made of rabbit!
Then—
Sing ho! for the rasher of ham,
All sputter and fry and fizz'm!
Miss Veg. may frown
But I cry "DOWN
WITH VEGETARIANISM!!!"

THE IDLE MERCHANT

[I must point out to my gifted contributor that "prism" is *not* a vegetable, but a word used in cultivating a correct and ladylike pronunciation (*vide* Dickens). The rhyme "fizz'm" also seems to be somewhat far-fetched. I will admit, however, that the Idle Merchant set himself a hard task in finding words to tally with the sound of "ham."—ED. CAPTAIN]

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

Last day for sending in, January 18th.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus :—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete, and in the event of their proving successful in competitions where cricket bats, &c., are offered as prizes, will be allowed to select other articles of similar value.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by Jan. 18th.

The Results will be published in March.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—**"The Blind Man."**—A New Columbia Graphophone, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page, will be awarded for the best reply as follows, to be sent on a CAPTAIN post-card. Some time ago a clever American surgeon operated on a man of thirty who had been blind from birth, and succeeded in curing him of his blindness. Tell us the three objects which, you think, would cause this man the greatest pleasure to gaze upon.

One Age limit ... ... Twenty-one.

No. 2.—**"The most Miserable Day I ever Spent."**—Describe your most miserable day in a brief essay not exceeding 400 words in length. Prizes: Three 10s. 6d. "Swan" Fountain Pens, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 3.—**"Photographic Competition."**—Send a print from your best negative; any subject. *Photographs must be original, and not copied from the work of others.* Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Six Photographic Albums, "Sunny Memories," handsomely bound, to contain about 150 prints of all sizes. Two to each class. See THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 4.—**A "Captain" Character.**—By way of indicating to the Editor what kind of characters you like reading about in serial stories, and also by way of testing your ability to remember what you have read, we want you to write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, on a character in any CAPTAIN serial story that has appeared in our pages since our first number was issued. It may be your favourite character, or any other character. Choose the one you feel you can write about with the greatest zest. Three "Sandow" Developers, value 12s. 6d., will be awarded, one set to each class.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—**"Drawing of a Chair."**—For the three best sketches of any sort of chair, in pen, pencil, or colours, we will award Six of Messrs. Benetfink and Co.'s Hockey Sticks, two in each class. See THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-three.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 6.—**"Handwriting."**—Copy in your best, ordinary, everyday handwriting the first ten lines of "My First Tiger," on page 293 of this number. Prizes: In Class I., Four Footballs by Messrs. H Gradidge and Sons; in Class II., Four Footballs by Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd.

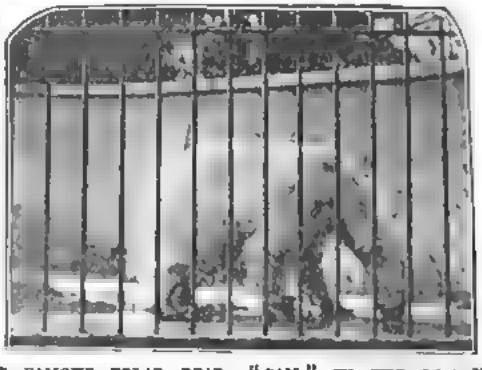
Class I. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

Books by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to Albert Albrow, John Brown, Gordon Stark, "Nobody Much," E. A. Hodder, G. W. Ivey, and "A Constant Reader." Each prize-winner is requested to forward his or her present address, and at the same time to select a book.

Christmas in Other Countries.

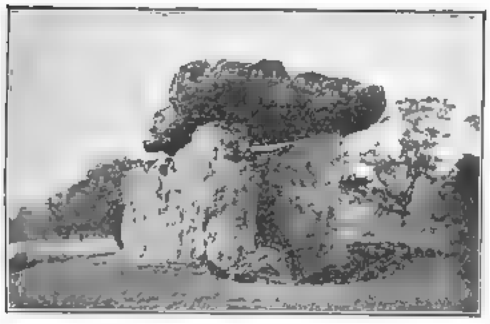
NOWHERE on the face of the earth is Christmas kept up with so much zeal and heartiness as in Germany. Every home in the Fatherland has its Christmas-tree, and every child in the household receives a present from it. First and foremost is the Kaiser's beautiful Christmas-tree at Potsdam, while each of the Emperor's children has his own tree, the firs differing in size according to the ages of their juvenile owners. Christmas gifts abound, and the whole country gives itself up to feasting and merriment. In France, as elsewhere, feasting and merriment are the great features of the Christmas season. There is much more church-going than in this country, and during the festival the people throng the boulevards and cafés, where a tremendous amount of merry-making is carried on. French children do not hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve, but place their shoes side by side on the hearth. In Holland, Christmas is looked upon by old and young as the one great festival of the year. On Christmas Eve the children, while indulging in various games, keep casting anxious glances at the door, as if expecting a visitor. At length their play is hushed by a loud knock at the door, and St. Nicholas, clad in his episcopal robes, enters. He makes careful inquiry as to whether the juvenile inmates have devoutly and regularly said their prayers, and been diligent in their studies during the year. Those who have he praises, and those who have not he scolds, warning them to mend their ways. Finally, however, he bestows his blessing on them all, and, promising to give them each a present on the next morning, disappears. Before retiring to rest that night, each member of the family places one of his or her shoes on the table in the parlour. The door is then locked, but next morning proves the truth of Santa Claus's promise, for in each shoe is found a present for its owner. Coming to Russia, Christmas is spent by the peasant children in going from door to door singing carols, for which they receive money or other rewards. In return for these they scatter handfuls of oats over the givers, a proceeding which the superstitious inhabitants believe is certain to ensure for them wealth, health, and all good luck. Every year the Czar sends a fine sturgeon as a Christmas present to our Royal Family. Christmas comes in in Spain with much music and a great deal of beautiful singing, mostly of a religious character. In Seville the students and other young men vie with each other in ringing the church bells, many of them being expert bellringers. In Roumania there is a custom of publicly blessing the River Danube on Christmas Day. A large cross of



THE FAMOUS POLAR BEAR, "SAM," IN THE LONDON ZOO, WHICH DIED EARLY IN NOVEMBER.
By F. O. Turner, Preston.

ice is carried before the procession. Otherwise, the season is spent very much the same as in France and Spain.

ALBERT ALBROW.



AN INTERESTING CROMLECH, NEAR CARDIFF.
By G. N. Rigg, Whitchurch.

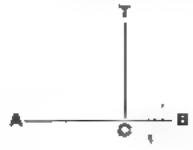
How's that, Euclid?

A NEW PROPOSITION BY GORDON W. STARK (AGED 12).

GENERAL Enunciation: To prove that any straight line is equal to 1¼ yards.

Particular Enunciation: Let AB be the given straight line.

Construction: On the line AB take any point C. Then draw a straight line C.T. perpendicular to AB, and equal in length to AC.



Proof:

TC + CB = an L,
because AC = TC (construction),
therefore AC + CB = an L,
AC + CB = AB, therefore AB = an L
But an Ell in "cloth measure" = 1¼ yards,
(Hamblin Smith).
Therefore AB the given straight line = 1¼ yards
Q. E. D. (quite easily done).

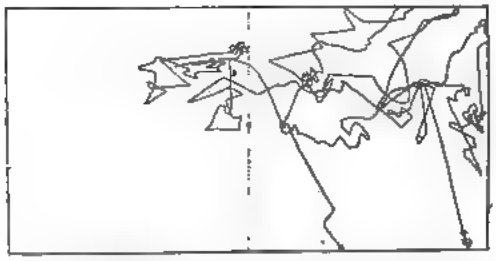
THIS IS HOW THEY ROLL THE POLO AND CRICKET GROUNDS IN UPPER ASSAM, INDIA.
Sent by E. A. Hodder, Henfield.

A Few Plain Words on Picture Post Cards.

THERE are two kinds of picture post-card collectors—one is the sane, and the other the insane. The sane collector gets views of the various places which his friends visit. Each card recalls something, and is not merely "another for your collection." He does not make friends with the sole idea of increasing his collection, nor does he collect comic (?) rubbish which has neither beauty nor meaning to recommend it.

The insane collector has one idea—that is, to have a larger collection than his neighbour. If collectors would just think! Every card in their album means an outlay on their part of three half-pence, because it is a case of exchange. Surely a less expensive and more profitable hobby could be got. Post-card collecting, if confined within reasonable limits, is a source of pleasure, and a good plan to adopt is to collect only views which are both instructive and beautiful.

JACK L.



THE WANDERINGS OF AN ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL RIGHT-BACK (FIRST HALF).
From a sketch at a football match, by A Constant Reader, Dundee.

With a Birthday Gift.

I'll gie ye this sma' giftie, mither,
Tae mark the day ye first saw licht,
An' may ye gang thro' mony anither,
Afore we twa maun say "gude nicht."

R. C.

The Weather.

[WITH A PROPOSED PROGRAMME.]

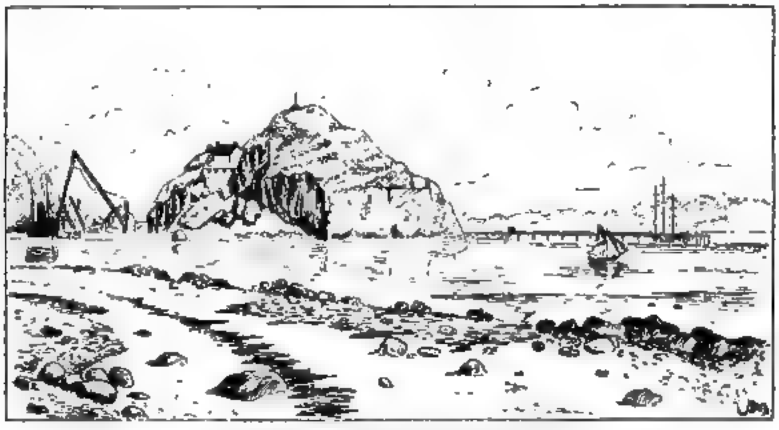
WAS ever anything so grumbled at and complained about as our English weather? First, it is too abnormally hot and close for one to breathe comfortably, then it is too bitterly cold for one to venture out of doors; at one time the ground is too hard and dry for the crops to grow and the people are in desperate straits because of the lack of water, and at another time the ground is too damp for the crops to grow, and every one cries out because we do not have

enough dry weather. I propose that we reorganise the weather altogether.

Two years ago we had a terribly hot summer, hardly a drop of rain or a cooling breeze during the whole season. Great were the lamentations resulting therefrom. The weather has now changed its tactics, and gives us plenty of rain all the summer through, with now and again a blazing day of heat. Still we grumble, and I doubt that the weather knows what to do next in its endeavours to please one and all.

I have made a careful study of this question and have come to the conclusion that what the majority of people would like in the weather same morning. Foggy days about once in three months (when there's nothing special on.) Snow and ice to disappear in a single night, and not to take days over it.

"Nobody Much."



DUMBARTON CASTLE FROM THE WEST.
A delicate bit of line work by John Brown, Paisley.

line is something after the style of the following:—

Monday: Fine and hot, suitable for driving, rowing, &c., with a bright, clear evening.

Tuesday: Cool and autumnal, with a gentle breeze at intervals; moonlight night and plenty of stars.

Wednesday: Bright and frosty, for skating, sledging, &c., and warranted to grow a little warmer when one feels cold.

Thursday: Breezy, windy, March weather, the sun shining in a clear sky, the flowers springing up, and the air sharp and fresh.

Friday: Hot, sultry, no wind; evening light as day until about nine or ten p.m.

Saturday: Rather cold, but the air bright and crisp, and the football ground damp and spongy, as it is good for the home team.

Sunday: Nice, warm, and bright, with the sun shining for all it's worth, the sort of weather to make one feel good; with a nice, moonlight night to commence as soon as church is over.

General Rules: All raining and drizzling to occur between one and two o'clock in the morning, and to dry up entirely before six o'clock the

A *Song of John Bull.*

There's a grand old man who lives in our isle,
And he's lived there for cent'ries full,
And he still will live there a good long while,
For his name is Old John Bull.
And he fears no foeman the wide world o'er,
Tho' in scores around him they ramp and roar,
For he'll knock them again as he's knock'd before,
Will this grand old Johnny Bull!

So with gladd'ning wine of ruby red,
We'll fill a bumper full,
And raising it high above our head,
We'll toast our Johnny Bull!
And Sandy and Taffy and fighting Pat
Will stand around him and all see that
The grand old man is e'er blithe and fat,
"Hurrah!" for old John Bull!

J. S. Cox.

London and Wanganui.

A Comparison.

Do you Captain readers know what life really is? You, whose lives are spent among the smoke and fog, with the same, monotonous round of business day after day, don't you envy those whose "lot is cast in pleasant places"? If you but tasted of our life here in Wanganui, would you feel like going back to the dreary London struggle? I think not.

We, here, are never out of sight of green fields, trees and flowers, never out of hearing of the birds. In the busiest parts of the town grass is to be found—real grass with no unfriendly notices "Keep off," &c. Yes, it is an ideal life in its way; but we grumble all the same. Here a day's work comprises, say, about seven hours, or, perhaps, eight, and then you are free—free to wander through this sunny, flowery paradise at will. Would you exchange places, any of you?

Then the climate! Our winters are mild, our summers mild also, in fact, it is almost perpetual spring. We cycle here in all seasons—we swim from October to March—we are free from London fogs—and yet we grumble!

There are drawbacks (what place has not?), but they are few and trifling. Our Christmas is in midsummer; no skating, no "yule logs," no mistletoe. Then we have earthquakes, big, ugly, shaking things that give you the creeps. (Would you still change, dear reader?) I envy you sometimes, you London workers, but then I think of our poor "Old Fag" slaving away in a pokey office all day, to wind up by groping about in the fog for his lodgings, there to sleep until daylight brings another day of drudgery.

To him, then, and to others in the same predicament, I send this little glimpse of another life.

"PORANGI POTAE."

[Ah, he may well pity me!—O.F.]

An Echo of "The Long 'Un."

[BY HARRY PAYNE.]

Being a letter supposed to be written to the author by "Harold Jefferson."

HOTEL ANGLAIS, NICE.
October 1, 1903.

DEAR MR. BELL,—As the chronicler of the most momentous epoch of my life, I feel constrained to write these few words to you. I commence with the full admission of the fact that my career hitherto has been that of a "cad," dictated by a mean and purse-proud nature; but I have been punished bitterly.

No one knows (I did not myself, till I lost her) how dearly I loved Dora Maybury. Beneath the arrogant, patronising spirit which ruled uppermost in me towards her, I know now that I bore a love for her which was deep and true—but, it is all over! In the misery of my voluntary exile, I have fought the battle out and—gained the victory. I have struggled as painfully through the valley of humiliation as any man could, and am glad to say I have emerged therefrom a wiser and better fellow.

I should be glad if you could manage to let something of this be known to your readers, for, though I have absolutely no self-pity, and do not desire to mitigate my past caddishness by one iota, I should not like CAPTAIN readers to think Harold Jefferson the out-and-out rotter he has appeared, incapable of anything better.

No, I have received my "gruel"; the lesson has been a stiff one, but, I believe, has made a man of me. My one hope is that my darling Dora will always be happy. She came into my life for a brief spell, and has now gone out of it for ever, but I shall always think of her as the dearest and sweetest woman the world contains.

I am,
Yours very sincerely,
HAROLD JEFFERSON.

A CHRISTMAS CRACKER.

Witty Miss Wheatley.

IF Mississippi takes Missouri's bonnet, what will Delaware?

Perhaps she'll Havanas, but Alaska!

DOROTHY WHEATLEY.

"Captain" Advertisements.

"THE CAPTAIN" claims to be a magazine for "Boys and Old Boys," and this claim is borne out by the nature of its advertisements. The following table shows the proportion and nature of THE CAPTAIN advertisements, as compared with other magazines. The figures are for the November CAPTAIN. "The Average Magazine" percentages were obtained by taking four other magazines, and averaging their figures. The percentages

show, not the number of advertisements, but the proportion of space occupied by each class.

DESCRIPTION OF ADVERTISEMENT.

	"THE CAPTAIN" per cent.	THE AVERAGE MAGAZINE per cent.
Sport, including bicycles, athletic sundries, games, &c.	39	4½
Stamps, picture post-cards, albums, &c.	20	—
Models, including mechanical toys, fretwork outfits, &c.	13	—
Books and journals	10	3
Stationery, including typewriters, fountain pens, &c.	5	5½
Patent medicines, foods, and cocoas	5	35
Watches and jewellery	2½	4½
Educational	2½	2
Furniture, including pianos, bath cabinets, phonographs, &c. ...	2	16
Clothing	—	6½
Physical development	—	5½
Soap and toilet perquisites... ...	—	6½
Tobacco	—	3
Financial	—	1
Hypnotism, &c.	—	1
Sundries	1	6

As will be seen, over one-third of THE CAPTAIN'S advertisement pages are occupied by King Sport. Next comes the Stamp mania, that ever popular hobby, with mechanical models a good third. Quack medicines, which lead the way in the average magazine, are simply nowhere in THE CAPTAIN, which is as it should be. Taking it on the whole, THE CAPTAIN percentages are a very good guide to the tastes and inclinations of the average boy.

GEORGE W. IVEY.

Criticisms.

F. S. Brough.—Promising, promising. Try again, young man, and keep off mythological personages.

Viator.—You write pleasantly, and I am sorry my limited space will not allow me to print your walking-tour essay. I will keep "Books" by me, and may comment on it in my "Editorial" some day.

"R. C."—Certainly you are thoughtful, and you have poetic instinct, but I hope my telling you this won't set you writing poetry all day long. Polish your verses and never lapse into vagueness. Be clear-cut and concise. Am using "With a Birthday Gift," which is very pretty and very filial. What an unpoetical *nôm-de plume* you have chosen! I have disregarded it, in consequence.

A. S. Wylie.—You are far too young to write stories, my friend.

R. M. Robertson.—Anybody can get hold of a newspaper file and "Wisden" and do sums out of them. If you have a passion for cricketing statistics, find out the population and area of each first class county and see whether the most thickly populated counties turn out the best teams, *or vice versâ*.

F. B. Morton.—I am sorry I cannot use your carefully-compiled lists. The fact is, I have already accepted two contributions concerning our prizes, and will take this opportunity to say that I don't want anything else of that nature for some time to come.

Walter Hartill.—Sorry cannot find space for your football article.

The 'Wegian.—No room for Picture Post-Card Collectors' Corner. Now I will answer your questions. (1) Use larger paper. (2) Yes, your writing *is* a little too close. (3) Punctuation somewhat faulty, but you don't express yourself badly. (4) I can't tell really from one essay what sort of ability you have. (5) No, I am not the Rev. Albert Lee, author of the "Two Fags." (6) Sorry no room for essay: I have so many essays in hand that I can only accept exceptionally interesting ones. Better than any description would be the *first* picture-card itself. Have you got a copy?

T. Grant.—Am keeping your "Gunpowder Plot" article for next November. Hope you will have sent photo by then.

W. S. Cother.—"The Christmas Term" is mere rhyming, and possesses no literary merit. "Hope" is better, but some of the lines are very crude, and the whole needs polish. Every now and again you put in a line just to make a rhyme and fill up. That is bad art. Each line should contain a thought or continue a thought. Don't "pad."

"O Migh."—Very neatly written. There is nothing very original in your description of a tramp, however. You seem to be able to describe, but editors don't want descriptive articles. They want thoughts, facts, and humour.

D. T. Middleton.—See reply to R. M. Robertson. You have worked out the tables very industriously, nevertheless, and I admire your energy.

N. S. Wolfendale.—Not bad, but rather an old trick! Shall expect to hear from you again. Clubbed.

D. B. Campbell.—Right O! I'll use it.

Dorothy Johnson.—"Gotha" essay is well written, but too long for us at a time when space is very precious. I trust you will succeed in getting it taken by a ladies' paper. Try *The Ladies' Field*.

V. J. Wells.—I have handed your "How to Make a Model Sailing Boat" to Mr. Archibald Williams, who may comment on it in a future number if he thinks it worthy of notice.

W. D. G. The game your Belgian friend taught you is as near "Fives" as a game can be without a Fives Court.

C. Parkinson.—Photo not of sufficient interest. Send something humorous or curious.

Contributions have also been received from H. F. S., J. R. Cooper, F. N. Brierly, "A New Reader," "R. Spiggot," G. W. Ferguson, "A Swimmer," Cecil Tweedy, F. Vero, E. H. Savill, "Tag," W. H. Archer, Sydney Smith, N. C. Ouchterlony, F. Whittingham, E. A., G. W. Berry, P. Dacre, E. L. Aubrey, J. W. Connell, "Bolek" (clubbed), X. Y. Z., J. E. Lee, G. J. Walker, R. L. Bridgnell, H. Payne, T. F. Stubbs, J. H. Skuse, J. L. Turner, and others whose efforts will be criticised or acknowledged in future numbers.

12 BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

A Happy New Year to you all! Don't make too many good resolutions, but make a few—and keep them. No wonder those funny fellows who write for funny papers find humorous capital in good resolutions, but they wouldn't enjoy half so much sport out of these breakages if people did not pile such heaps of good resolutions one on top of another. Nearly everything of worth, made to last, must occupy a long time in the making. The Romans made mortar which has survived the great stones it held together. Their recipe died with their dynasty, and we of this era can only gaze in wonder upon their work. We cannot equal it—we can only imitate it. Populus Romanus! What a people! To-day we occupy a position very similar to that which the Romans held once upon a time. But it wasn't built up by broken resolutions.

The foundations of this stupendous Empire were laid by stupendous men, who, as boys, were brought up in a hard school; as men, were brave as lions, wise in counsel, temperate in the hour of victory; men who, by learning to rule themselves, were thus fitted, when the hour came, to govern others. And so they lived, and when Death came they looked him fearlessly in the face, and so went to their rest, stupendous still, though wrapt in everlasting slumber.

The beginning of a New Year evokes such thoughts as these. This is the time to put off the old garment of slackness and indifference and don the habit of a different life. Do you want to emulate your great forefathers? Then do as they did; cultivate resolution. But do not set about the change in nervous haste. Slip out of your old self gradually, and as you emerge by degrees you will wonder how you could ever have stayed so long down in the depths where sloth, and cowardice, and vice lurk in congenial comradeship.

You must not expect, in these late times, to find anything made easy for you. While the world remains the same size, the people in it are constantly increasing in number. The snug berths of fifty years ago that young men dropped into by the aid of influential friends are non-existent now. To-day you must fight, or else go to the wall. So learn to depend on yourselves while you are young; don't lean on others. When you come into the world here, come with hard muscles, a clear eye, and a steady brain. As you form yourselves now, so you will be all your lives. Later on you can't unmake yourselves and go in for an entire remodelling. A man is made once and for all time; school-days are the bone and blood and muscle making days. Neglect your opportunities now, and you'll repent it for fifty years.

Every fellow, at times, feels that he is not keeping up to the mark—feels that he would like to be better. What more propitious time for a change, then, than the opening of a New Year? Some of you will laugh at these remarks, some will glance over them carelessly and think no more about them, and some will remember them. Why? Because I'm not preaching, but just talking plain sense. I'm a man, and you're boys, and when you're men you will see things as I see them now. And so I send you this New Year message, confident that it will not appeal to you in vain. May the New Year

bring you new hope and new strength, and the courage which does not include "defeat" in its dictionary.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

The past is dead; its tale is told;
  Its work of joy or sorrow done;
But thou wilt to our eyes unfold
  The lessons from it to be won:
To leave old sins, to shun old snares,
  To hold with firmer grasp the Right,
To love old friends, forget old cares,
  And keep our faces to the light.

O, glad New Year, thy robe of snow
  Is bright with frost-points sparkling gay,
And on thy brow a sunny glow
  Beams radiant through this winter day;
So help us o'er our griefs to wear
  The veil of white unselfishness,
And to this sad old world to spare
  A smile to make its sorrows less.

A. L.

Boys' Clubs.—My remarks on Clubs for Boys in the November number have brought me several letters on the subject. It seems that there are all sorts of little clubs all over the country, consisting of small bodies of boys and youths. In some cases they are managed by ladies and gentlemen, and in other cases by the boys themselves. I append a few particulars of the clubs that have been brought to my notice, so that boys and young men living in the neighbourhoods referred to may have a chance of making the acquaintance of young fellows of their own age, and passing their evenings in a pleasant and profitable manner.

Malone Naturalists' Club.—This is a Belfast institution, and the Secretary is Thomas A. Lowe, 7 Chlorine Gardens, Belfast. The President is Richard Kearton, Esq., F.Z.S., the famous writer on birds and their habits. The object of the club is the promotion of the study of natural history. The half-yearly subscription is sixpence, and the entrance fee threepence. One thing I notify with great satisfaction is that members are expected to use their influence in the prevention of cruelty to birds or animals.

Presteigne Club for Boys.—This was started at the time of the Diamond Jubilee by Mrs. L. Debenham, of the Old Rectory, Presteigne, Radnorshire, and last year the membership numbered nearly seventy. Mrs. Debenham will be very pleased to correspond with any ladies or gentlemen interested in such clubs. I may mention that the Master of the National School is the Superintendent of this club, and that a gentleman living in the neighbourhood, who is a splendid gymnast, gives his services in this department. The club is open for four months during the winter, on three evenings a week, and the boys read, play bagatelle, box, manipulate dumb-bells and Sandow developers, and indulge in other recreations of a healthy character.

The Highcliffe Institute.—This is a club for boys and youths, and is situated at 48 High Road, Willesden Green, London, N.W. Its present membership is 60, divided into two sections—juniors, between the ages of 14 and 18 years; seniors, 16 years and over. The institute provides chess, draughts, and cards, and two billiard tables, one a quarter-size and the other three-quarters. From the canteen refreshments can be obtained at a moderate tariff, and the institute has the benefit of the profit. The institute premises consist of the two upper floors over a shop in the best position in Willesden Green, and a caretaker lives on the premises. There are three football teams in connection with it, and it is hoped to form other athletic clubs shortly. Members are drawn from the artisan class. Captain readers living in this district can obtain a card of particulars, &c., by applying to the Secretary.

Beechwood Club (31 Oakhill Road, Sheffield).—May I be permitted, through the medium of your magazine, to say a few words about a "Social Club" to which I belong? This club (the Beechwood Club) has now been in existence for nearly eight years, and comprises a president, two vice-presidents, and seven members. A wooden building, nicely papered and painted and fitted up, is used as a club house. Each member has to pay a weekly subscription of a few pence for providing necessaries, lighting the club, &c. If any of your readers desire to start a club with the aid of their friends, I shall be very pleased to go further into the subject and give any information I am in a position to supply.—H. E. Roe (Hon. Sec.).

Proposed "Captain" Club at Brixton, London, S.W.—Mr. Ernest R. Carroll, of 8 Dalberg Road, Brixton, will be glad to hear of any Captain readers who would like to form a club in that district on the lines described in Mr. W. R. Carter's account of the Athenian Club at Gorleston (*vide* November number). In connection with the proposed club there will be: A Camera Club, a Bicycle Club, a Foreign Stamp Exchange, and a Library; if sufficient members join, Cricket and Football teams will also be made up. The club is open to members of The Captain Club between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one. Mr. Carroll writes me a very businesslike letter, and promises to be a most enterprising Secretary, so I hope his efforts will meet with the greatest success in this large and populous district where there must be heaps of young fellows who would like to join a club of this sort.

Proposed "Captain" Club at Birmingham.—Mr. J. H. Weeks, of 206 Dudley Road, Birmingham, would like to hear from members of The Captain Club in his neighbourhood, with the object of forming a club such as has been suggested in The Captain. From Mr. Weeks's letter I can quite see that he fully realises and sympathises with the loneliness many young fellows suffer from, as he says: "Such a club as you propose would provide a haven for many a decent fellow who is thrown absolutely on his beam ends for want of congenial society." Mr. Weeks has had a fair amount of organising experience, he tells me, having been Secretary of numerous school societies, and proposes to run the club on the same lines as those put forward by Mr. Carter, of Gorleston.

Proposed "Captain" Club at Kingston-on-Thames.—Mr. Charles C. Harbert, 87 Portland

Road, Kingston-on-Thames, would like to hear from readers of THE CAPTAIN in that district, with the object of forming a club on the lines I have already suggested.

I have no doubt that as time goes on I shall receive particulars of other clubs, and I shall publish them as soon after they reach me as possible. For the benefit of people who wish me to print information of this kind, I may say that we close down for press on the 21st of the month—that is to say, we are closing down for press with this (January) number on the 21st of November. In connection with these clubs it must be borne in mind that it is impossible to ignore the fact that class distinctions do exist very strongly in this country and always will exist. All sensible fellows recognise this, and so, in forming clubs, readers must be careful to make them up from the class to which they belong. I have no doubt that those energetic readers who start about forming clubs will have sufficient tact to understand the point I am now pressing home. There is plenty of room for all classes, and we welcome all classes as readers; for what is good reading for a boy at Eton or Harrow or Winchester, is equally good reading for a lad who has to work hard with his hands all day at painting or plumbing. We shall, therefore, be glad to hear from boys of all classes who wish to form clubs and enjoy themselves in a friendly, rational manner. If you cannot get hold of a club-house, which is not indispensable, you can form yourselves into football or cricket-clubs, or "field-clubs"—and go for long rambles on half-holidays and Saturdays. Mr. Fry, by the way, has some very sound things to say about Boys' Clubs in his own "Corner."

"My Ideal Christmas." — Mr. Harold Bindloss, writer of virile yarns, sends the following:

The most pleasant fashion of spending Christmas Day I can think of recalls one spent so some years ago.

It was about six in the morning, and I was in the service of a Spanish company, when we started on mules from a village high on the hillside above Santa Cruz, Teneriffe. A ride through cool air and brilliant sunshine was followed by a luxurious swim in a tepid sea from a beach of coal-black larva, where, once the white surf was passed, the water was as clear as crystal. Then there was a stroll through the quaint old city with the cathedral bells clanging and the sound of droning organs in venerable churches. After that breakfast, with heaps of flowers on the table and great hoards of fruit, and a row off to a very smart little mail-boat in a gig whose bottom was filled with bags of silver.

Next, a six hours' voyage, while the deck was warm with sunshine, across the blue roll of the trade wind sea to the island of Grand Canary, with a dispute between Spanish captain and English engineer (during which the latter stopped the ship) thrown in to furnish excitement.

After that we went fishing with a wire net for fresh sardines, and finally, when it was dark again, towards six o'clock, assembled, a cheerful party of exiled Britons, in an English house in Las Palmas. There, with every door and window wide open, we sang English songs, and longed, perhaps foolishly, for the English frost and snow, while the Spaniards played guitars in the dusty streets, and the Atlantic rollers growled along the reefs. After that we floundered among rock, boats, and broken lava looking for our boat, and finally rowed off at midnight under bright moonlight to our steamer, with some one singing "Good King Wenceslas" in the stern of the boat.

"St. Austin's": by P. G. Wodehouse (A. and C. Black, 3s. 6d.) This is a collection of short stories, most of which have appeared in THE CAPTAIN. The quality of Mr. Wodehouse's work is now familiar to our readers, so I will not expatiate upon it. Of the book's varied contents, "The Tom Brown Question" is an item which has not appeared in THE CAPTAIN, and should interest a good many people in that the author discusses the problem as to whether the late Judge Hughes wrote the whole of "Tom Brown's Schooldays." Other stories and sketches which have not been published in THE CAPTAIN are: "L'Affaire Uncle John," "Author," "The Tabby Terror," "The Prize Poem," "A Shocking Affair," "Work," "Notes," "Now, Talking About Cricket—." The book is enlivened with a number of illustrations by Mr. T. M. R. Whitwell and Mr. R. N. Pocock, and any boy, or boy's sister, or boy's big brother, who gets hold of "St. Austin's" will while away one of these cold Christmas afternoons very pleasantly indeed.

The Technological Dictionary. This is a work I can highly recommend to my readers, especially those who are attending technological institutions or engaged in factories and workshops. The Dictionary is to be published in fifteen fortnightly shilling parts, and the first number was issued in November. The contents include special articles on, and definitions of, the terms generally used in Architecture, Bookbinding, Carpentry, Chemistry, Cycle Manufacture, Engraving and Etching, Glass Manufacture, Mining, Motor-Car Manufacture, Music, Painting, and thirty other subjects, all fully illustrated. It is published by Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd., Southampton-street, Strand, London, W.C.

The Same Firm (Messrs. Newnes) have also recently published a delightful volume entitled "The Jack of All Trades," by D. C. Beard. This is described as a book of useful arts and handicrafts for boys of all ages, and among the contents I notice that there are "fair weather ideas," and "rainy day ideas." The former comprise "Hunting Without a Gun," "A Back-Yard Zoo," "A Back-Yard Fishpond," "How to Make a Back-Yard Aviary," "A Boy's Back-Yard Workshop," "How to Build and Furnish a Cabin," "How to Build a Toboggan-Slide in the Back-Yard," &c. For rainy days you are told how to make a home-made circus; how to extract fun by means of scissors, and paste-board and paper; how to have a circus in the attic; how to have a Wild West Show at home; how to have a panorama show, &c. I have not quoted the subject-matter of all the chapters, but I have given sufficient to show what sort of book this is. It is cheap at six shillings, and just the thing to give a boy at Christmastime.

The Girl's Handy Book (Newnes), by Lina Beard and Adelia B. Beard, is described as a work which opens a new world of delightful and useful recreations for girls of all ages, and deals with the preservation of wild flowers, walking clubs, cottage decoration, how to make a hammock, how to make a fan, how to make a telephone, how to paint in water-colours, how to model in clay and wax, how to make frames and decorate them, amusements and games for the Christmas holidays, what to do with rubbish, &c. There are also chapters on bicycling, golf, swimming, physical culture, and girls' clubs. This also costs six shillings, and I can imagine the delight of any healthy, natural girl who is so fortunate as to be presented with this most interesting volume, written as it is by two ladies who have done everything they herein describe.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ami d'une fille.—I'm getting rather tired of these French *noms-de-plume*. Can't you hit on a good English one? Well, well do I think that your girl-friend's companionship does you any harm? No, I don't, if she's a nice girl. As you are 19½, you hardly come under the category of "boy," but you are hardly a man yet, and so your career should absorb the majority of your waking hours. Boy or girl friendships should not involve the "boy" in expense, or lead him to devote to the girl hours which should be spent in work and manly recreation. A nice girl should have a great influence for good over a fellow of your age, and I heartily approve of such friendships; but silly girls don't do a fellow any good, as they are apt to engender in him the idea that girls are mere playthings. You are fortunate. Stick to her, always behave like a gentleman, and nought but lasting good can come of this companionship.

Ecossais (more French!) thinks the old CAP the best boy's magazine going, but, nevertheless, has a grievance. And what is it? Why, I stated recently that when I said "England," I meant the word to include Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Instead of England, says "Ecossais," I should always say "Great Britain." I wonder whether all this reader's fellow-countrymen wish me to say "Great Britain" instead of "England"! Nelson once made a mistake similar to mine, if I remember rightly, for, according to "Ecossais," the great admiral's signal to the fleet at Trafalgar should have read: "*Great Britain* expects every man this day to do his duty." And yet I trow every Scotsman in the fleet knew that, when Nelson said "England," he was thinking of the *whole* of this tight little island, and sister Ireland as well. And I mean that, too, when *I* say "England."

Paddy (Cork) agrees with my view of vegetarianism, and at the same time very sensibly protests against the cruel manner in which animals are treated when being got into, and out of, cattle trucks on the railway. Paddy adds that I may expect a long letter from him on the subject of "Vivisection," but I must request him to stay his hand. Willing and ready as I am to do all in my power in the cause of humanity, I cannot open my columns to any and every subject for correspondence. Another reader ("O. A.") wants me to discuss "Cremation," and I expect others will try to entice me into giving my opinion of Free Trade, Women's Suffrage, Vaccination, and a hundred other topics. But no! Paddy shall not anti-vivisect here, nor shall "O. A." cremate. On this I am determined.

D. Bradshaw writes: "Would you prefer a rise of £20 a year in your salary to an increase of £5 every half-year? You naturally say you would prefer a rise of £20 a year. Let us look into the question. A.'s income is £100 a year. He gets a rise of £20 a year, so that in three years he receives the sum of £360. B. also gets £100 a year, which is increased by £5 every half-year, the result being that in three years he nets £375. Therefore he is better off in three years by £15, or £5 every year." Any CAPTAIN reader who is asked how he would like his salary raised is hereby advised to say, "By an increase of £5 every half-year, rather than by £20 a year."

"Nonsense and Insolence" writes very angrily, and inquires whether I give my correspondents' names and addresses to people who run half-penny comic papers, because he has recently received a post card from such a paper, with a hair-raising picture, and a communication somewhat after this style:—"*The Editor of the —— begs to call your attention to the commencement of a new serial story, 'Blue-Eyed Bill of the Blood-Curdling Club,' by that celebrated author, Major-General Gumpot.*"—I need hardly say that I certainly do not supply the names and addresses of my correspondents to other papers. As regards the papers "N. and I." mentions, they will continue to sell and prosper so long as street boys and servants and factory-girls continue to buy them. Of course, uneducated people like their fiction crude and hot and strong, and the proprietors of such papers serve up stories of a certain type for a

certain public. That public, I am sure, is not THE CAPTAIN public, and I feel certain that very few of my readers ever waste their money on such unutterable rubbish.

Sisterless makes some very sensible remarks about boy and girl friendships. He says very truly that, "Girls do not realise how very contemptuously they are spoken of when they make themselves 'cheap,' and try and dress in a manner older than their years, and behave in a silly fashion when they are in the company of boys and men. I wish the chaps who have sisters" (adds "Sisterless") "would look after them a bit. Parents think they know a lot, but in affairs of this kind they haven't half the influence over a young girl that a sensible brother or sister would have. I am sure that all boys will agree with me that when they meet a decent, ordinary, natural girl—and they are very rare—they admire and respect her most awfully. I know *I* do."—I do not quite agree with my correspondent that the "decent, ordinary, natural girl" is very rarely come across. At the same time, I quite see what he means, and am glad he holds such a high opinion of really nice girls. I trust all my girl-readers will take his remarks to heart, and never behave in a manner which will cause them to forfeit the respect of their male associates.

"Wanting" (Bristol) wants to get a number of readers to go out with him during July, August, or September on a holiday camp. As, however, he doesn't wish to be deluged with correspondence before the proposal takes a definite shape, he withholds his name and address for the present. If "Wanting" thinks *I* am going to be "deluged with correspondence" by way of saving him trouble, he is very much mistaken. I shall not insert a reply to any letters sent to me on the subject of this camp, but if any one likes to write to "Wanting" c/o this office, letters will be forwarded to my correspondent after he has sent me his full name and address, and given me some sort of proof that he is a fit and proper person to organise a holiday camp.

Colonial Reader (Trinidad).—I cannot extend the time for competitions. As it is, we only just get the results in time to print them two months after the "comps." are set. The results of the competitions set in this number will not be known until the March number appears, and if I gave a longer time for the sending in of these competitions, our thousands of readers at home would have to wait another month, and of course this would not do at all. I am sorry, but I cannot help it.

Certificates for Honourable Mentions.—"Massa Sinney" and other readers have written to ask me to give certificates for hon. mens. I should be very pleased to do this if we had only one competition extending over three months, but in view of the fact that we have six competitions every month, and award a considerable number of hon. mens., and that very often the same people are honourably mentioned over and over again, we should find ourselves giving away an enormous number of certificates. At present, therefore, I cannot add to the work of this department by giving certificates of merit.

Paddy's Brogue. It will be remembered that in the November number Mr. J. H. Skuse declared that the Irish peasant says "oi" when he means "i." Another Irishman, Mr. H. V. Fielding, of Dublin, writes to say that Pat—the Dublin variety, anyhow—certainly does not make a diphthong of the simple vowel "i," and say "oi." Mr. H. V. F. has lived in Dublin, he says, all his life, and is as familiar with the brogue of the Irish capital as most people. He discusses Irish dialect at some length, but I have no space in which to quote his further remarks. For all I care, Irish peasants can go on saying "oi" for the next ten thousand years, if they like. It is a most pardonable mispronunciation, and one much to be preferred to the horrible London East End dialect, which changes "say" into "sye," and murders the harmless aspirate on every possible occasion.

Another Lonely Boy.—Try and join some football or social club in your neighbourhood. I cannot publish the addresses of correspondents who write to me and say they are lonely. That would never do. You might receive letters from people living near you, and when you got to know them you might be very sorry that you ever made their acquaintance. Like other lonely people, you must wait for your opportunity, and no doubt you will get plenty of friends in time. Friends cannot be made to order, you know, and the most sincere sort of people are the people who do not contract friendships quickly. Write again whenever you like. I shall always be pleased to hear how you are getting on. I may mention that my other lonely correspondent doesn't live anywhere near you. He is a Londoner.

Absent-Minded Beggar is a stalwart soldier who still often purchases his CAPTAIN and revels in the school tales. He tells me that private soldiers, as a rule, indulge in the various love-stories published weekly in the form of novelettes for the weaker sex. "Absent-Minded Beggar" is wrong when he supposes that he is the only CAPTAIN reader in the ranks of the Service. I have lots of readers at Aldershot and elsewhere. My correspondent adds: "I would not advise any of your readers to dream of enlisting (and I don't suppose many would) as a common soldier, unless prepared to face a barrack-room existence which—at least, in the chrysalis stage—is totally foreign to all ideas of refinement and culture, to put it mildly. I can say from experience it makes one feel sick for the first year or so." This is rather a harsh criticism of the Army, but I know for a fact that the life of a barrack-room is very rough indeed. I think, however, that a fellow with a will of his own ought to be able to hold his ground and lead a decent, respectable life. An occasional crack on the jaw will stop bullies who wish to force him to drink or indulge in other vices. In all British communities a good, straight left has a fine moral as well as physical effect, and a fellow ought not to join the Army unless he is quite prepared to stick up for himself, and to show that he will not be bullied.

"The Spalding Guardian," in reviewing our November number, referred to Mr. Guy N. Pocock's entertaining story, "Poor, *Dead* Harry!" Another provincial journal remarked, "'Letters to John,' by C. Burgess, give some very interesting tips on football." I may point out to the respective editors of these papers that Mr. Pocock's tale is called "Poor, *Dear* Harry!" and that "C. Burgess" is the whimsical signature adopted by Mr Charles Burgess Fry in writing letters to an imaginary nephew whilst posing as a public school boy's uncle and athletic mentor.

O. A. R. L. is a boy of eighteen who has not

been able to walk for more than three years, and is obliged to lie down always. Nevertheless, he writes me a very bright, well-expressed letter, and I am greatly pleased to know that THE CAPTAIN has afforded him so much comfort and pleasure during his long illness. "O. A. R. L." suggests that when people don't want a hockey stick they should be allowed to choose an alternative prize. I am quite willing that they should do so. For instance, if we are offering a hockey stick by a certain maker—say, John Piggott—and the winner of the prize doesn't want a hockey stick, he may select something else of a similar value from Mr. Piggott's catalogue.

A Recruit.—My correspondent, "A Constant Reader," has never sent me his full name, although his letter has elicited several sympathetic communications like yours. There is really no reason at all at your age—19—why you should not have plenty of frends. Join the Polytechnic in Regent-street, or the Y.M.C.A., at Exeter Hall. You will get to know plenty of decent fellows at these places, and the subscriptions are very moderate. Write, or call and ask to see the secretary. You will be received very kindly, and in a short time you will have found plenty of fellows who will spend their evenings and Saturday afternoons with you, and help to make your life brighter in every way.

Eric Lawson (New Zealand).—*Vide* reply to "Colonial Reader." It is impossible, you see, for you to enjoy the same advantages as regards competitions as home readers. I'm very sorry, and I try to make amends for your disability in this respect by sending you out as good a magazine as self and Art Editor can produce.

R. A. P.—It won't make any difference to your membership, all those fellows borrowing THE CAPTAIN from you. But tell them, with the Old Fag's compliments, that he considers it jolly unfair of them not to spend a modest tanner a month on a magazine they like so much. P.S.—I can't think how your letter has been overlooked so long. The O. B., who sorts the letters, will get it very hot for this.

"A Christian."—Quantity-surveyors' posts are usually given to competent men, from 23 to 30 years of age, who have spent about five years in the office of an architect, builder, or surveyor. I expect some friend can give you an introduction to a surveyor, from whom you can procure full information on the subject. Posts of this kind are procured through a Borough Council or the Local Government Board.

"The Lytham Lifeboat."—E. J. Wilkinson sends a correction for which I am much obliged. He says: "In your article in the October number of THE CAPTAIN on a 'Lifeboat Hero,' you state that the Lytham and St. Anne's lifeboat crews were drowned with the exception of two men. I beg to state that this is incorrect. It was the St. Anne's and Southport crews which were drowned. The Lytham lifeboat-men saved the crew of the *Mexico* without any loss on their own side."

A. G. Cheverton.—If your second attempt is good enough I shall accept it, you may be sure. Don't be disappointed if you fail, as success does not come to many people at all hastily. Many thanks for your worthy efforts in our behalf.

F. A. Bailey.—It is indeed interesting to hear that you went to see "where I lived" in the Temple in my young days. Oh, those young days! I used to make my own tea and cook chops and steaks on my gas stove, helped by other budding barristers. But *they* blossomed forth into wig and gown, while *I* forsook Law for—Fagging!

L. W. Pratt hath a sharp eye. Mr. Wodehouse, in Chapter III. of "The Gold Bat," refers to "the working out of Examples 300 to 306 in Hall and Knight's Algebra," whereas (explains Master Pratt gladly) there *are* only 250 Examples!

S. Smith.—See note *re* binding-cases at foot of "Contents." That railway company is blessing you, I expect! Although I admire your zeal, I don't think CAPTAIN stamps should be stuck up in railway carriages. What should you say, now, if you were the owner of the carriages thus adorned? We intend the stamps to be put in albums, on the *front* of letters (not the address side—the postal officials have complained to us about that), in books, etc. Don't think, however, that I am ungrateful to you for your enterprise. I only wish to point out that even advertising THE CAPTAIN must be kept within proper bounds.

S. Langlois.—While highly appreciating your efforts in our behalf, I cannot insert a notice of that kind in THE CAPTAIN. It is against my rules.

C. Little (Wellington, N.Z.).—We did have competitions for Colonial and foreign readers, but they were so badly supported that we dropped them.

J. Webb Stanley.—The monument to the Prince Edward Island Volunteers is one of the handsomest I have ever seen. I daresay you'll be six feet before you've done, or near it.

John Lyon.—"A Harrow Boy's Day" appeared in Volume I. of THE CAPTAIN (August, 1899).

J. L. (Oxford).—Sorry your second set of verses doesn't quite appeal to me.

H. G. G. (Cape Colony).—Clubbed. Am inquiring about your correction *re* picture post-cards.

Old Fogey.—Sorry cannot find space for verses. Many thanks for suggestion *re* post-cards, which I hope to adopt.

An Ardent Reader.—There, there, don't be cross! I daresay poor "Amant" really was feeling the need of a little congenial female society when he wrote to me. I hope he has found it.

The Abbess.—I cannot say much for your writing; it will improve with time. I do not know anything about the book you mention. As for superstitions, don't take any notice of them.

C. H. Webster. Never fear, C. H. W., I shall be very firm with "Veg." She will not turn me into a vegetarian, anyhow, although she has managed to turn you into one.

Preserved Walnut.—Yes, you can always send a post-card if you can get your competition on to it, and thus save a penny stamp on a letter. Another new reader? Excellent!

Well-Wisher. For your age your writing is excellent, and I have an idea you know it is. The highest building in the world is in Broadway, New York. I don't know its name. Will some Brother Jonathan reader oblige?

Guernsey Girl.—Of course you may join THE CAPTAIN Club, my dear. As to your question—well, it is quite natural for girls to like boys' papers, quite natural.

M. A. (Kenley).—I thank you for your suggestion, and will consider it. Lack of space is the difficulty.

S. P. wants to know what the "5th finger" in music means. Our musical expert is pleased to enlighten him. The German fingering is 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, which represent the thumb, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th

fingers respectively. Nearly all foreign music is fingered in this way; so that in future, when "S. P." sees the figure 5 on his score, he will understand that the note is to be played with the little finger, likewise 1 with the thumb.

W. H. Campbell.—Your question about a profession is one to be answered by post. Send a stamped envelope with full list of your qualifications. Why did you omit your address in the first instance?

H. K. L.—Clubbed. We have already had several competitions of the kind you suggest and shall have others in due course. Send your essay to the CAPTAIN Club Corner by all means. If accompanied by photos or drawings, so much the better.

G. Aird Whyte.—(1) Take it to a rag shop. (2) I have heard that an 1864 penny is of some value, but I don't know why.

Disfigured.—I should think you *are* sorry. Ask a doctor how you can remove the tattoo marks.

Dubious.—No, it is not necessary to have a licence for an air-gun. I believe a licence is necessary for a shotgun even if you keep on your own land, but I am not up in the law on the subject.

"Corncrake."—CAPTAIN competitions are open to all readers, whether members of the Club or not.

U. U. D.—Your best plan would be to send to the Electrical Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction, 427 Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, E.C., for their book entitled "Can I Become an Electrical or Mechanical Engineer?" This should prove of great assistance to you in coming to a decision.

A Youthful Emigrant.—Drop a line to the Emigrants' Information Office, 31 Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W.

Anonymous.—For particulars concerning the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, apply to the Recruiting Officer, R. N. V R., Fishmongers' Hall, London, E.C.

H. Whitford-Hawkey. Clubbed. Yes, write to our various Editors separately.

C. B.—I have noted the mistake in your address. Mr. Fry has mentioned several books on swimming in his recent "Answers." The volume in the Badminton Library series is a very good one, and there is also "Swimming," by Montague A. Holbein, price one shilling, published by C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. **J. Menzies.** What little bird told you that, young feller? **Jack Ap Sam.**—Clubbed, sir. Writing clear, but nothing to boast about. **Harold South.**—You are, indeed, an enthusiastic reader! **G. Hearn.**—Yes, Somers will probably be Jim's best man—unless, as is likely, he gets married before him to the little Scotch nurse! **Bertha Hervey.**—All I can say is that you are a remarkably shrewd, clever, secret-solving, perspicacious young lady. **Rifle.**—Send a short article—say 400 words long—to C.C. pages, and remind me that I asked you to do so. **A. B. C. D. E. F.**—Yes, it is. Now are you happy? **Old Citizen.**—Sorry photos are hardly sufficiently representative of the scene. Clubbed. **K. Scott** (Frankfurt).—Clubbed. Accounts of holiday tours generally read very much alike. Why not send a short article (400 words) to C.C. pages on your school life at Frankfurt? Competitors must develop their own photographs. That is a rule which must be strictly observed; otherwise, there would be no object in having photo. comps. **J. H. Beaven.** Clubbed. Yes, send that photo of the cottage in which the "Three Old Maids of Lee" lived. **Phono.**—The high speed mentioned was attained by Mr. H. Toothill, of the Leeds School of Shorthand, some years ago. **George Mailer.**—(1) See reply to A. G. Holman. (2) Yes, get *Tit-Bits* copy-book No. 10. **Inquirer** (Clapham).—Cannot say yet. **S. E. A.**—Detectives are selected entirely from suitable police officers. **Stephen H. Critten.**—(1) Clubbed. (2) Yes, the quantity exceeds the quality. (3) Bristol board, which you can obtain at any artists' depot. **J. H. Coghill.**—Your back numbers should be worth so much to you that you ought not to wish to part with them. **X. Y. Z.**—(1) Oliver Goldsmith. (2) Clubbed. **Wild Oirishman.**—You must take your revolver to a gunsmith and ask him to apply a coating of "browning" to the rusty barrel. **A. G. Holman and Many Others.**—All you have to do to become a Member of the CAPTAIN Club is to purchase the magazine regularly and send an application for membership. There is no entrance fee, subscription, or age-limit. (1) Writing good (2) Mr. Fry will reply *re* Australian badge. **Donald Robertson** (Harlesden).—Pleased to know you are top of the "Centrals'" batting averages. A Sandow Developer, price 12s. 6d., regularly used, would in a measure make up for the loss of gymnastics. See Mr. Fry's article on "The Use and Abuse of Strength Developers" in THE CAPTAIN for October, 1902 (Vol. VIII.). **W. W.**—Clubbed. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for replies to your questions.

Clubbed.—Edith Haskins, William Moore, D. R. (Mintlaw), P. Rodick, Dorothy M. Vacher, W. S. Bruce, L. E. Greening, S. Edith M. Badham, James H. Jolly, Georgius, A. B. (Tisbury), J. D. Wright, Dormouse, G. R. Sayer (Highgate).

Official Representatives Appointed: R. G. Read (Calcutta), W. J. C. Nettleton (Marylebone), Frank E. Russell (Greenwich), R. A. Ash (Cheadle), Phyllis Dacre (Ilkley), H. W. F. Long (Radstock).

Letters have also been received from: G. W. Berry, G. F. L., A. M. Crieve, W. Hall, Robert Riddell (Valparaiso), J. H. Jefferys, Old Boy, P. S. Kennedy (Mr Fry will reply to your question), An Old Admirer, H. Dumbrell, H. J. Nicholls, Jowee the Sticker, Captaimte, C. Rowson, R. L. Crysler, Ernest R. N., A. T. Belfrage, M. F. F. (Sydenham), D. P., C. S. Hanson, Harry Cross, P. W. Pennett, *ὁ σπίλος*, A. Scriven, Clubbite, A Youthful Editor, Irene Large.

Replies to "Foreign Languages," "W. B. Volunteer," "Chemist," "Hannibal," G. T. Lucas, and others, are held over, but will be sent by post on application

Naturalists' Corner.—Again we have to hold this feature over through lack of space. Mr. Step has prepared answers to "Tree Frog," Dorothy G., "Shooter," W. A. Adams, P. J., C. J. Fearfield, "Lover of Books," J. B. I. Mackay, J. Digby, and Miss Veitch, which will appear next month, or can be had direct if the correspondents will send me a stamped, addressed envelope.

Library Corner.—A list of "Books Received" will be found on one of the advertisement pages.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of November Competitions.

No. I.—"The Poets and Flowers."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" FOOTBALL: Alan Horner, The Lindens, Aberdeen-place, N.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Alfred H. Close, Northiam, E. Sussex; Percy Wm. Bennett, 96 Ormeley-road, Balham, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Bernard C. Corling, G. H. Gregory, Edward A. Luff, Olive Marcus, Lewis R. Ferrier, H. C. Burton Smith, B. Belham, Bertha Methvin, Grace Elliston, Ethel M. Parsons, Gilbert T. Lucas, Elinor M. Bomford.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" FOOTBALL: J. G. Page, 53 White Cross-road, Hereford. WINNER OF HOCKEY STICK: Edith Adames, Somerville, Putney, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frank R. Stears, J. E. Grueby, Willie B. Meff, W. S. Russell, S. J. Jameson, V. H. Seymour, Christine Alexander, L. Gilkes, T. E. ap. Jago, H. L. Norman, G. R. C. Snow, Percy Hartill.

No. II.—"Comic Sentence."

WINNERS OF POST CARD ALBUMS: H. E. Maunder, 86 Tyrwhitt-road, Brockley; G. Price, Milton Dale, Mere Green, Sutton Coldfield; W. Hartill, Manor House, Willenhall, Staffs.; O. Pearn, 59 Brigstock-road, Thornton Heath; George W. Bailey, 306 Attercliffe-road, Sheffield; John W. Kennedy, 31 Viewmount road, Gilshochill, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Osmund P. Abey, Frida Phillips, W. F. Curtis, Lena Gilkes, R. H. Faull, H. Francis Ponter, Arthur C. Bryce, Marian Hewitt, E. V. McQuilkin.

No. III.—"Photographic."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: J. E. Patterson, 311 Scotswood road, Newcastle.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: W. Boynton, 11 Montpelier-crescent, Brighton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. J. R. H. Oldham, W. Paterson, Aubrey G. Raymond, F. H. J. Newton, Fred. Davey (Canada), Frederick Lewis Knight, R. B. Wilkins, Arthur Ernest Higgins, W. L. Taylor, A. E. Radford.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: T. Hughes, New ck House, Bath road, Cheltenham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Percy W. Owen, Oakvale, Dacres road, Forest Hill, S.E.; John H. Young, Balgowan, Dorking.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Fitzpatrick, Robert Swanston, V. E. Goodman, Cecil E. Tavener, H. V. Pascoe, C. D. Grover, A. E. Birmingham, Reginald C. Kershaw, George M. Tyrrell, Eric C. King, Louis Morris, W. J. Jones, P. S. Brown.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: W. W. Sweet-Escott, Wydyard House, Watford.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: R. W. Reade, Fairlight Glen, Parkstone, Dorset.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harold Mansfield, Charlie S. Smith, C. Gotelee, Harold Heath, Reginald G. Francklyn, H. Taylor.

No. IV. "How to Make."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF TWO GUINEA WALTHAM WATCH: Frances Whittingham, Kimberley, Kinnaird avenue, Bromley, Kent.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Jacobina Daniel, 28 Deyne-avenue, Rusholme, Manchester; Alex Scott, Jun., Burnside House, Tillicoultry, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. W. Tarper, William Oldham, W. Pass, J. H. Seddon, Harry Payne, Lemuel Lewis, Joseph O. Young, F. W. Goddard, W. B. Faull.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF SANDOW DEVELOPER: E. V. McQuilkin, 36 Brook street, Warwick.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: W. B. Huntly, Rochus Strasse 23, Dusseldorf, Germany; William Lewis, Castle Inn, Talgarth, Breconshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. R. Lovett, Ben. Daniel, F. R. Simon, G. G. Branscombe, R. V. Southwell, Cedric Stokes, Walter R. Skeeles, Albert Albrow, W. R. Mackintosh, Victor A. Westcott, Douglas Elphinstone, W. D. Goudie.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF SANDOW DEVELOPER: Maurice Malvin, 3 Wilberforce road, Finsbury Park, N.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Reginald E. Hallett, Stonyhurst, Horley, Surrey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gilbert S. Beer, H. Hughes, T. P. Rowley, Napoleon Porter, E. R. Bickersteth, W. S. Wilson, A. Scott-Hogg.

No. V.—"Anecdotes."

WINNERS OF HOCKEY STICKS: A. N. Loach, 9 Melville-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham; V. Clayton, 9 Quernmore-road, Stroud Green, N.; J. Brimelow, 9 St. Peter's-road, St. Albans; Constance E. Greaves, 15 Powis square, Brighton; Albert Albrow, 105, Elliscombe road, Charlton, S.E.; Walter D. Goudie, Wilson-street, Derby.

HONOURABLE MENTION: B. Lawther, Victor R. Westcott, H. G. Holmes, W. S. L. Holt, P. W. Davidson, W. Pass, W. A. Oldfield, Gillan Westmacott, C. R. Sayer.

No. VI.—"Handwriting."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF HOCKEY STICK: Ethel M. Parsons, Victoria-road, Oswestry, Shropshire.

SETS OF HARBUTT'S "PLASTICINE DESIGNER" HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Alan V. Denning, St. Dunstan's, Maney Hill-road, Sutton Coldfield; Reginald J. Hewlett, 15 Plummer street, Stapleton road, Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. K. Sargood, Dorothy Robinson, A. L. Drew, Noel E. Lean, G. L. Austin, Thomas Martin, C. Rawlings, H. Michie, J. H. Parnum, Harry Aspinall, C. F. Oliver, J. P. A. Tucker.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" FOOTBALL: A. H. G. S. Douglas, 15 Acton lane, Harlesden, N.W.

SETS OF HARBUTT'S "PLASTICINE DESIGNER" HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: F. J. Davis, 78 Elgin avenue, Maida Hill, W.; Walter J. Carter, Brighton House, 3 Bath-road, Wolverhampton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gavin M. Brown, Phyllis Cook, Albert Evans, L. A. Ross, E. H. Vinson, C. H. Parker, S. G. Martin, W. E. Phillips, J. H. Tombling, W. E. Jackson, R. L. Nall, E. B. Davies.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" FOOTBALL: Alastair Urquhart, 13 Danube-street, Edinburgh.

SETS OF HARBUTT'S "PLASTICINE DESIGNER" HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: C. Dinsdale, 33 Stratford street, Dewsbury road, Leeds; Osyth Harding, 3 Prince's-road, Lewisham Hill, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. C. Burleigh, C. L. Hodgson, James Gallie, Lawrence E. Greening, L. Mabbitt, H. Radcliffe, C. D. Lovering, M. W. Bewlett, C. E. Burton, A. Porritt, T. Wayner, Thomas Lupton.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the following books—"J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

COMMENTS ON THE NOVEMBER COMPETITIONS.

I.—Most of the best known quotations on flowers were sent in by a large number of competitors, so that the prizes were necessarily assigned to the senders of equally beautiful, but less hackneyed, quotations.

II.—A good number of very amusing sentences were compiled, in which "Electric Noses" largely figured.

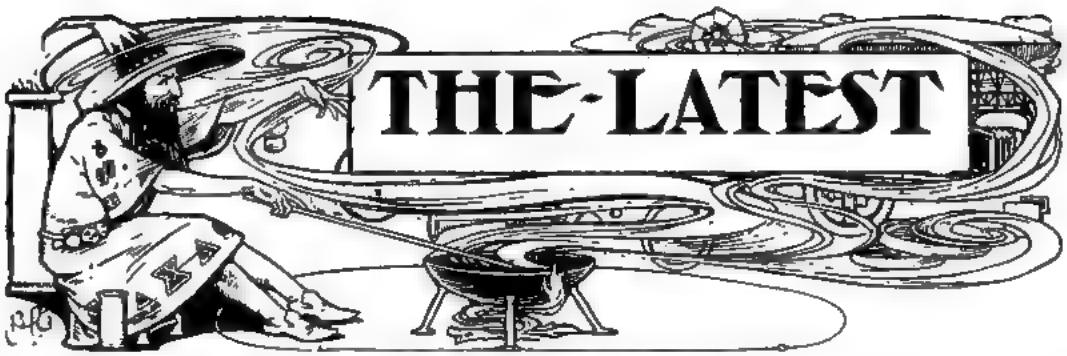
III.—The photographs showed an all round improvement in each class this month, and the selection of subjects was more varied than usual.

IV.—A most interesting competition, leading me to the conclusion that the ingenuity and resourcefulness of CAPTAIN readers reaches a very high standard. Many competitors failed to remember that simplicity of construction was an important condition. A large number of the articles were of much too elaborate construction for the ordinary person to attempt, and so lost any chance of gaining a prize. Cameras, sailing boats, inlaid tables, book cases, barometers, and various toys were among the articles described, and one competitor sent minute directions for the construction of a motor car! The neatness of the designs deserves special mention.

V.—I was kept in a continual state of laughter by the many amusing anecdotes sent in, the selection of the best being no easy task.

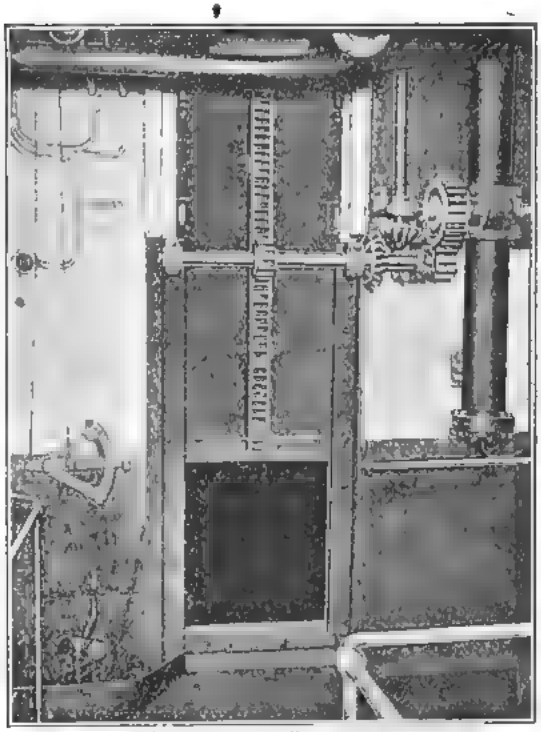
VI.—The writing in Classes I. and II. reached a very high standard of excellence. In Class III. the most noticeable feature was the caligraphy of a small competitor of only nine years of age.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

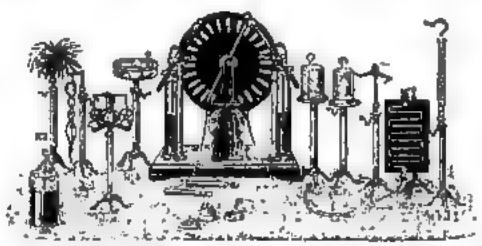


Unsinkable Ships.

Of course every modern steamer is provided with watertight compartments, but how best to open and close their doors is a problem that has long concerned shipbuilders and marine engineers. What is known as the "Stone Lloyd" system of hydraulically controlled marine safety bulkhead doors for rendering vessels unsinkable is now being fitted on the N.D.L. and Hamburg American lines, and also on the steamers of the London and North Western Railway. In the event of a sudden mishap the officer in charge of the bridge, by the mere moving of a lever, sounds warning bells throughout the ship, and at the same time sets in motion the mechanism which closes the bulkhead doors. If any members of the crew happen to be shut in a watertight compartment they have but to move the lever placed at each door on either side of the bulkhead. The doors will then open, and close automatically behind them. Moreover, should the officer in charge fail to close the bulkheads, any inrush of water would automatically effect the closing of the doors in the compartment or compartments invaded. The hydraulic power is stored in accumulators, and is always available.



THE NEW "STONE-LLOYD" WATERTIGHT DOOR.



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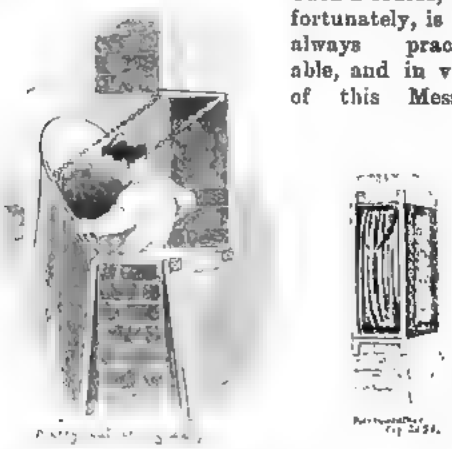
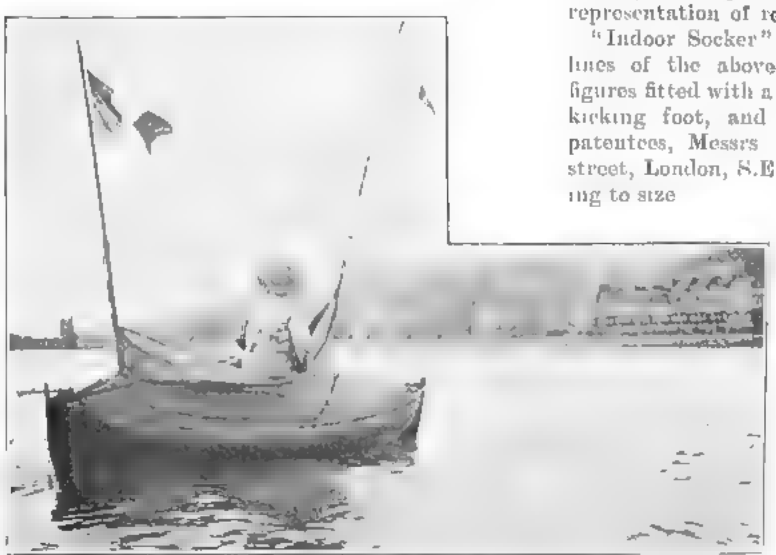
The Latest in Fire Escapes.

Last year's fatal fire at one of the Eton houses will not readily be forgotten. Much attention was directed thereby to the danger of barred windows, and their total abolition urged. Such a course, unfortunately, is not always practicable, and in view of this Messrs. Merryweather and Sons have recently brought out a patent "barred window" escape for school dormitories and nurseries. A wrought-iron hinged frame is fitted into an opening cut in the outside wall of a room, so that when out of use the escape folds into the thickness of the wall. The accompanying illustrations are self-explanatory, and show the escape as it appears when folded up in its box and when in use.



MERRYWEATHER'S FIRE ESCAPE FOR ROOMS WITH BARRED WINDOWS.



MR. CODY IN THE KITE BOAT THAT CROSSED THE CHANNEL.

Three New Games.

We have recently seen three really good indoor games based on the two famous outdoor games, football and golf. Messrs. James Lillywhite, Frowd, and Co., of 24 Haymarket, have brought out a "table golf," which, by the way, was arranged by Mr. G. A. Lockwood Brown and Mr. Alex. Herd (Open Champion, 1902). The accompanying illustration shows a table as laid out for indoor golf. The scoring is arranged so as to admit of the same handicapping as in ordinary golf, the "bogey" score for the course being 62 (for 18 holes, twice round). The "ball" is a kind of fat "tiddlewink," and is manipulated by means of "large" and "thin" clubs, according to the progress of the game.

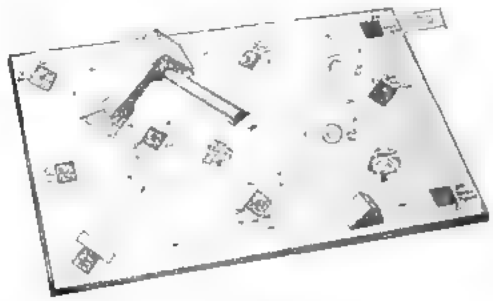


TABLE ARRANGED FOR INDOOR GOLF

"Snick Kick" is a form of table football, and, like "table golf," is played with a kind of "tiddlewink." This game, which is manufactured by the Snick Kick Co., of Nightingale Works, Hornsey-road, N., is said to be the best representation of real football yet invented.

"Indoor Socker" is played very much on the lines of the above-mentioned game, but with figures fitted with a lever controlling the player's kicking foot, and may be obtained from the patentees, Messrs. Davies and Co., 11 Skipton-street, London, S.E., for 3s. and 5s. 6d., according to size.

A "Kite" Boat.

To cross the English Channel in some extraordinary manner has a strange fascination for a few would-be "record breakers." The latest feat of this nature was performed by Mr. Cody, who, after several unsuccessful attempts, accomplished his self-appointed task in a kite-propelled boat.

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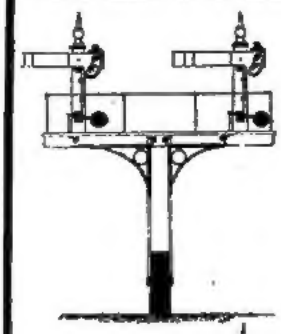

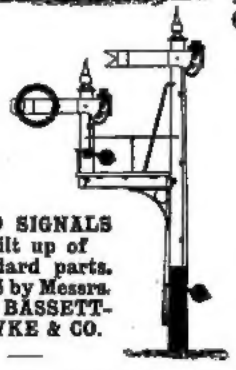

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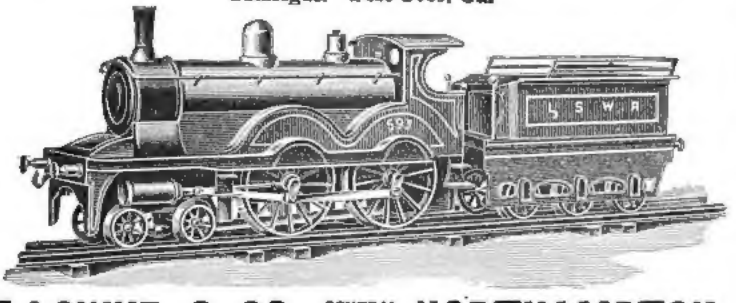

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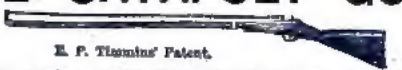
3/6  3/6

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